



VOL. VI.—No. 1.

JULY, 1878.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.



SMUGGLING IN THE UNITED STATES.—SMUGGLING HAVANA CIGARS IN NEW YORK BAY—PICKING UP THE BAGS.
Vol. VI., No. 1—1.

SMUGGLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

ITS EXTENT, ITS PERILS, AND ITS PENALTIES.

SMUGGLING is the clandestine introduction of prohibited goods, or the illicit introduction of goods by the evasion of the legal duties. Excessive duties present a temptation to men to evade them; and the law loses a great part of its moral influence when it first tempts to violation of it, and then punishes the offense.

The crimes and moral evils which are the offspring of smuggling can only be prevented by a wise tariff. It annihilates a traffic which no ingenuity can put down; for all experience proves that, so long as a profit can be made by smuggling sufficient to counterbalance the risk, it will flourish.

From the earliest days of the institution of import and export duties by governments, unprincipled men and women have been prompted, by greed of inordinate gain, to devise means of evading the payment of Custom House duties. Cunning, ingenuity, lying, deception—schemes so wily as to outwit the sharpest of sharp experts, culminating not unfrequently in murder—have been resorted to.

The record of the dodges and subterfuges brought into requisition by smugglers would fill volumes. The catalogue of offenders would include all classes of society, from the aristocratic lady who endeavors to "run" her diamonds, gloves, and laces, from the superb state-room of an ocean steamer, to the desperado who haunts the lonely bay and unfrequented inlet, seeking his prey by sea and land, like some amphibious and uncanny animal.

The history of smuggling would abound with humorous and ludicrous incidents, and present many thrilling scenes of daring, many ghastly records of blood and shame.

The great centres of smuggling in the United States are New Orleans, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and New York. Considerable "running" is also made by the "underground railway," as the system adopted by the smugglers on the Canadian frontier is termed; the operators of this system being largely in the confidence of a certain class of mercantile men, while it is alleged that an extensive capital stands behind it.

The great inducement to smuggling is the tariff. If the tariff of a country is high, the gain to be derived by going behind it will be great; if low, the profit will not be worth the risk.

On passing the Straits of Gibraltar, it was formerly the practice of vessels to stop at the Spanish town of Tarifa, and to pay certain tolls or duties on their cargoes; hence the word *Tariff*, which term, as understood in the ordinary commercial intercourse in this country, means the rate of custom duties imposed by our Government on articles of foreign merchandise imported into any port in the United States.

These rates are fixed by Congress; and it has heretofore been the policy of the Government to change these, from time to time, according as the revenues of the country demanded, or the interests of certain branches of American manufactures or industries required, the fostering aid and protection of the Government. The numerous changes which have been made in these laws, and which are still being made—repealing portions of former laws by implication, and by implication leaving other portions unrepealed—render them frequently obscure, and their application, especially to undefined and non-enumerated articles, often very difficult.

Importing merchants, as a class, are in favor of free trade, or a tariff of duties which shall be uniformly imposed,

without discriminating in favor of any home manufactures or products; and the aggregate amount of which shall afford no more revenue than is requisite for the actual current wants of the Government. The manufacturers, as a class, are in favor of a tariff which, while it will give adequate revenue, shall also discriminate by imposing higher rates of duties on such kinds of foreign goods as enter into competition with American manufactures or products. The advocates of a "low revenue" or "non-discriminating" tariff, contend that the adoption of their system is in accordance with the spirit of the age, is essential to the success of American commerce, and is due to the community at large, as furnishing them articles of necessity and of luxury at the more natural, therefore at the cheaper, prices.

There is great peril connected with the smuggling life, and the men engaged in it are a daring and reckless class. The dangers and risks they run seem to possess a strange fascination for them. Not only on the soft Summer seas do they ply their hazardous calling, but amid the marrow-chilling blasts of Winter. A smuggler goes forth with his life in his hand, and he flings it down as his stake in the terrible game he elects to play. He will part with it in a desperate effort to retain his ill-gotten prey; nor will he hesitate to spill the blood of his opponents, should the exigencies of the occasion demand it. One of our illustrations represents the tragic end of a revenue officer, who, having captured a smuggler, was conveying him to the revenue cutter, when the ruffian suddenly seized the officer by the neck, and plunged overboard with him. The smuggler, an expert swimmer, regained the boat and escaped, but the officer sank beneath the water, and was lost.

The extent of smuggling, and the consequent loss to the revenue of the United States, cannot, from the very nature, and, doubtless, from the magnitude of such operations, be enumerated in figures. The facilities for smuggling on our extended and varied frontier are so great as to make it a physical impossibility to exterminate the smugglers. The Government does much, but all that it can do is threaten, and when a good case is "dropped upon," to make such an example of the delinquent as to deter others from following in his or her footsteps.

"No one," said a high official, alluding to the facilities for smuggling on our coast, "can fully realize them, who has never traveled along our northern boundary, from Eastport, Me., to Port Angeles, W. T., a distance of from 3,000 to 4,000 miles, or who has never attempted to stop blockade-running along our southern coast. But, perhaps, after all," he adds, "the port of New York—a labyrinthine world of itself—affords as great, if not greater, facilities for defrauding the revenue, by evading special payments of duties, as any other locality; and I have reason to believe that the most of what is done there is done on a large scale."

With a view to prevent smuggling, the Government maintains a fleet of steamers called the "Revenue Marine," three of which are attached to the port of New York. One of them, the *Grant*, is used in taking the inspectors along the coast, at stated intervals, on tours of inspection. The *modus operandi* of Revenue Marine at the port of New York is thus described:

"The inspectors and special agents and detectives are required to assemble daily for duty at the Revenue Barge office, a small building located at the Battery, at the southern extreme end of New York City. There one of the two tugs kept for boarding purposes is always in waiting. When a steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook as entering the harbor, the tug steams up, and, with its detail of inspectors, varied in number according to the size and character of the steamer arriving, puts off to meet the

spoken vessel. When the two meet, the steamer, recognizing the revenue flag, with its vertical stripes, at once comes to. The tug runs up alongside, and the inspectors march boldly on board—that is, most of them; but one, at least, of the more experienced detectives *smuggles* himself on board unobserved, and at once mingles amongst the passengers. He observes the actions of each, and picks out, with educated eyes, every smuggler on board. The old ones he knows; the amateurs betray themselves by manner, if not by word.

"In the meantime, the chief of the inspectors has examined the passenger-list, and is prepared to begin an examination of the baggage. On reaching the dock, communication with the shore is prohibited; the passengers become prisoners, and baggage, for once, takes precedence of owner. When all the baggage is on the wharf, the examination begins. Owners are called upon to point out their trunks. The keys are demanded, and the contents examined.

"When the passenger is suspected by the special detective, who conveys his suspicion to the inspector by signs, or by the inspector himself, in consequence of nervous manner and uneasy movements, the trunks are searched a second time, more thoroughly; or, perhaps, the person of the passenger is also examined, or 'gone through.' Where nothing contraband is found, the trunks are passed through the gates of the dock, and the passengers are at liberty."

The number of Custom House inspectors on the docks at New York, for the purpose of protecting the revenue interests, is 269.

Many persons returning to our shores bring contraband articles with them which they declare in due form, and for which they pay duty. The amount thus collected by the officers on the dock in this port amounts annually to \$150,000; whilst the sum paid on goods sent to the stores, the parties being unprepared to pay the duty on the dock, amounts to \$50,000.

The annual number of cases of smuggling detected at the port of New York is on the decrease. In one year to July, 1873, there were 511; in '74, 608; '75, 416; '76, 333; '77, 361, and '78, to May 24th, 365. The sudden falling off in detection is attributed to the operation of the Anti-Moiety Act, of June, 1874. Prior to the passage of this act, the person making the seizure became entitled to one-fourth of the gross receipts, if less than \$500 in value, and if over that sum, to one-fourth net.

When a seizure is made, the articles seized are at once conveyed to the seizure-room in the Custom House. Suit is then commenced by the District Attorney against the goods; the United States Marshal advertises the fact, and fifty days from date of advertisement, the goods are sold to the highest bidder. Under the provisions of the Anti-Moiety Act, the Secretary of the Treasury has power to recommend the outsider or officer who physically effects a seizure to be paid one-fourth of the *net* proceeds of sale; but this sum, after the deduction of all expenses, in addition to the full duties, simply means *nil*; and the inducement to immediate personal exertion having been removed, the especial feature in the service is more or less emasculated.

The law prohibits the importation of less than 14 gallons of liquors, or of 12 quart bottles, or 24 pints, and less than 3,000 cigars. When the law is violated in these cases, by the attempted introduction of a quantity of liquor or tobacco less than prescribed by the statute, the goods are seized, and, if the smuggle is done in ignorance, subsequently released on a payment of a fine equivalent to the duty.

The information as to a proposed "run," usually comes

to the Custom House authorities anonymously; but, as many dark hints are thrown out as mere blinds, or to fling the officers off the right scent, all such communications are received under reserve, and acted upon according to the reasonings of the experts.

The Seizure Room at the Custom House at New York is a large circular apartment supported on groined arches, known as "The Crypt." It is jealously guarded by iron gates and iron railings, and in order to enter its sacred inclosure, the visitor must pass the lynx eyes of the Superintendent, who sits Cerberus-like at a desk close to the entrance.

Around in luxurious profusion lie boxes of cigars, and such cigars! cases of brandy, barrels of gin, baskets of wine, boxes of gloves, immense cases of linens, packages of cigarettes, and other commodities, against the introduction of which *minus* the payment of duty, the stern tariff bars the passage.

With a duty on cigars of \$2½ per pound, with an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent., on silk of 60 per cent., on gloves of 50 per cent., the inducements to "trust to luck" are particularly inviting.

Upon the occasion of our visit to the Custom House, Captain Brackett, through his "reserve men," had just made a seizure of 14,000 cigars. These genuine Havanas had been flung overboard from a vessel trading between Cuba and New York, in india-rubber bags, each bag containing 2,000 cigars. Some few boxes were slightly damaged by salt sea wave; but as the bags were constructed so as to float with the opening about three inches above water, except in a boisterous sea, they may be considered waterproof.

Cigars costing \$60 in Havana, will fetch \$120 in New York; and Captain Brackett assured the writer that from 7½ to 10 per cent. of the entire importations are smuggled. About 70,000 cigars are "caught" each year, the average value being \$150 per 1,000. The best quality of cigars alone is smuggled, as the specific duty is the same on good and inferior.

An old cigar smoker, a man who has placed more contraband tobacco upon the market than any half-dozen of the experts engaged in the illicit traffic, thus relates the *modus operandi*:

"To make the thing safe, I had to square captains, officers, and deck hands sailing between this here port and Havana, and make individual arrangements with them to buy a certain brand of cigars. I have invariably found the captains the most difficult to approach; but when I succeeded in getting a captain to 'see 'em in,' I felt secure; for the captains are least liable to suspicion. The captain once secured, I then felt safe in dealing with the officers and men; allowing a percentage of from \$1 to \$2 per hundred cigars, according to circumstances; but always, of course, making the best terms I could for ourselves. I found on many occasions that the firemen on board the steamers were safe accomplices. They have better facilities for stowing away the cigars than many of the officers have, and they are, besides, generally satisfied with a percentage of \$1 a hundred. For instance, a fireman can readily hide from 500 to 1,000 cigars in the coal alone, not to speak of the several nooks and corners at his disposal. The next act in the programme was to start down the Bay a few days before the vessels we were in trade with were expected to arrive at quarantine. This had to be done under all sorts of pretenses, and every imaginable disguise in order to deceive the revenue authorities. Fishing was a favorite amusement with our boys while looking out for the incoming Havana vessels, and spotting the revenue cutter.

During the daytime we used often to land, and have a



SMUGGLING IN WINTER.

good time at various places along Bay Ridge and Staten Island, and in that way throw the the revenue officers off their guard. But we never landed in the night-time, unless compelled to do so by a storm, and then we hugged the shore, or took shelter under some of the rocks that overhang it. Then comes the work of taking the cigars from the incoming vessels without being detected by the revenue officers. Sometimes this is easy enough when the revenue officers board the particular vessel that we are expecting, and having searched her, they leave. Then our friends on board throw out signal lights indicating that the coast is clear. If the officers hang on to a vessel, the signals tell us so, and we

let the vessel slide, taking our chances that our colleagues on the wharf will be able to land the goods.

"I should have said before now that there are three classes of cigar-smugglers, namely: the run smugglers, the wharf smugglers, and the chance smugglers. They are all in league with each other, but each class has its own particular line of business. The run smugglers have always friends on the wharf, and at certain places on the North and East Rivers.

"Well, if the signals tell us that the coast is clear, we put for the vessel by a route suggested by the circumstances of the moment, as the most judicious and least likely to attract the suspicion of the revenue men. When we get alongside the vessel, provided there be no apprehension of danger, our friends on board drop the cigars—which are generally made up in packages of five boxes each—into our boats, and we make for the shore as fast as we can; but when the revenue men are near at hand, the packages are tied in



SIGNAL TO SMUGGLERS FROM AN HAVANA STEAMER.



SMUGGLERS DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN.

oil cloth or india-rubber bags, and quietly dropped into the water, when our boats come along and pick them up."

Several countries of Europe contribute special articles to the "consideration" of the Customs authorities. France sends us brandy; Germany, snuff, cigars and gold-leaf; England, cutlery, silk and brandy; Spain, wine; Belgium, diamonds; Scotland, woolen stuffs. Thousands of bottles of brandy are brought in by sailors on French ships. One of the crew comes ashore with a couple of bottles for his personal use. He is carefully shadowed to a liquor store, and in due time the two bottles increase and multiply, till the revenue officer arrives upon the scene.

The German snuff is that dark, rich, pungent article, which causes a man to sneeze his head off. It is



A NOTED SMUGGLER'S RETREAT.



A REVENUE OFFICER KILLED BY SMUGGLERS.

conveyed in packages to the lager beer saloons in Hoboken, and distributed from thence through the vast German population of the country. A seizure of 100 dozen packages was made a few days ago. The writer was induced to take one tiny pinch of the aromatic mixture, and his subsequent sensations were of a nature scarcely to be imagined and impossible to describe.

Belgium being a centre for the delicate operation of diamond-cutting, much of the contraband diamond trade is done from that country. To-day, diamond-smuggling is virtually defunct, owing to the reduction of the duty to 10 per cent. The "dodges" being so varied and extensive, the opportunities for concealing the precious stones so exceptionally favorable, and the detections so few in proportion to the amount of business done, the revenue authorities resolved to emasculate the "trade" by reducing the tariff; and now the operations are so insignificant as scarcely to call the attention of the authorities to their existence.

The ingenuity practiced in introducing diamonds duty free forms the theme of many an interesting and amusing story. Captain Brackett narrates the following:



A WOMAN SMUGGLING KNIVES.

"A letter reached the Customs authorities, stating that a man, a well-known smuggler, would leave Liverpool by a certain steamer on a certain date, carrying with him diamonds to the value of seventy or eighty thousand dollars. A telegram announced his departure, and in due time the steamer

was boarded by the revenue officers. The man was found in his stateroom, suffering from a bad cough, a plaster on his chest; but, despite his indignant repudiation, not only were his effects searched, but his immediate person came beneath the hands and eyes of the vigilant detectives. Their search was repaid; for in the lining of his coat were the precious stones discovered.

"When the diamonds were brought to the seizure-room at the Custom House, a lapidary, to the intense disgust and mortification of the officers, pronounced them paste. The experts had met a little more than their match. The man was traced to his hotel, and again subjected to a microscopic search. When his chest was bared, lo! the plaster had disappeared; but the white indentions showed where the diamonds had lain concealed, whilst the officers sought them elsewhere."

On another occasion, through a letter forwarded by Minister Washburne, a large quantity of diamonds were discovered in the back of a hair-brush, the property of a passenger on a Cunard steamer, whom nobody would have dared to suspect.

Woman as a smuggler is met by woman as a detective;

but it was not until since 1861, and after considerable deliberation between the Department at Washington and the Collector of the Port, that four lady examiners were appointed, and designated as "special aids to revenue service." In 1867 the number was increased, with the title Inspectors appended, and the service at



EXAMINING A SUSPECTED SKIRT.

this port now requires the services of no less than eight competent persons for this delicate position.

As soon as the steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook, the inspectresses are notified, and officers detailed to examine the baggage. The steamer, after having passed quarantine, comes alongside the dock, to which the baggage is rapidly transferred and placed in rows. The passengers arrive by steam-tug, and, forming in line, present their declarations. These declarations are filled up by the passengers, and detail the contents of the valises, trunks, etc. Appended to this printed "passenger baggage declaration," is a notice specifying what is and what is not dutiable, with the condition on which baggage will be detained or confiscated. The declaration is prepared in the form of an oath, anent the administration of which, discretion is left to the revenue officer.

It is upon the opening of the baggage that so much depends, and it is a common sight to behold a "howling swell," or a fashionably attired lady, drawn mysteriously aside for the purpose of being searched, while their baggage is quietly "discussed" by the calm and intelligent officials whose duty it is to see that the revenue does not suffer by the "little ventures" of enterprising speculators.

The bold confidence exhibited by some of the lady smugglers very often betrays them; for it is a well-attested fact in the mental history of woman, that "she who carries a dangerous secret steps with the greatest consciousness."

The office of Inspectress is not an enviable one. It is a position that will lead a person lacking great intuitive knowledge of human nature into dangerous pitfalls, while it is also one that demands a calm intelligence and dauntless courage, and a never-failing politeness. Mistakes will be made at times, and, while it is easy enough to make a *faux pas*, in the receding lies the difficulty.

If every woman is at heart a rake, so is every lady at heart a smuggler. Silk! lace! diamonds! Surely there can be no harm in bringing home from Europe the materials for a couple of handsome silk dresses, or a few yards of lace, or those diamonds which were bought so cheaply in Brussels! The silk is adroitly run into the semblance of a skirt, the underwear is trimmed with costly Valenciennes or priceless Point, and the diamonds are occasionally hidden away in the recesses of false plaits or some unsuspected portion of the clothing.

To professional female smugglers there is but scant courtesy shown, inasmuch as their ingenuity would seem to be born of that crafty serpent which beguiled their mother Eve; and the eight women searchers whom the Customs department employ at our docks, are ever on the lookout, for the daring speculators of their own sweet, fair sex.

A considerable source of anxiety to the executive is the "swell" milliner. This lady is an adept in the art of packing, and can force a room full of silk into a Saratoga trunk. The oldest expert cannot imagine how it is done, and as fold after fold comes forth from its limited receptacle, both wonder and admiration are excited, that so very much can go into so very little. She is artless, is the "swell" milliner, and gentle as a sucking dove. She would not defraud the revenue of the tenth part of a cent—not she. Any goods coming to her from the other side shall be exposed to public gaze, and if duty is to be paid, it shall be paid.

Upon the arrival of the vessel, she is on hand. Of course she expects a dear friend from Paris, and hastens to the stateroom to give her joyous and welcome greeting. The dear friend is exquisitely and newly attired. For a lean face, she possesses a very plump, not to say ungainly, body, and moves down the gangway in a somewhat elephantine manner. She is asked for her keys, which she surrenders

with a facetious willingness. There may be one or two things to pay duty upon, and she playfully asks the Custom House officer to let her down easy—she has been very candid. Some yards of silk and velvet and lace are pronounced contraband, and the duty is instantly paid—but not without some pouting.

Her baggage passed, she is about to move away, when the female searcher solicits a private interview. This raises her indignation to a white heat. How dare this person presume to offer her such an indignity! She will appeal to the President. She will have the perpetrator summarily dismissed. She will *not* submit to such an outrage!

She is led, fiercely gesticulating, to the official den. Here she cools off a little, and prepares to break her fall by declaring that perhaps there are a few pairs of gloves, a few yards of lace, and a few ditto of silk upon her person. The inflexible officer proceeds to do her duty. A whisper of a fifty-dollar bill—seventy-five—a hundred! The officer divests her of her garments, and lo! lace, silk, velvet, gloves and other contraband articles reveal themselves, and the "fat woman of Brentford" suddenly becomes one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

One of the "swell" milliner's pet dodges is this: She writes to her correspondent in Paris, "Send me a sharp, clever girl, who can assume the air, manner and language of an actress—she must pass for one. She has come to the United States on speculation, and has been promised a lucrative Western engagement. Let her theatrical wardrobe be very extensive. Have the articles, as enumerated, amounting to several thousand dollars; and advise me of her name, and the steamer she comes by."

In due time the aspirant to histrionic fame trusts herself to the mercy of the waters, and arrives in New York. Her immense wardrobe, consisting of the very newest fashions and of the costliest materials, cannot be pronounced contraband, inasmuch as it is all her own, and for the purposes of her profession; and the Customs officer has to grin and bear it, while mademoiselle gayly departs, having dramatically evaded the law.

One of our judges having pronounced a seizure on the dock as illegal, the mere landing of the goods on the dock not being a clearance, the officers have now, in the case of the "swell" milliner, to operate outside the precincts of the dock; and upon a recent occasion, a well-known *modiste* was considerably astonished upon finding herself arrested, just as she was joyously chuckling at having outwitted the authorities.

Not long since, from off one of the Inman steamers, there came a magnificent, gray-haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air was of Society spelt with a big S; her dress, *à ravir*; and if she had been, possibly, a little less *prononcé*, she might not have aroused suspicion. Reluctantly obeying an invitation into the office of the inspectors, an official diagnosis was made of her condition; when she was found to be suffering from four *point de l'Aguile* shawls, two *point appliqué* sacques, and a *rotonde*, or round mantle, of Chantilly lace of considerable value. Her smuggle did not end here; for attached to her skirts were seven hundred yards of narrow lace, and in the plaits of her dress were collars of a "supreme" point lace, which, from the exquisite fineness of their quality, rolled as closely together as gold-leaf.

It is stated that German women are the most constant smugglers, and act in a singularly stolid manner when detected; while Frenchwomen are "abyssed" in shame and mortification if caught red-handed. The Swede can not see why her confiscated treasures should not be delivered up to her, and the Irishwoman considers confiscation akin to robbery, fighting out the question to the bitter end. The officials find it easy enough to deal with smugglers of

these nationalities, having their peculiar habits well in hand; but it is the English and American lady upon whom the inspectress is compelled to exercise her uttermost skill and detective sense. These talented personages are experts at counterfeiting ill health, obesity, haughtiness, and even insanity.

Some instances of female smuggling denote an amazing spirit of enterprise. On one lady was found a double quilted petticoat lined with Shetland shawls, caps and stockings. On another, a quantity of the finest silk bindings, ten valuable watches, two silk dress patterns, two dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, and eight pieces of silk galloon. On a third, seventy-three bundles of sewing-silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid gloves. One lady had in the facings of her dress, cigars; and in her petticoat, meerschaum pipes. A German woman endeavored to evade duty by hanging nine watchchains around her neck, a valuable watch at the end of each chain. A little Frenchwoman who was invited into the office of the inspectress, was found to have on her husband's red flannel drawers, which were here and there tied in puffs. These puffs contained "a Bohemian toilet glass set, two dozen salt cellars, three dozen silver spoons, three dozen silver forks, several little articles of *bijouterie* in bronze and crystal, and some fine Swiss wood-carvings; all of which were put up in the softest tissue-paper, that they might not strike against each other."

Another amusing instance of enterprise may be quoted: "Not long since, a lady, arriving on one of the French steamers, was observed to bring a small box from the steamer to the dock. From this she took a velvet sacque, putting in its place an ordinary-looking Paisley shawl, which was evidently warm, and which she had at first thrown about her shoulders. Her trunks were examined, but nothing dutiable was discovered. After the officers had finished their duties, the lady traveler returned her sacque to the box, and again put on her shawl. She was then requested to show the sacque, which proved to be a costly and elegant Paris-made garment, having the "ticket" still appended to the lining. The lady was then invited into the office of the inspectress, and on her person were found laces of great value, sewed into the artificial rotundities of her figure, not to mention a silk dress pattern as drapery *en panier*. Inside of the very ordinary Paisley shawl, so carelessly thrown about her shoulders, was found an India shawl of a quality so uncommonly fine that it would have escaped the vigilance of any but a woman put upon the track of another."

Our illustration represents a lady whose crinoline was adorned with Cremona violins. This dame became very angry upon being asked if she happened to have any dutiable articles concealed about her person, and perfectly panted when ordered to be searched.

Within the past year, some work of importance has been done toward breaking up the systematic smuggling of silk goods at this port. The attention of Captain Charles N. Brackett, U. S. Treasury Special Agent, was drawn to the fact that certain dress silks were sold at public auction, at prices far below the market value. An endeavor to obtain the names of the parties concerned was unsuccessful, the auctioneers positively refusing to give names of either owners or buyers; but a small piece of the silks in question was obtained about the middle of June, 1877, and was submitted to the inspection of a leading dealer in such goods. He stated that the silk was of a width not usually sent here, and made, probably, for the London market. This directed suspicion toward vessels of the National Line of steamships, which came direct from that port. A close watch was thereupon kept on the deliveries from the steamer

Denmark on the 23d of June. Five barrels, which had the appearance of containing cement, were traced to an express office, and thence to a stable, where, upon being opened by the Treasury officers, the contents were found to be 3,500 yards of dress silk goods, wrapped in enameled paper.

The clue was followed further, till the rendezvous of the smugglers was found over a drug store in South Fifth Avenue. There more than 10,300 yards of guipure laces were found in boxes under a bed. A set of books was also discovered, in which were the accounts of transactions in smuggling silks from 1869 to 1875. The names of the purchasers were given in these books, and include some of our most respectable merchants. The goods were in general consigned to certain jobbers, among whom John Scott was prominent, who effected the sales.

So long as the business was confined to these channels, its secrecy appears to have been secure. But in order to obtain quick sales, after the amounts of smuggled goods increased, they were sent to the auction-houses. The exposure was thus brought about, since goods worth \$1.80 to import, were sold at \$1.30.

An examination of the accounts by the Treasury officers, showed that from two to five barrels of silk goods had for years been smuggled at each trip of certain steamships. The barrels were landed as containing cement, and left, along with others actually containing that substance, upon the wharf; the ones containing silk were afterward picked out and sent by express to the rendezvous. Another method was adopted in smuggling silks in cases, which need not be detailed here.

There seems to be reason for believing that the officers of the Custom House knew nothing of these frauds, as the deliveries from the vessel were always made to square with the manifest. This was carried out by collusion between the storekeeper and purser of the vessel, the dock superintendent and the coopers employed.

It is estimated that the smugglers' records which were obtained, cover about 50 per cent. of their entire transactions. About eight pieces of dress silk, of 100 yards each, worth, in all, probably \$2,000, were usually packed in a cement barrel. The estimated total value of fraudulently imported goods is about \$1,200,000, the evidence secured covering half that amount.

Too much credit can scarcely be awarded to Captain Brackett and his assistant officers, Cutter and Jackson, for the skill and energy with which these discoveries were accomplished, the arrests of the smugglers effected, and the evidence against them presented in the courts.

In the course of the prosecutions the steamships *Denmark* and *England* were libeled, and it was proved that the profits of the smugglers were divided with some of the minor officers upon those vessels.

The trials lasted several months, and resulted in the conviction of Thomas C. Owen, purser of the *England*, and Alvin Graff, dock superintendent of the National Line of steamships. Each of these offenders was sentenced, on January 25th, 1878, to two years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine. There is no evidence that any other systems of smuggling silk goods are at present carried on upon an extended scale.

The results, so far as restitution is concerned, are strikingly insignificant. The loss to the Government may be estimated at \$500,000; the sum recovered at two-fifths of one per cent.—not enough, probably, to pay the counsel fees. The condemnation of the steamers *Denmark* and *England*, if the present suits for that purpose are successful, may, however, largely increase the amount recovered, as the vessels are subject to forfeiture, and are under bonds for \$545,000.



A LADY DETECTED SMUGGLING DIAMONDS IN HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

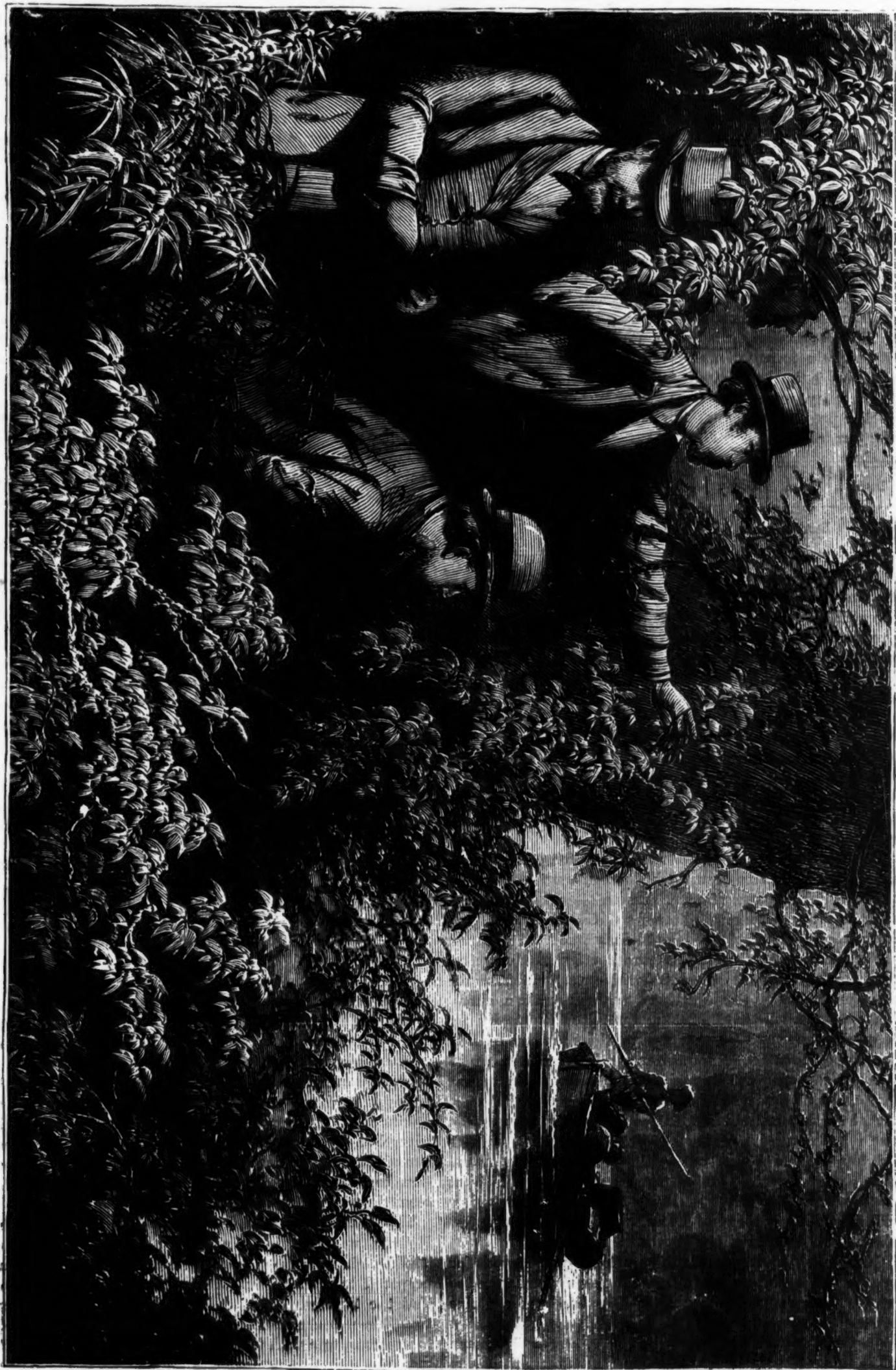
The case of a well-known importer in Philadelphia, was somewhat remarkable, attracting considerable attention at the time. This firm was extensively engaged in the importation of diamonds and other precious stones, jewelry, clocks, bronzes, fans and other articles of ornament and *vertu*; and the purchasing and shipping of its clocks and bronzes in Europe were habitually intrusted to the house of Meyer Ifflaenger & Versepuy, Jr., of Paris.

In the entry of goods so purchased at any port of entry in the United States, the law requires that the invoice of the goods, as sent from the consignees, with all its charges for commission,



DETECTION OF A VIOLIN-SMUGGLER.

packing, boxes, and similar incidental expenses, shall be produced and sworn to at the Custom House, by a member of the importing firm, and that the entry shall be made out in exact conformity, as to amount, with the invoice. The law requires also, or, rather, as part of the requirement just stated, that the member of the firm who takes the oath upon the invoice, shall swear or affirm therein that it contains "a just and faithful account of the actual cost of the goods, of all charges thereon, including charges of purchasing. . . putting up and packing . . . that I do not know nor believe in the existence of any other



OFFICERS WATCHING SMUGGLING-BOATS NEAR CALAIS, MAINE.

or different invoice or bill of lading than these now produced by me . . . that I have not in the said invoice concealed or suppressed anything whereby the United States may be defrauded of any part of the duty lawfully due on the said goods, wares and merchandise; and that if at any other time hereafter I . . . receive any other invoice of the same, I will immediately make the same known to the collector of the district."

It is perfectly obvious, from the language of this oath or affirmation, and these requirements of the law, that if an importing firm is found to be regularly in receipt of two invoices with each importation of goods, one of which is smaller in its aggregate than the other, as is used at the Custom House, while the other is suppressed, the duty estimated upon the smaller invoice will be below the true amount of duty; and that the firm must know that such will be the effect of such a device.

This is precisely what this Philadelphia concern did in forty-six importations made by them in three years. And this is the little game which is being played all over the country, under the very nasal organs of the authorities at the present moment. For example, take an invoice by the Cunard Steamship *Russia*:

Date.	Vessel.	Goods.	Custom House Entered Value.	Private Invoice.	Difference.
1878.	Russia.	Silks.	\$9,000.	\$10,000.	\$1,000.

During the present year another committee, composed of General Appraisers Meredith and Bingham, and Special Agent Hines, has been appointed by Secretary Sherman to investigate the subject of frauds upon the revenue by undervaluation in invoices. This committee has visited Chicago, Portland, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and is about about to begin its sessions in this city.

An ingenious artifice of a New York house is also worthy of mention. The principal article of importation by this firm was tin in sheets, which paid a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem. They were also, previous to the passage of the Tariff Act of 1865, extensive importers of cheap statuary. They had molds in England, in which pig lead was converted into counterfeit presentments of the Father of his country, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of him who drew the lightning from the skies and tamed it for the use of man. These statues soon found their way to the smelting-house, and George Washington came out in bars of pig lead, and—duty free!

Notwithstanding that the Niagara frontier affords marked facilities for carrying on contraband operations, from the close proximity of the American to the Canadian shore, that portion of the coast of Maine which is shown by our engraving has, from its nearness to the province of New Brunswick, become an important rendezvous in this relation. Iron-bound as it is, and embarrassed with dangerous reefs and cliffs honeycombed into gloomy caverns, it offers almost an impenetrable retreat to the contrabandists who may select any point of it as their headquarters. Of this fact our Custom House authorities seem perfectly aware, and they consequently station their agents and officers at places where they are most likely to intercept smugglers with effect before they get in among the rocks and caves, where pursuit becomes fruitless or impossible.

Our illustration represents those officers lying in wait for an approaching boat. In this case the smugglers were too much for those "revenue cruisers," as the boat contains nothing but some "empties" and worthless packages that are not contraband, the real cargo having been landed some miles from this point by another wily party. This is one

of the pet "dodges" of the smugglers in this particular portion of our continent.

The question of glove duties is at present engaging the attention of both the authorities and the trade. The General Appraiser Ketchum has presented a very able and valuable report to the Collector of the Port upon the subject, and as he quotes the prices at which gloves are put upon the American market, it might not be out of place to give them in this article, since the smuggling of gloves has assumed such formidable dimensions:

The firm of Lord & Taylor buy 1,000 dozens a year; ordering as much as 40 dozens at a time, and pay \$18 for the two-button glove, with a cash discount of 6 per cent. in ten days, or 5 per cent. in thirty, and an additional or trade discount of 7½ per cent. E. S. Jaffray & Co. pay for the same glove \$18, with same discount for cash, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. E. F. Hovey & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with same cash discount, but a trade discount of only 5 per cent., with certain conditions at the end of the year, depending on the year's business. R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and get what they call a drawback of 10 per cent. Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 5 per cent. H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. The same is true of J. B. Farwell & Co., of Chicago. Berling, Moore & Emery, of Kansas City, have a trade discount of only 5 per cent. John Schlichter, of Cincinnati, who purchases 4,000 dozens a year, obtains, in addition to the usual cash discount, a trade discount of 10 per cent.

In consequence of the operations of the Anti-moiety Act, the writer has been assured by "those who ought to know," that smuggling is on the increase. If this statement be borne out by facts, the attention of the legislature should be drawn to the question, with a view to repealing an act that works the wrong way. So long as high duties continue, so long will there be an inducement to smuggling; and this brings us back to where we started—to the supreme question of a wholesome tariff.

The writer cannot conclude without thanking Captain Brackett and Mr. Phelps of the New York Customs, for the courtesy with which those gentlemen received him, and the information which they so cheerfully accorded.

RUINED BY A SPIDER.

SPIDERS crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses, foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand.

Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland; and victory seemed certain, if the severe frost continued.

The Dutch envoys had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider forewarned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that this weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen; and its generals, who duly estimated his character, relied upon his

assurance that within a few days the waters would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat; within twelve days the frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated, and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

APRONS.

Aprons have, in one form or other, and of one material or other, formed a conspicuous part of female costume from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day. In Chaucer's time they were called "harne-cloths":

"A harne-cloth eke, as white as mare milk,
Upon her lences, full many a gore."

Meaning that her white apron was tied round her loins, and was ornamented with gores, or puffings, in the upper part.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the apron was worn tolerably plain, and was generally confined to good housewives; but in the sixteenth century they were again adopted by ladies, and were made of so fine a texture, and so elaborate in decoration, that they provoked the ire of some of the satirists of the period.

Thus, in 1596, Gosson wrote:

"These aprons white, of finest thread,
So choicelie tied, so dearly bought;
So finely fringed, so nicely spread,
So quaintly cut, so richly wrought—
Were they in work to save their costs
They need not cost so many groats."

At this time they were edged with the most costly lace, and worked with gold and silver thread, and with various colors.

In the reign of William and Mary, aprons became an indispensable part of the dress of a lady; they were very small, edged and puffed with a profusion of lace, and were worn over the upper part of the rich petticoat, the front of which was fully displayed by the open gown then worn.

In the time of Queen Anne the apron grew to somewhat larger proportion, and was worn by every lady—the Queen not excepted. In her reign it was often decorated with gold and silver spangles, rich needlework of divers colors, gold lace, rosettes, puffs of lace, and even pictures painted on pieces of satin and stitched on.

In the time of George II., and the early part of the reign of George III., aprons were worn very long and plain, without lace or ornament—simply long, white aprons, and nothing more. These long, white aprons, circa 1750-60—certainly not being very becoming to ladies—attracted the attention of "Beau Nash," the master of the ceremonies at Bath (or King of Bath, as he was commonly called), and provoked his rage to such an extent that it was decreed no ladies should appear in white aprons at any of the public balls in that fashionable city.

So stringently was this rule enforced, that it is recorded on one occasion, when the Duchess of Queensbury infringed the regulation and made her appearance in a white apron, Nash walked up to her grace in the ball-room, and, without ceremony, quietly took off the offending garment and threw it among the waiting women, observing that none but Abigail's wore such things!

With such an example before them, it is no wonder the ladies of the "Assembly" at Derby should enact that "no lady shall be allowed to dance in a long, white apron," and that fines should also be levied on the wearers of other articles of dress which fashion desired to abrogate.

THE MARGUERITE.

ERE the swallow's homeward wing
To its native bower hath flown,
Or the genial airs of Spring
Prompt the cuckoo's monotone—

When an unseen presence fills
Every pulse with fresher life,
And the warm, moist air distills
Dews with honied fragrance rife

Hidden from the garish sun,
In some nook of tender green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
Peeps the violet from her screen

Coy as maiden modesty,
Bowed the common gaze beneath;
Blue as fair Floranthe's eye;
Fragrant as her odorous breath—

Redolent of pleasures past—
Hopes that no fruition know;
Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last:
Faith, no vows can now renew—

Remembrancer of love and Spring,
Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring
Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue—
To mingle flowers might break the spell;
And fain would try the test anew
That may her saddest doubt dispel!

Such ordeals now are idle all;
If needed, love is love no more;
And tests that wishes vain recall
But tell us what we knew before!

"He loves me not!" "He loves me still!"
Of that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will
That says, alas! "He loves me not!"

"He loves me not!" It cannot be,
Till honor, faith itself be dead;
I'll not accept the sad decree
Till every leaf I hold be dead.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
What reck's it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
When love and hope for aye depart!

ALICE'S CHILD.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

ROBERT BRAITHIE took up the letters the servant brought him, without thinking very much about them. He was thinking more about the face he had dreamed of last night.

It had been a long time since he dreamed a dream so vividly real as that one last night. It had been twenty years since Alice Graem's face had shone across his pathway, with the halo clinging to it with which he always invested it in his thoughts of the old days.

Twenty years! And he was forty years old and over, and gray hairs were thick about his temples; but last night he had dreamed that the woman he had loved so long ago, and whom he never had forgotten and never could forget, came back to him, and walked with him down the old avenue of russet beeches, in the long November days, as they had walked together long ago.

Long ago! What a sorrowful cadence the two little words held for him! Late was bright with hope then; but



EXAMINING PASSENGERS' TRUNKS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, VANCEBORO', MAINE.

the hope had gone out of it when the woman he loved had been forced into an unwilling marriage, and 'passed out of his life, but never out of his heart.

He broke the seal of the first letter with scarcely a thought of what he was doing. He drew the letter from its envelope and unfolded it. As he did so, a long, yellow curl fell out, and immediately coiled itself about his fingers like a quivering circle of sunshine. How he started at sight of it! Only one woman of the many he knew had such beautiful hair as that.

He turned to the letter with eager interest in his face now. It was written in a trembling, half-illegible hand, as if the fingers that held the pen were too weak to guide it.

"DEAR FRIEND
—I am dying.
They tell me I
can live but a

few days. Before the end comes, I must ask you to do one last favor for me. I must leave my child to the mercy of strangers. In all the world I have no friend to give her to, unless you will take her. It wrings my heart to think of leaving her with no one to care for her when I am gone. For the sake of old times, Robert—for my sake, take my Winnie. She will love you for her mother's sake, and for her own. She will brighten your life, I know. I cannot write much more. I am sure you have never

forgotten. I never have—I could not. I send you a curl of the hair you used to call beautiful. Let it plead for Winnie.

"ALICE LEITH."

Robert Braith's eyes were wet with tears when he had finished the letter. So she was dying—this woman he had loved so well!

He looked at the other letter. It was from the same place. He opened it hurriedly. It was as he had thought—



A SALE OF FASHIONABLE LADIES' DRESSES SEIZED FOR ATTEMPT TO SMUGGLE.

Alice was dead, and the tidings of her death had followed her dying message closely. The letter concluded:

"I am all alone. Mamma says you will come and take me home with you, she is sure."
WINNIE LEITH."

When Arnold Braithe came in, an hour later, he found his uncle getting ready for a journey.

"Where to?" he asked, astonished at such a sudden preparation.

"A friend of mine died in Virginia last week, and he left a child to my care. I am going after her," Robert Braithe answered.

He wondered, as the train roared and rattled on across hill and meadow, if this child was anything like her mother. If she were, it would be pleasant to have her about the rather lonesome old house. Childhood would brighten it up wonderfully with gaiety and mirth. It would be a pleasant task to care for her and watch her grow up to womanhood.

You see he took it for granted that she was a child yet. He never once thought of her as anything else.

But it was not a child that came down to meet him on his arrival at the place where Alice had lived and died. He started in surprise at the vision of a beautiful girl, whose feet were on the borders of womanhood.

He could almost have sworn that

Alice had come back to him as he had known her twenty years ago. There was the same sweet face, there were the same tender eyes, and yellow hair.

"You are Uncle Robert, I am sure," she said, gravely, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, I am Robert Braithe," he said, tenderly. "You are the picture of your mother, and I know I shall love you for your own sake as well as hers."

And then he stooped suddenly and kissed her. The caress won her at once, and she put away for ever all restraint between them. They were not strangers, because of a common love for her who was sleeping on the hill.

"I thought to find a little child," he said, when they went up the hill to Alice's grave together. "Somehow, I keep forgetting that you are not your mother, as I knew her years ago."

Arnold Braithe met them on the steps when they came home to Braithewood a week later. His face was full of astonishment when, instead of a child of ten or a dozen years, his uncle helped a young and beautiful woman from the carriage.

"Winnie, this is my nephew, Arnold," Robert Braithe said, simply. "You will be friends, I hope."

Arnold Braithe was sure of that, if he could have his wish in the matter. He was already half in love with this yellow-haired girl, whose black robes only served to heighten her beauty.

The Winter came and went. Winnie was the sunshine of Braithewood. She won Arnold's heart away from him completely. In the long evenings they sang together in the parlor, and read together in the library. They had long, delightful rides together over the splendid country-

roads. She wound the meshes of her yellow hair about his heart, and he was a willing captive. But never, till he told her that he loved her, did she dream that his love was more than that of friendship.

One day Robert Braithe counseled with his own heart, and he found out something that he had scarcely understood before. He found out that he loved Alice's child as he had loved the mother. The love that he had kept for Alice he had transferred to Winnie.

"I lost her mother, and I must lose her," he said, bitterly. "Well, it is better as it is. I am an old man."

But, for all that, it cost him a sharp battle with his heart to give her up to Arnold. He told himself that it must be done, however, and Robert Braithe was not a man to argue with what he felt to be duty.

One day Arnold told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. She was half frightened at first. She had never thought of this. They had been the best of friends and nothing more. She told him so, and that she did not love him in the way he had hoped she did; and then at sight of his pain and bitter disappointment she ran away from him and walked up and down the beech avenue, with a sorrowful sense of having wounded a dear friend sorely.

Robert Braithe found her there in the sunset-time. She flushed up readily at the sight of him.



ALICE'S CHILD. — "WINNIE," HE CRIED, "I LOVE YOU. I AM AN OLD MAN WHO LOVED YOUR MOTHER YEARS AGO, BUT MY HEART IS YOUNG. COULD YOU BE AN OLD MAN'S DARLING?"

"I have been talking with Arnold," he said, briefly. "You are quite sure you do not care for him?"

"Not as he wants me to," she answered. "Oh, Uncle Robert"—with a sudden, eager impulsiveness, as if her heart was speaking in spite of her—"let me stay with you always. I promised my mother to love you, and I don't want to love anybody else!" and then she stopped, with a sudden, sweet shame dyeing cheek and brow.

"Winnie," he cried, "I love you. I am an old man who loved your mother years ago, but my heart is young. Could you be an old man's darling? Think of it all before you answer me. Don't mistake pity for the love I want."

"I don't," she answered, softly. "I love you, Robert," with a shy, sweet dignity in voice and manner. "Let me be to you what my mother would have been if nothing had come between you, if you can trust me with your happiness."

And so the sunshine Robert Braithe's early life had missed came into it at last.

SALMON IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THESE fishermen are phlegmatic fellows, and, while they wondered, said nothing about it, but left it to chance to come to light. There they were, fat, shining salmon, splashing and gasping hard for breath, on the fishdealers' tables in Beal Street Market, Memphis, one day this Spring, evidently fresh from their native element.

"Why, where did you get these salmon?" asked the passing buyer with wonder.

"Out of the river. Buy some, sir?" as coolly as though salmon, not cats, were the natural piscatorial inhabitants of our muddy river.

"What river, man?"

"Miss'ippi, of course; jes over by the bar there."

"Many of them?"

"Lots. Buy some, sir? How do you like this fellow? Not even dead yet, you see, sir."

There is but one explanation of the presence of these fish of northern waters in the great mud river. Two years ago the planting of fish eggs in foreign rivers was given great attention, and Congress made a small appropriation for the stocking of rivers as an experiment.

Several hundred thousand eggs were placed in the river near Wolf River's mouth, Mr. W. W. McDowell footing the experiment. The result, long since despaired of, is seen now in the fine fish sold in the city markets. The theory, founded on observation, is, that fish will always return to their place of incubation to spawn; hence the presence of salmon at this season at that point in such great numbers.

This successful experiment should further attempts to stock the Mississippi River with new and desirable fish.

INK.

THE writing fluids of the present day are the result of our commercial requirements, and are altogether unlike, in composition and properties, the ink of the ancients. They wrote; but their ink was what we should term a varnish, or paint, being composed of carbon in very fine division, say either ivory or lamp-black, held in suspension by any drying oil which was most approved of, or mixed with glue after the manner of Chinese ink, which requires to be dissolved in water before being used. The ingredients were combined by being rubbed together between stones, as we see painters of the present day grinding their paints. We are even told that the pleasing process of grinding was, in

schools, placed as a punishment on the most indolent; or, failing this, the poorer scholars were pressed with the honorable task of keeping the school in ink.

There can be no doubt that the carbon contained in these inks, and which is well known to possess peculiar qualities of durability, is the cause of the fresh and black appearance which many ancient manuscripts retain, even after several centuries, while those written by our grandfathers fifty or sixty years ago have, in many cases, almost disappeared. Even the best modern ink in that time shows decided symptoms of old age.

From the care taken in the formation of the letters in the ancient manuscripts, it is very evident they were not written in a hurry; neither, indeed, could they be, seeing that the pens used were small brushes, and the ink itself a varnish.

To produce a good modern ink, we must bear in mind certain qualifications: namely, a good ink ought to be so thin as to flow freely from the pen; it should be so thick as not to spread or blur on the paper, and it should possess sufficient depth of color to retain its blackness for many years.

THE DEATH OF FOORSUT—A TALE OF TIGER-HUNTING.

WHILE encamped below the hills, near the village of Tanda, in India (says Gordon Cumming), about ten A.M. Dhokul came in, having left some of his men on sentry over a very large tiger, which he had come upon suddenly that morning. I was not long in turning out, and on arriving near the spot, we arranged the plan of attack. I was accompanied by Lieutenant MacTier, who had joined me that morning from Sirdarpore.

The only tree which we could find in any way suited as a position was one standing near the head of a slope, some fifty yards in length. This tree had, at about eight feet from the ground, strong shoots growing from the stem. On these I took my stand, accompanied by my gun-bearer, named Foorsut.

At the foot of the slope a dry nullah crossed from left to right, and beyond it was a level jungle, thinly covered with trees and bushes. The tiger was to be driven from our left down the nullah.

Having seen me to my place, Dhokul went off to bring on the beat, and soon after the tiger came trotting down on the far side of the nullah. Unfortunately, my shot struck him too far back, and, turning sharp to the left, he went off at a great pace, while I fired my remaining three shots at random, in the hope of doing further damage. Seeing the tiger go off, I did not at once reload, intending to do so when I descended to follow him upon the elephant. Suddenly a man on a tree cried out that the tiger was coming back, and on looking up, I saw him coming toward us at a sharp trot.

On reaching the nullah, he crossed it, and slowly ascending the hill, stood immediately below our tree. With a breech-loading rifle, I might have shot him ten times over, and possibly, as he was coming on, I might have reloaded that which I had, but I knew that any movement on our part would probably make him charge, and we were too near the ground to make such a contingency desirable.

All might have yet gone well had the man kept quiet. In an evil moment he spoke, saying that the tiger was below us. The beast looked up, caught sight of us, and at once sprang up the tree. Getting a momentary hold for his claws upon the trunk, he seized Foorsut by the waistband with his teeth, and dragged him down, and as he fell, bit

him three times through the back of the thigh, inflicting twelve deep wounds. I shouted loudly, and hurled my hunting-cap at the tiger, on which he slunk off, and went down the hill.

Presently the men came up, and we made a litter of boughs, and sent the wounded man off to the camp, where he was attended to by the native apothecary, who always accompanied my office. I mounted the elephant along with Mr. MacTier, and we presently came on the tiger, at which I fired, and on going up, found him dead. I believe he had died from the first shot. He was a full-grown male, very large and heavy.

The wounded man progressed favorably, and the bone of the leg seemed uninjured. He was doing well on the following day; but on the morning of the second we observed a slight twitching of the points of the fingers. Toward three P.M. he fell off suddenly, and by four o'clock he was dead.

This was a sad termination to what had been a brief but successful "chasse"—my bag, during the trip, consisting of seven tigers, a panther, and a bear.

RECEPTION OF HERNANDEZ CORTES BY THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA IN MEXICO.

(See Colored Plate.)

On the 8th of November, 1519, Cortes and his party passed along the great causeway into the imperial city of Mexico. The road, the lakes, the towers, temples, and houses, were crowded with people assembled to gaze upon the wonderful *white devils*, and still more wonderful quadrupeds, of which they had heard such terrible stories. "We," says Diaz, "were occupied by very different thoughts. Our number (Spaniards) did not amount to four hundred and fifty. We had perfectly in our recollection the accounts we had received on our march, that we were to be put to death on our arrival in the city, which we now saw before us was approachable only by causeways, whereon were several bridges, the breaking of one of which would effectually cut off our retreat. And now," he adds, with a pardonable boasting, "let who can, tell me where are men in this world to be found, except ourselves, who have hazarded such an attempt."

Truly this brave little band had some cause to quake as they passed on; for they were throwing themselves upon the hospitality of a warlike population of at least three hundred thousand, whose supreme head would gladly have given one-half his empire to have sacrificed them to his gods, and the brave princes who surrounded his throne would have effected this at his slightest intimation. But the superstitious fears of the weak sovereign were to be the ruin of himself and his empire, and the salvation of the Spaniards.

As the Europeans and their Tlascalcan allies approached the great street, which passed through the heart of the city, the glittering retinue of the Emperor of Mexico burst upon their sight. The royal palanquin was one blaze of burnished gold, surmounted by a canopy of green feathers, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver. It was carried by noblemen who, barefooted and with downcast eyes, walked at a slow, measured pace.

As the procession approached nearer, the army halted, and the general respectfully dismounted. Montezuma then alighted, supported by his brother, nephew, and two other great princes.

The ground was strewn with tapestry that his imperial

feet might not touch the ground; and the people of every rank, from artisan to prince, who lined the sides of the causeway, either prostrated themselves or cast their eyes upon the ground, as it would have been considered profanity to gaze upon the imperial person. Such was the slavish adulation of the Mexicans to their sovereign.

Like his palanquin and the attire of his chief attendants, his dress was of barbaric magnificence. He wore a square cloak and girdle, sprinkled with pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, richly embroidered sandals, with golden soles, the leathern thongs of which were embossed with the same metal and studded with jewels. Upon his head he wore a feather ornament of green, the royal color.

At that time Montezuma was about forty years of age, tall, thin, black hair, and a complexion somewhat lighter than the rest of his copper-colored race.

The Mexican sovereign bade the Spanish general welcome to his capital. Cortes replied with the most profound expressions of respect, and many acknowledgments of the magnificent presents he had received on his road to Mexico. He then placed around the neck of Montezuma a chain of colored crystal, and attempted to embrace him. But this action was prevented by the Aztec princes, who were greatly horrified at the sacred person of their master being thus profaned.

The Mexican monarch having then ordered his brother to conduct Cortes and his troops to the quarters prepared for them, withdrew. This was, however, only to show additional respect to the Spanish chief; for, as the army approached the great palace which was to be their barracks, he was in the courtyard awaiting them.

This building, which was of immense size, had been the palace of Montezuma's father, Azayacatl. As the general entered the courtyard the emperor approached him, and, throwing a gorgeous golden chain around his neck, said: "This palace belongs to you, Malinche, and your brethren. Repose yourselves after your fatigues, for you need it, and I will visit you again."

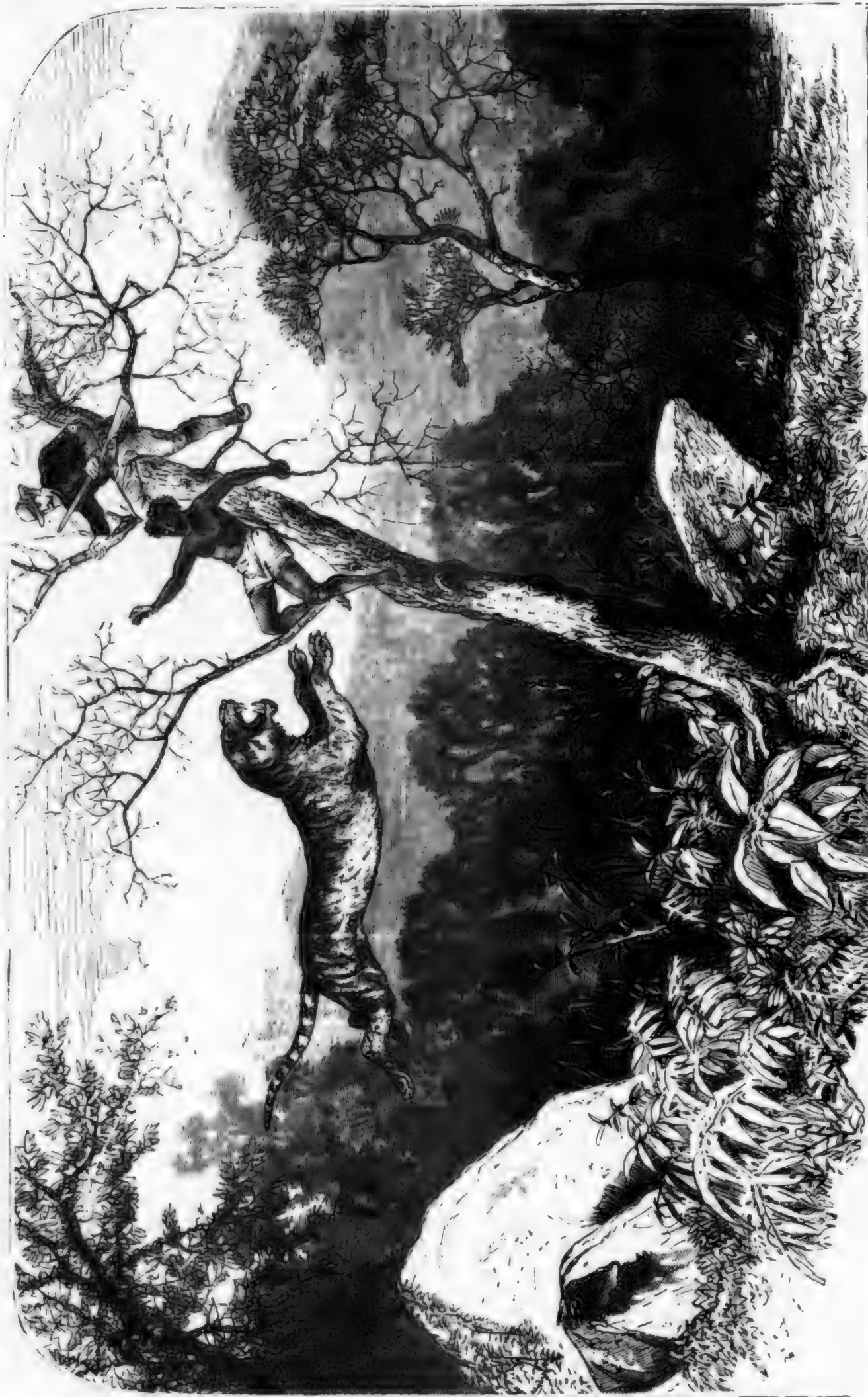
So saying, with a delicacy scarcely to be expected in a barbarian, he withdrew with his suite.

WHY POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns on assuming their vows and popes on ascending the Pontifical throne usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the popes is a superstitious belief that unless this is done the new Pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII.

Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1555, Marcellus Servius was elected and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his election. Since that time no pope has ventured to offend against the tradition.

It is a little singular that while the name John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-two popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII, in 1415. The first pope bearing the name Pius took the position in 142, and the name did not reappear after his death till 1458.



THE DEATH OF FURSCOTT—A TALE OF TIGER-HUNTING.—SEE PAGE 14.



"'CONRAD'S GHOST AGAIN!' WHISPERED AUNT META, AND, STRETCHING OUT HER ARMS, SHE CRIED, IN YEARNING, PITEOUS TONES, 'CONRAD! CONRAD!'"

CONRAD HEYDON'S GHOST

I WAS fifteen years old when there was called together a great family gathering of the Catherwoods, at Wharton, where Grandmother Catherwood had resided since Grandfather Catherwood brought her home, a bride. It was an immense house, built in the English style, with long corridors, countless rooms, and a boundless capacity for guests.

Upon the occasion of the above-mentioned gathering, there was need of every bed and every room, for Mrs. Catherwood was to celebrate her one hundredth birthday, and upon the occasion had called together her descendants, comprising nine children, with their respective husbands and wives, seventeen grandchildren, and thirty-three great-grandchildren, of which later generation, I, Elsie Catherwood, had the honor of being the eldest, also daughter of

the eldest grandson, who was the eldest child of Grandmother Catherwood's first-born.

I am painfully aware of the fact that I should have been a son, or followed after Claude, son of Claude, grandson and great-grandson of Claude—but I was not, much to the disgust of the seniors concerned.

To give any idea of the individuals of the assemblage at Wharton, would be a task beyond my patience. But I want you to single out of the group Aunt Meta, the youngest of Grandma Catherwood's children.

There is one son, also single, Uncle Mark, and it is fully understood in the family that, although the old lady's great wealth will be divided amongst the children, Wharton itself, the homestead, will belong to these two for life.

Aunt Meta was fifty-five years old; but, to one who knew nothing of her age, she might have been mistaken for twenty years younger.

To the younger members of the family, Aunt Meta is the living personation of every gentle grace, kindly impulse, and stately, slightly old-fashioned courtesy. In her presence, the fastest of the city cousins became subdued, and it would have been considered little short of sacrilege to use slang, vulgarity, or rude language in any form before Aunt Meta.

To her the children carried all their petty quarrels for arbitration, the young people all the joys and sorrows of their love experiences; the widows, the mourning mothers, sent for Aunt Meta in their hours of deepest sorrow; the brides, the affianced couples, asked for her gentle sympathy in their first gladness.

In her youth she had been very beautiful, in a sparkling, brilliant style of beauty that made her the belle and boast of the country far and near; but at last her own heart was taken captive by Conrad Heydon, one of the rising lawyers of his time.

Certain it is that he tried to rule the proud, wayward nature with lordly sway; and many were the quarrels, fierce and loud, ending in a few days of separation, and a reconciliation as gusty as the rupture.

While the engagement was still young, another suitor appeared on the scene—a wealthy man, older by some ten years than Conrad, and one whose riches were almost a proverb. He yielded at once to Meta's charms, and placed his hand and fortune before her, although he knew of her betrothal.

All agree, however, that she certainly gave her new wooer far more encouragement, and many more smiles, than was consistent with the dignity of a betrothed maiden, playing off one suitor against the other with the arts of a finished coquette.

To a man of Conrad's nature, it was a matter of simple impossibility to submit to this state of affairs, and it was soon evident that a crisis was approaching.

Covert hints and sneering words between the rivals, led at last to open insult, and the final outrage of a blow.

One morning there was a duel fought in an open space upon the estate of Conrad Heydon. One combatant was fatally wounded, and the other fled for his life across the ocean, far from home, sweetheart and country.

The bleeding, dying man was carried into the house his rival had lived in from birth, and there firmly refused to make any statement to inculpate his opponent.

"It was a fair, honorable duel," he said, as the lifeblood oozed steadily from the tiny wound over his heart.

Yet after that day Conrad Heydon was seen no more. His father watched and waited many long years, then died, and the fine estate was deserted and neglected, no heir appearing, and the claims of more remote kindred only resulting in endless litigation.

Far away, with the stain of blood upon his soul, the lover of Meta passed from his old life for ever. Tidings of his death finally came.

For many weeks, Meta, prostrated by remorse, lay, raving, calling upon Conrad to return and forgive her—to take the burden of her sin from her conscience. Her life was long despaired of, and when her physical strength seemed returning, fears were entertained that her reason was permanently impaired.

Time, however, the great restorer, gave to the young girl her health and her rationality; but there had fled for ever the pride, the caprices, the wayward temper and strong will, that had made her, indirectly, the cause of death.

A pale, subdued, mourning woman moved sadly about the old house, till, as years rolled away, the sorrowing soul learned to crush down its own weight of misery, and live for others. In the large family, and with Grandmother Catherwood always to be cared for, there were plenty of calls upon the only maiden aunt and sister.

When we entered the drawing-room on the evening of the day before the birthday, we found a merry party ready for a week of perfect enjoyment. Grave men forgot their business cares, mothers put aside domestic tribulations, and

everybody entered heartily into the spirit of the great occasion.

Aunt Meta, in soft gray tissue—for it was June weather—with white lace at throat and wrists, and her own glossy fair hair knotted in a thick coil at the back of her small, shapely head, was portioning out rooms for the noisy, chattering crowd. So many girl-cousins here, so many boys there; aunts and uncles disposed of in the best rooms; sisters and brothers scattered everywhere through the many apartments; babies disposed of in couples and trios.

"Elsie rooms with me!" I heard Aunt Meta say, as I entered.

"You always take Elsie!" pouted one cousin.

Partiality," said another.

"Hush! she is here," whispered a third; and I was wrapped in Aunt Meta's cordial embrace.

I knew in the depths of my sensitive heart why I was always taken to Aunt Meta's room, next that of Grandmother Catherwood herself, why she favored me and petted me. It was because of all that healthy, happy family, I am the only blot. A fall from my nurse's arms in infancy had injured my spine, and I am hunchbacked.

When something like quiet was restored, and the many travelers had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner, Aunt Meta took me to the pantry to see the wonderful cake that was to be the centre of the birthday-feast. It was immensely large, and in the icing were left spaces. Nine encircled a bouquet-holder in the centre, and every child had put in his or her space a twenty-dollar gold piece: seventeen encircled this, and here the grandchildren had placed ten-dollar pieces. On the edge thirty-three gold dollars represented the last generation.

"The bouquet will have emblematic flowers, Elsie—full-grown blossoms, and opening buds—just one hundred in all—a flower for every year of my dear mother's life. A long life, Elsie—a long, long life."

She sighed, as if it wearied her to think her own might be so prolonged.

While she was busied in putting the gold into its place in the cake, before locking it up, I sauntered over to the window of the large pantry, and looked out. We were on the lower floor, some seven feet from the ground, and the window commanded a view of the front garden and the avenue of elms leading to the road.

To our right, and just in sight, was the deserted Heydon estate, that no heir had yet inhabited, and that was rapidly falling into decay.

The soft twilight of a June evening was over everything, for dinner had been delayed till after the arrival of the last train from Boston, that passed within half a mile of Whar-ton.

I was idly dreaming, when I saw a man coming slowly toward the house, dodging behind the trees, and peeping round them, as if anxious to avoid observation. He was shabbily dressed, and looked like a tramp or beggar.

I was about to warn Aunt Meta to hide the gold, when I heard her step behind me, and in a moment her hand was on my shoulder. At that instant, the man leaned forward, bringing a pale face, with large dark eyes and haggard features, full in the bar of light streaming from the window.

I heard a faint moan, felt the little hand slide from my shoulder, and turned, to see Aunt Meta lying white and insensible, at my feet. Thinking she was terrified at the idea of a robber, I cried out for Martha, her own servant, who came running from the kitchen in great haste.

"Laws bless me!" she cried, "she is just worn out with work, directing the servants, and getting ready for so many people. Get some wine, Miss Elsie! There, she is coming round."

And the color was returning to the white lips, while the soft blue eyes opened slowly and wearily, as if, indeed, the active housekeeper was worn out, as Martha said. We made her drink some wine, and when she was better, Martha assisted her to her own room.

"Now just lie still," she said, tenderly, "till the bell rings. I'll see to everything; and Miss Elsie will help dress her grandma."

I assented, and Martha bustled away. As soon as the door closed after her stout figure, Aunt Meta sat up, and, clutching my hand, whispered:

"Elsie, I am going to die! Conrad has come for me. He looked in my face when we stood at the window—Conrad, whose death was reported in an English paper nearly twenty years ago."

"It could not have been he!" I cried.

"It was his spirit, white and fixed. He has come for me."

The idea, so far from terrifying or shocking her, seemed to give her some deep, peaceful happiness. The softest smile was on her lips, the most radiant light in her eyes, that I had ever seen there.

"You will not repeat this," she said to me. "I do not want to sadden them. But when all the rest go home, will you stay here?"

I promised readily; and, without further conversation, Aunt Meta went to her mother's room, and allowed me to dress the snowy hair and arrange the white lace cap, while she dressed our grandmother in the black silk, white kerchief and white shawl she had worn for so many long years.

In spite of her great age, Grandmother Catherwood's eyes were as keen and sparkling as in youth, her figure as straight, and her mind as clear. She listened while we told her of the houseful waiting her welcome, asking for each one with strong interest. Some of the younger ones were strangers yet, for the invitations had traveled far to greet some of the large family.

"It is the last time I shall see them all," she said; "but they shall all remember to-morrow."

The week passed merrily. Aunt Meta seemed to have forgotten the supposed summons, and was the presiding genius of everything. It was from her hand each one of the guests received the gift they were to cherish as a memento of the occasion, from the tiny finger-rings for the toddling babies to the snowy locks of hair in golden lockets given to the older ones.

Every gift was of gold, and on each was engraved the date of the birthday.

It was Aunt Meta who arranged croquet parties, made up impromptu picnics, pasted kites for the boys, dressed dolls for the girls, arranged impromptu charades, dressed characters for tableaux, played waltzes, quadrilles and country dances, was the referee for all disputes, the head of all pleasures.

She never spoke to me, even in the night hours, when we were alone, of the spirit she had seen; but I knew that, despite the fatigue she must have felt, she spent long, sleepless hours in that week of boisterous merriment.

They were all gone at last, leaving me for the only guest. Uncle Mark returned to his farming; for Wharton cattle and Wharton vegetables and fruit were famous through the whole county.

Grandmother knitted little squares for counterpanes that were the wonder of the rising generations, or dozed away the long Summer afternoons in her easy-chair.

I wandered from library to music-room, or took long, lonely walks; while Aunt Meta drooped into a strange, listless indolence, very new to her busy, active life.

Uncle Mark noticing her pale face and languid step, Aunt Meta said she was tired after her busy week, and felt the increasing heat.

I wondered if she was still thinking of Conrad Heydon's ghost.

It was the third day after the gay party had left us, when, after sunset, one warm evening, Aunt Meta invited me to walk with her. We took the path leading to the Heydon estate, and for the first time I set foot in the garden—a perfect wilderness of weeds, flowers, and large, noble trees.

"I have never been here, Elsie, since Conrad Heydon shot his rival for the sake of my false face," said Aunt Meta; "but to-night the desire is strong upon me to see the scene which has haunted my dreams for many long, dreary years."

"You are not strong enough," I said. "Dear Aunt Meta, come back."

"No. We will go on."

A few steps led us to an opening amongst the trees—a spot where the grass was long and rank, but where there were no flowers or shrubbery.

Aunt Meta was trembling so violently that I feared she would fall; and, spreading my shawl over a large, flat stone, I made her sit down. She did not speak, looking mournfully at the spot so fatal to her happiness, till suddenly she grasped my arm, and gave a low, shivering cry, which I echoed; for, standing in the inclosure, facing us, was the man I had seen peeping in at the pantry window on the night of my arrival at Wharton. He wore no hat, and his hair fell in long, rough locks on each side of his pallid, haggard face.

"Conrad's ghost again!" whispered Aunt Meta; and, stretching out her arms, she cried, in yearning, piteous tones: "Conrad! Conrad!"

Instead of vanishing into thin air, as it was the proper business of a spirit to do, the man turned his face slowly toward Aunt Meta; and then, with one headlong rush, he sprang forward, and was fairly groveling at her feet.

"Meta! Meta!" he sobbed, kissing her dress, her hands, and even her feet.

For a moment she grew so ghostly pale that I feared the sudden shock had taken life itself; but she rallied, and bent low over the kneeling, crouching figure.

"Conrad, is it indeed you?" she said.

He raised his face to hers, and then burst upon us both the appalling truth that the mind was gone. The large eyes looked into hers, and a smile was upon the pale lips; but he would only murmur, "Meta! Meta!" with such thrilling sadness, and yet such tender love, in every tone, that the tears rolled down my cheeks, even to hear him.

"Go for your Uncle Mark!" Meta whispered to me.

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid of Conrad? Oh, no!" she said; and I hastened away.

Uncle Mark's amazement vented itself in a long whistle as I finished my recital.

"Conrad Heydon! Foolish, you say?"

"Certainly not sane," I answered.

"Show the way, Elsie. Dear, dear! to think of Conrad Heydon coming home! It is thirty-five years, Elsie—bless me! it is thirty-five years *this very day* since Conrad Heydon fled from home and country."

We were not long traversing the space between Wharton and the spot where I had left Aunt Meta.

When we emerged from the grove into the open space, Conrad Heydon was lying upon the ground, and Aunt Meta was kneeling beside him, looking into his white, still face.



THE DRACÆNA, OR DRAGON-TREE.

"Hush!" she said, softly, as we drew near them. "He is asleep."

But Uncle Mark bent over his sister, and lifted her, very gently, into his strong arms. Too plainly was the seal of death set upon the features of the wanderer.

"Meta," Uncle Mark said, sadly and tenderly, "he will not awake again. Come home, sister, and I will see that Conrad follows."

She knelt again, and softly kissed the dead face, whispering the name of her lover in tenderest accents. Then she allowed her brother to lead her home, I following, weeping over the piteous ending of the bitter, tragic love-story.

Grandmother Catherwood gave willing consent to the funeral from Wharton, and Conrad Heydon lies in the churchyard, where Meta can deck his grave with flowers, and steal alone to weep and pray.

There was close and tedious investigation made, but no light was ever thrown upon those long years of wandering, nor the fatality that led the fugitive home to die upon the scene of his crime, at the feet of the woman he loved.

Grandmother Catherwood saw no more birthdays. Quietly and peacefully she gave up her spirit to her Maker in the early Spring of another year.

Uncle Mark and Aunt Meta still live at Wharton, and I am a frequent guest, my deformity leading me to love the seclusion and quiet of the stately home.

There are many love-stories in the large family, some happy, some merry, some sad; but there is none that awakens so keen an interest, so vivid a regret, in all our hearts, as the tale of Aunt Meta's love and Conrad Heydon's Ghost.

THE DRACÆNA, OR DRAGON-TREE.

A REMARKABLE tree, now assigned to the order of *Liliaceæ*, is the *Dracæna*, or Dragon-tree. Its home is in the tropics, but it appears only at widely separated spots.

Dracænas, or Dragon-trees, are found growing on the west coast of Africa and in Cape Colony, in Bourbon and in China; but it is only in the Canary Islands, in Madeira and Porto Santo that they attain such gigantic dimensions as to entitle them to rank among the vegetable wonders of the world.

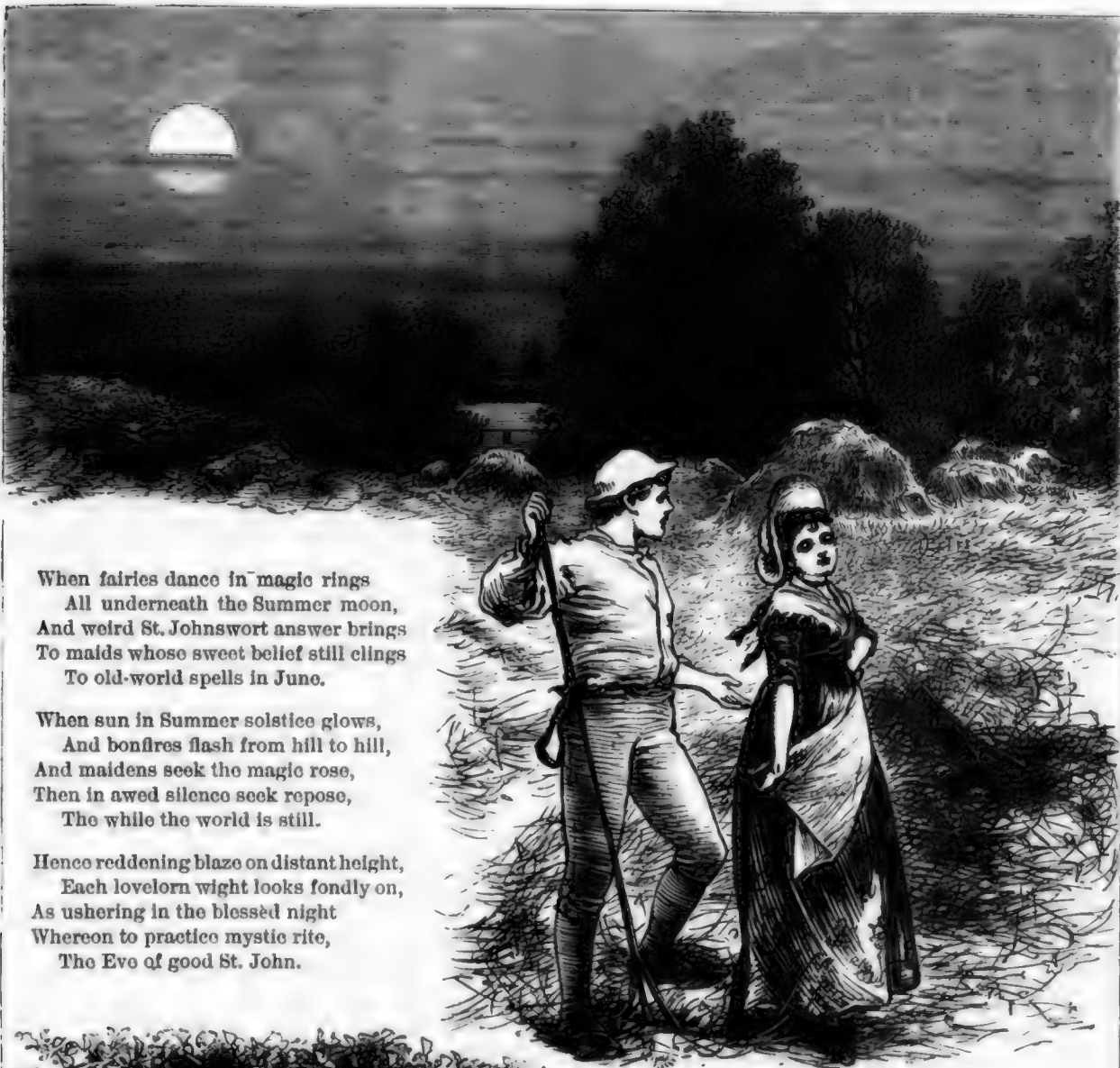
Near Orotava, in Teneriffe, still flourishes the venerable Dragon-tree which was already revered for its age by the extirpated nation of the Guanches, the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, and which the adventurous Bethencourts, the conquerors of the Canaries, found scarcely less colossal and cavernous in 1402 than Humboldt, who visited it in 1799. Above the roots, the illustrious traveler measured a circumference of forty-five feet; and according to Sir George Staunton, the trunk has still a diameter of four yards at an elevation of ten feet above the ground. The whole height of the tree is not much above sixty-five feet. The trunk divides in numerous upright branches, terminating in tufts of evergreen leaves, resembling those of the pineapple.

THE QUEST OF THE ROSE.

AN OLD MIDSUMMER EVE LOVE-SPELL.

I.—MIDSUMMER EVE.

SWEET-SCENTED June! with fragrant hay
About the new-mown meadow tossed,
Where lad and lass turn work to play
Upon a Summer holiday,
And hearts are won and lost.



When fairies dance in magic rings
 All underneath the Summer moon,
 And weird St. Johnswort answer brings
 To maids whose sweet belief still clings
 To old-world spells in June.

When sun in Summer solstice glows,
 And bonfires flash from hill to hill,
 And maidens seek the magic rose,
 Then in awed silence seek repose,
 The while the world is still.

Hence reddening blaze on distant height,
 Each lovelorn wight looks fondly on,
 As ushering in the blessed night
 Whereon to practice mystic rite,
 The Eve of good St. John.



II.—IN THE HAYFIELD.

BASHFUL Colin all the day
 Nigh sweet Phebe lingers;
 Turns for her the half-tanned hay,
 Lest she tire her fingers.

Scarce a word he dares to speak,
 Frowning answer fearing;
 Crimson glows his sunburnt cheek
 When her voice he's hearing.

Phebe, with well-feigned disdain,
 Cut beyond him glancing,
 Pouts her lips; tho' love's sweet pain
 Sets her heart a-dancing.

Stupid Colin turns away,
 No'er the truth divining;
 Dark and clouded grows the day,
 Though the sun was shining.

So two foolish hearts aside
 May turn Love's smiling river,
 Knowing not but that its tide
 May flow away for ever.

III.—OBERON.

THROUGH the forest, by the river,
 Lo, the fairy torches quiver;
 Oberon in state is sitting,
 Darting fireflies round him flitting;
 By his side
 His fairy bride;
 And the nightingale is singing;
 And the lily-bells are ringing;
 Fairy trumpets gayly pealing;
 Fairy music softly stealing
 Underneath the night-blue ceiling,
 Painted with gold stars a-shining
 Through the moss-set branches twining,
 Leaf and stem with lamps a-glow
 That the glittering glow-worms show.
 Acorn-cup with nectar filled,
 Takes the Elf-king in his hand;
 Grooms he first his queen self-willed,
 Grooms he next the fairy band;
 Drinks he, "To each mortal lover!"—
 "Fairy subjects, prove your power;
 Round the magic roses hover,
 Lend enchantment to each flower.
 Give the lover courage true,
 That his heart no more despair;
 Dry the maiden's eyes of blue,
 Wrinkles smooth from foreheads fair.
 Fairy subjects, prove your might,
 In the rare midsummer night."

IV.—GATHERING THE ROSE.

NIGH a cottage blooms a garden
 Where the roses blow.
 In the garden, 'mongst the roses,
 In the silver glow
 Of the moonlight, stands a maiden
 Glancing not to left or right;
 Backward moves she 'mongst the roses
 Rival-streaked or red or white;
 Moss-velled roses, maiden-blush-rose—
 Surely this the magic flower;
 Trembling, snatches she a blossom
 In the lonely midnight hour.
 To her lips the rose she presses,
 Silently doth own,
 In her heart for aye and ever
 Colin reigns alone.
 Silent still the rose she layeth
 All in folds of white;
 Mortal eye must not behold it
 Until Christmas night.
 Then if fresh the rose is blowing,
 Colin will be true;
 And he'll take from her the blossom,
 And she'll smile anew.
 And no more with coy deceiving
 Will she mar her bliss;
 Colin, bolder grown, his thieving
 Crowns with loving kiss.
 So she muses, never speaking,
 While the moonlight pale,
 In and out among the roses
 Weaves a silver veil.
 Silent still—her couch now seeking,
 She in slumber lies.
 Who can tell the love-sweet visions
 That her sleep-sealed eyes
 See amongst the fadeless roses,
 That her spell-bound dream discloses
 In a fairy Paradise?

V.—FAIRY SERENADE.

SLEEP, maiden, sleep!
 We guard the rose,
 And safe will keep
 It from all foes.
 No cankerworm nor cruel blight
 Shall harm the blossom plucked to-night.
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!
 We guard the rose;
 Though skies may weep,
 Though rough wind blows,
 When Christmas snow lies on the ground,
 Thy rose shall fresh and fair be found.
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!
 Whilst visions bright
 Entrancing creep
 Round thee to-night;
 Yet sweeter shall the moment be
 When Colin takes the rose from thee.
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!

JULIA GODDARD.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ANCIENT ROME.

The following vivid pen-picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Ford:

"If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble, which outnumbered the living inhabitants—so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair-dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in recent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass-cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered a genuine sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bedroom. A banquet-dish of Drusillus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at \$800,000. Drinking-cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise-shell and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their

houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes, executed in lively colors.

"But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were 'citizen-nobles' who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be \$5,000 per day, when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now."

ST. HELENA IN 1878.

"SEE the land there, sir—about a point on the port bow? That's St. Helena, sir, that is."

Of course I didn't see the land, but experience had taught me that I might have confidence in the marvelous power of a sailor to make out the dark streak on the horizon, and I went down to breakfast in a confident hope of seeing the island on my return to the deck. Nor was I disappointed; for, coming up soon after nine o'clock, the island was plainly visible as a line of cloud on the water. Four hours of steady sailing with the reliable southeast trades brought the good ship alongside of the precipitous rock, rising so strangely in mid-ocean, which has so absorbing an interest in the history of the world.

The only landing place at St. Helena is Jamestown, the capital and only town of the island, nestled down in a ravine, with sheer cliffs running up on either side. Off Jamestown, therefore, we dropped anchor, and at once the health officer was alongside, and satisfied himself as to the propriety of our landing.

On his leaving, we were surrounded by boats innumerable, some of them anxious to take passengers ashore, others bringing women with necklaces and ornaments of native work to sell. A great number of washerwomen came, too, with letters of recommendation from former customers. I have known instances where these letters would not have been so readily presented had the laundress been able to read English. One such letter ran, "Never had my things so badly washed in my life." Another, "The woman only expects you to pay half what she asks."

Taking one of the many boats that were fighting for precedence at the foot of the gangway, a few vigorous strokes from the swarthy oarsmen brought us to the stone steps of the landing place, and we were in St. Helena. Our first greeting was from a small boy, who had been vigorously ringing a bell, and now came forward and gave the bell into our hands. Examining it, we found pasted upon it an announcement that, by special request, "The School for Scandal" would be performed that evening at the Old Rock Theatre.

Here, indeed, was a surprise. Upon this island—the whole population of which would scarcely fill either Booth's Theatre or the Grand Opera House in New York—was a theatre, and in that theatre was to be acted no less distinguished a comedy than the masterpiece of Sheridan. We thought with some fear of what the result might be in the hands of the St. Helena stock company, but, nevertheless, mentally determined to see for ourselves.

Following the quay for about one hundred yards, we came to the gates of the town. The inhabitants seem scarcely alive to the fact that their illustrious prisoner is no longer

with them, and accordingly their gates are closed every night at half past nine o'clock, and no one can leave the town after that time without an order from the Governor.

Passing through the gates, we enter the main street of Jamestown. The town, indeed, consists of one main street, which follows the winding of the valley. On the right, immediately on entering the town, is Ladder Hill, on the top of which are the barracks, and which you ascend by a terribly long flight of steps. On the left is the garden attached to the Governor's town house, which is open to the public; and adjoining the garden is the site of the house, recently destroyed by fire, in which Napoleon passed his first night in St. Helena, and where the Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, also passed a night on his return from India.

The island is very barren of vegetation, and the fruits produced are not many. Dates, bananas, grapes, mangoes, guavas and figs are perhaps the most abundant. Meat is very scarce and dear, the inhabitants relying a good deal on Australia for the supply. When an ox is killed, the joints go to a few favored residents and to the barracks. We were to have brought a bullock for them from the Cape, but the animal unfortunately broke its neck coming on board.

In the evening we set out for the Old Rock Theatre, the ladies walking down in evening dress, without any need for shawls or hoods, although, as we were in the month of June, it was the middle of the St. Helena Winter. The room dignified by the title of the Old Rock Theatre is reached by a very shaky flight of steps, dimly lighted by an ancient lantern. The stage, a very diminutive one, is at one end of the room, and raised about a foot from the floor. The band, by a wise arrangement, plays in the yard. We found the room well filled, and learned that the comedy was to be played by ladies and gentlemen from the principal families in St. Helena, with reinforcements from the garrison stationed there.

Of the performance, suffice it to say that it equally surprised and pleased us, though, had the ghost of Sheridan been present, it must have been greatly puzzled when two of his characters sat down to examine an album of photographs!

The following day we devoted to the object of our stay upon the island—a visit to Longwood. To the stranger, anxious to visit Longwood from Jamestown, there are three courses open. He may drive, or, rather, he may sit in a basket pony-carriage, with a man walking at the pony's head; or he may ride, in which case he will be accompanied by a small boy, who fearlessly holds on to the animal's tail; or, thirdly, if he is energetic enough, he may walk. The distance is probably not more than three or four miles, but the road is a continual ascent, and the walk is fatiguing to any but the robust.

The horses of the island are rather a sorry crew, and some have a vicious habit of pounding the rider's legs against the wall of rock that skirts the road. So we decided for the pony carriage, and, in a leisurely way, started on our journey. When the winding road has brought you about half-way to the summit of the cliff, you see on the right "The Briars," a substantial, comfortable-looking house, with a pavilion adjoining it, which was placed at Napoleon's service by its owner whilst the furnishing of the house at Longwood was being completed. Leaving on the left the foot-path leading to Napoleon's grave, you reach a little colony of houses, amongst them the "Rose and Crown Hotel," a primitive little establishment, at which prudence suggests your ordering some lunch, which may await you on your return.

This accomplished, another mile of level road brings you

to the gate of Longwood. However thorough a Briton you may be, I think the feeling on seeing the desolate little one-storied house must be, "What a terrible place for a man who had lived the active, restless life of the fallen Emperor!"

High up on a barren cliff, bleak and unsheltered, with watch-houses and signal-stations on every point of vantage, with a regiment encamped upon the adjacent plain, and a cordon of sentries round the house, he may well have felt that he was needlessly reminded that he was a prisoner, and have instituted imaginary comparisons between his condition there, and the way he would have been treated had he surrendered himself to the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, or the Emperor Francis II., of Austria. It is easy to realize the feeling that must have been in his mind when, on seeing

French and British flags. From it you pass into the room in which Napoleon died. Where the head of the bed stood is now a fine marble bust of the Emperor, surrounded by a wooden railing; with these exceptions, the rooms are destitute of any furniture. You pass from the dining-room, in which Napoleon died, to his bed-room, bath-room, library, and billiard-room. Leaving the house, you pass through the garden, in which Napoleon used to work so vigorously, and turn your steps to New Longwood. This house was built for Napoleon's use after his arrival, but he never lived in it. An iron railing still separates the garden from the field adjoining, and Napoleon considered it was put there to remind him that he was a captive. Of course nothing of the kind was intended, and Sir Hudson Lowe gave orders to have the railing removed; but before this



ST. HELENA.—SPOT WHERE NAPOLEON I. WAS INTERRED.

Longwood for the first time, he exclaimed, "Nous n'aurons de trop que le temps!"

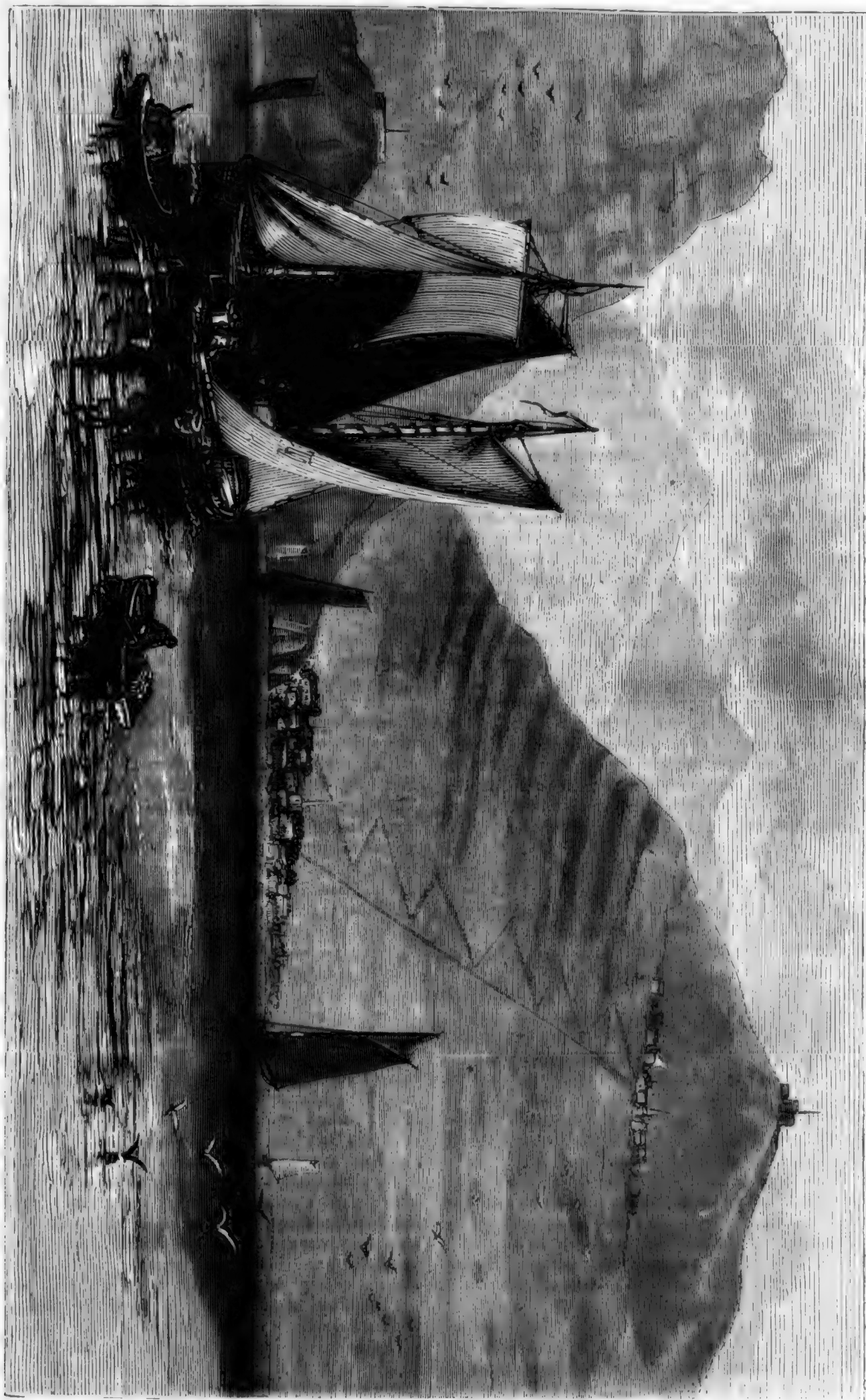
Old Longwood and Napoleon's grave were bought by the French in 1858, the house having then been allowed to fall into a very dilapidated state. The buildings were repaired, and each room was repapered with paper of the pattern used when Napoleon was in residence there.

The French Government, with characteristic good taste, forbid the attendants to receive any gratuity from visitors to the house or the grave, the one condition being that you shall inscribe your name in the visitors' book. Perhaps, at some far distant date, a Frenchman will be able to visit the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, without being pestered for sixpence at every turn.

The first room you enter (they are all miserably small and low) is the drawing-room, in which are placed the

was done, Napoleon's increased illness rendered it unnecessary. Leaving Longwood, we returned to the "Rose and Crown," where we got lunch and some beautiful bouquets of flowers, and then set off to visit Napoleon's grave. The grave is down in the valley, by a stream of deliciously cool and pure water. Napoleon was in the habit of walking down to the stream and sitting by it in the shade of the trees, and he desired that when he died he should be buried by it, as the only thing that had given him any pleasure on the island. M. Morilleau and his wife—the courteous attendants—show you the grave and give you a glass of the water. Here again you inscribe your name in the visitors' book, and then ascend the hill to the main road, where the carriages await you.

On the following day we joined our good ship again, and were soon under way, bearing with us many pleasant associations and memories of St. Helena.



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN, ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

MY TWO LOVES.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.



AM a man of thirty-five now, at the time of my writing this, and I venture to start with a bold statement of only wanting five years of those "forty" which sensibly suggest to us that we have done with romance, and deal solely with realities; though the romance of my life is but just commencing.

Yet, on looking back sometimes, it seems such a very short time since I—a young fellow of twenty-three—met my first love. She gave me my first experience of the tender passion, and during all the twelve years that have passed I have only known one other.

It may be gathered from this that I was not what is called an "impressionable" youth or man, and this deduction is a correct one. Brought up as a boy at the feet of a couple of maiden aunts, who were dull, dictatorial, and distressingly plain, I saw nothing in their sex to make their "looks my only books."

Nor had I any strong revulsion of feeling in favor of them when, after my college career had come to an end, I went to live with my bachelor uncle, Mr. Jocelyn, an old country squire, to whose lands and money I was heir.

The living beauties of Jocelyn Court were not dangerous to the peace of mind of any man—unless he was led to back them heavily in any of the respective contests on which they entered. They were all well-born, thorough-bred, and perfect in point of personal appearance. But the sentimental heart of a man never knew a pang through one of them, for they were all four-footed.

The horses in the stalls, and the hounds in the kennels, the red Devons in the pastures, and the sheep upon the hills, were each and all unrivaled in that county-side. But no man grudged the possession of such excellence to popular, generous old Mark Jocelyn, for the hounds were kept up at his own expense, and no careful, clever rider ever lacked a "mount" from the Jocelyn Court stables.

I had been living with my uncle about six months, when I first began to experience a slight sensation of discontent with the manner of my existence. I had shot away the Autumn, and hunted away the Winter, and now Spring, with all its tender, relaxing influences, had set in, and I began to feel dull.

The house was always full of staying visitors, and a large dinner-party once a week was a standing invitation; but the guests were all men, and all men of my uncle's generation. Hard, heavy-headed old sportsmen, who rode gallantly up to hounds still, but who were rather shaky as to the voice and legs after dinner; first-rate fellows to follow if you wanted a good lead over the country, but rather dreary to pursue through the involutions of their oft-told tales of adventure over field and stubble.

I had learnt the country pretty well during the hunting, but then I had looked upon it merely with sporting eyes. It bore quite another aspect now that the crops had sprung, and the hedges were full of flowers and ferns, and I tried to develop an interest in its new aspect, and to amuse myself by working in ignorance in the formation of a new fernery.

The work did not progress very rapidly; for some days I forgot to bring home any specimens, and on other occasions those I did bring home were broken, withered and mutilated, or were worthless weeds. However, fern-hunting gave me nominal occupation, and so I pursued it in a

desultory way, in the intervals of fly-fishing and otter-hunting.

One day I found myself a long distance from home, riding slowly along a little, narrow high-hedged lane, which was rich in ferns, that, even to my inexperienced eye, were both beautiful and rare. I was just making up my mind lazily, to dismount and secure a root or two, when my eye lighted upon an object a short distance ahead of me, which, by some magical law, drew me on toward it at once.

It was only a girl!

But such a girl! I can see her now, vividly, after the lapse of all these years, as clearly as I saw her then. A slender, supple young figure, every line of which was distinctly traced by the well-fitting blue cloth habit; a small, shapely head, crowned by a neat little riding-hat, from underneath the brim of which some glossy, closely-braided chestnut hair peeped; and such a face!

Every lover worthy of the name of one thinks his mistress's face perfection; and I was her lover from the instant I first looked upon her.

She glanced around hastily from her occupation of tugging with her tiny hands at the strong roots of a refractory fern, as the sound of my horse's hoofs fell upon her ears; and I raised my hat in involuntary admiration, as a tribute to the most bewitching embodiment of all that is most charming in woman, as she did so.

In the fresh, unconventional atmosphere of that sweet old country lane, we came to know each other in a way that, to our ignorance and innocence, seemed very well, indeed, in the course of the half-hour's intercourse that ensued.

It came about naturally enough that we should have this intercourse. As a man, I was bound to relieve her little hands of the task of tearing up that fern by its defiant roots; and as a woman, she could but gracefully acknowledge the slight obligation under which I had laid her. Her delicately complexioned face flushed with pleasure when she saw the prize of the refractory royal fern was her own. Her soft, dark-brown eyes flashed out gratitude to me. Finally, when she had avowed that she "must be going home," and I had put her up in her saddle (what a feather-weight she was!), her little hand gave mine a most cordial farewell pressure, as she bent her graceful head in adieu to me, and slackened the rein of her high-bred little chestnut.

As she trotted out of sight, rising to the well-marked, rather long stride of her mare as easily as she breathed—as if trotting came to her by inspiration, indeed—a feeling of desolation crept over me like the ague. I had let her go away into that life of hers which had never crossed mine before, and might never cross it again, without learning who she was and where she lived! She had gone from me without leaving me the slightest clue by which I could trace her. I had wasted the precious moments which we had passed together in idle chatter about ferns and wild flowers generally, and now she was gone without leaving me the least link by which I might find her again.

For a few moments a wild fancy reigned, ordering me to feel that I should be justified in riding her down and demanding her name and address; but my natural timidity soon put this fancy to flight, and I was about to remount and moodily make the best of my way home, when I saw her little glove lying by the hedgerow, where it had fallen during her struggle with the fern.

Need I tell how I seized and kissed the pretty, dainty trifle? Need I say what absurd elation I felt when I found, neatly written on the inside of the gauntlet, the word "Alice"? It seemed to me that in that glove I held the silken thread which, followed, would unerringly lead me to my love.

I said nothing of my little adventure at home. Jocelyn Place was scarcely the theatre for the portrayal of such emotions as were filling my breast at this epoch. Moreover, though I was quite ready to write myself down an ass, I had no great yearning to show other people that they would be justified in doing the same thing. Accordingly, I kept my own counsel, but at the same time made incessant and earnest inquiries respecting every lady who rode in the neighborhood. To my intense chagrin and heartfelt disappointment, the Summer passed away and I heard nothing of my lady of the fern.

It was not till the commencement of the hunting season, when we had a lawn-meet and breakfast and the whole hunt at Jocelyn Place, that I was roused into a state of anything like interest outside of the stables and kennel again. Dear old Uncle Mark was in great form this day. Perhaps he had upon him the presentiment that he was inaugurating a search for the last time with his famous pack; or perhaps it may have been that his family heart was gratified to find what good progress I had made in the estimation of our country neighbors since my coming to reside, just a year ago, among them. Whatever the cause, however, the effect was this: no one ever saw "old Jocelyn in finer form" than he was on the morning of this eventful day.

I have not mentioned that the usual meets were at just such a convenient distance from a garrison and naval seaport town that the sailors were generally well represented in the field. They were rather trying, it must be admitted, to the steady-going old hunting-men, who never went larking over unnecessary gates, or fooling about in any way; but still, their debonair presence added greatly to the excitement and charm of the meets, in the eyes of the ladies. Whenever a new ship came in, and a new set of mighty naval hunters performed prodigious feats of valor and indiscretion after Jocelyn's hounds, we were sure of having full meets, and line upon line of carriages full of the prettiest women in the neighborhood.

"I hear that my old friend Sir Harry Lakers has just come down to hoist his flag at Weymouth. He'll be out to-day, for a certainty, Archie, my boy," my uncle said to me, with an exhilarating degree of satisfaction in his tones, as we stood together at the head of the long table whereon the breakfast was set.

"We sha'n't be able to show him much sport to-day," I responded. "These lawn-meets mean loafing about till the morning's gone, and by the time we 'find,' half the field will have to go home to dinner."

"I think Harry Lakers will like this rather better than the stiff work we'll show him next week," my uncle said.

Then, with an exclamation of pleasure, he went forward, lugging me by the arm with him, to meet a new arrival who was just being ushered into the room.

"Welcome, old friend! Let me introduce my boy, Archie Jocelyn, to you," my uncle cried, warmly. And I found myself bowing to a fine specimen of an old naval officer—a gallant-looking, upright gentleman, with a face of bronze and eyes of honest blue. A fine old fellow of sixty-five, who was as little at home in the saddle, I saw, presently, at a glance, as an infant just born.

In the bustle and confusion of the start, I did not take any notice of two ladies on horseback just outside the hall-door; but as soon as we all began to move on, I observed that they were strangers, and under the protection, apparently, of Sir Harry Lakers.

From my position, about ten yards behind them, I took careful stock of their seats and of the way in which they managed their high-couraged horses; and suddenly, with a throb that amounted to a pang of joy, I recognized in one of them my lady of the fern!

She was mounted on the same breedy-looking little chestnut in conjunction with which she had made such a pretty picture in the Spring; riding the fretful, fiery mare quietly, as only a woman who understands a horse's mouth can ride it, and poised squarely and lightly in her saddle.

Every tongue around me was whispering wonder as to whence she came, and every eye was bent admiringly upon her; for, though we had many daring and skillful lady riders in our hunt, we had never met with a combination of such perfect hands with a perfect seat before.

Habitual indolence, as regarded women, supplemented now by a shyness that was new to me, held me back from riding up abreast of her and giving her the option of recognizing me before I requested an introduction to her from Sir Harry Lakers.

It was pleasant, too, to study the poetry of motion as exemplified by her light, swaying figure; pleasant to think that it bid fair to be a loitering day, instead of one of real hard running and work; and interesting to mark the points of contrast between herself and her lady companion.

The latter was a fine, well-built girl—square-shouldered, flat-backed, tall, and not ungraceful altogether. Her face, too, from the glimpses I caught of her profile now and again as she turned her head from side to side in animated conversation with Sir Harry and the lady on the chestnut, was that of a handsome, sparkling, fine-featured brunette. But handsome as she was, undoubtedly I found myself unable to admire the type of beauty of which she was such a good representative just then; compared with her friend, she looked too large, too sturdy, too masculine almost, as it seemed to me, and I felt no manner of interest in the speculations, which were rife around her, as to whether she could be the Miss Lakers whose reputation for beauty had preceded her.

By-and-by, when we were all waiting about on the edge of a wood, which the hounds were drawing, the moment came for me to be made known to the two strangers.

"Let me introduce you to Lady and Miss Lakers—my old friend's nephew, Mr. Jocelyn," Sir Harry said, as he presented me to the pretty, smiling women. He spoke hurriedly, for the field was moving on at the moment, and, with sailor-like impetuosity, he wanted to be well to the fore.

"Come on, my dear," he added, to the brunette; "we may leave Mr. Jocelyn to look after Alice, I think, as the path looks rather narrow."

My heart bounded with exultation at this proposition, and as Alice, apparently, was not at all loath to fall in with it, we fell back, and rode slowly on together. How I blessed fortune that she was the Miss Lakers whose reputation for beauty had preceded her. How grateful I felt to the other equally young woman for being the wife!

As far as sport went, it was a bad day from beginning to end, but to me it was a foretaste of Paradise. During the long hours of waiting languidly about for a "find," or of taking solitary short-cuts from one cover to another, I never left her side, and, without vanity, I could see that she was very glad to have me there.

There was not the faintest hesitation or embarrassment in her manner of accepting me from the first as an intimate acquaintance. Nor, on the other hand, was there the slightest touch of boldness or garrison-town hardihood about it. Her simple, perfect, courteous frankness finished the process of enslaving me, which her beauty had commenced.

She treated me with cordiality, with a flattering, trusting kindness that made me ask myself a dozen times an hour, "What had I ever done to deserve so rich an honor?" I told her bluntly—and perhaps, irrelevantly—what my life



THE POWER OF VEGETATION.—SEE PAGE 31.

had been, how devoid of all feminine influence, how ignorant of all feminine power of the purest, highest kind. I poured out my confidences with a fervor and an eloquence that surprised myself, and she listened, as only a woman conscious that her magic touch has wakened the marble into life can listen.

Once, and once only, did she manifest confusion and perplex me, and that was as we were slowly jogging home late in the afternoon. Half the field had fallen away, and as Jocelyn Place lay between us and Weymouth, my uncle had asked Sir Harry to stop for a glass of sherry and biters on his way home. The two ladies refused to dismount, and as my uncle and Sir Harry went into the house, I took the opportunity of standing close to her to say;

"You lost a glove the day I saw you first—I have it now, Alice."

In a moment, the sensitive face that was so sensuous, so brilliant, so maddening altogether in its ever-varying beauty, went crimson.

"Give it to me!" she said, rapidly; "it's a peculiar make; Sir Harry always gives me my gloves; you must not keep it; give it to me!"

"When I do myself the honor of calling on you—on Lady Lakers," I corrected myself, as a timely remembrance of the young brunette wife flashed across me, "I will bring it back, if I must."

She gave my hand a smart tap with her whip as it rested on her pommel.

"Hands off, and no blundering, please, Mr. Jocelyn," she said, lightly, "and don't call me 'Alice' any more—before other people," she added, in a whisper.

I was chilled, frightened, bewildered as she spoke. Half a dozen times, at least, that day she had let me mutter her Christian name unrebuked. She had suffered my hand to touch hers. My blood boiled now at the idea that I had given my gold for dress, and that I had been the plaything for a few hours of a coquette. In my heat I spoke, and spoke foolishly.

"If I am never to call you 'Alice' again, you had better not ask me, you had better not permit me, to call on you, Miss Lakers."

"I said 'not before other people,'" she whispered, with a flush, as Sir Harry came out and passed close to us.

"Come along, my dear," the bluff old sailor shouted

out, as soon as he felt himself fairly in the saddle. "Good-by, Jocelyn. I shall always be glad to see you, for your uncle's sake, and for your own, too, for that matter; I hope my wife has thanked you properly for looking after her to-day. Good-by."

They all then rode off as he finished speaking, and I was left, hat in hand, feeling a considerable amount of awkwardness at having been chaffed in such a way for my marked inattention to the "married woman," the handsome brunette. "Anyway his parental pride ought to teach him to forgive me," I told myself, as I made my way immediately to my own room, in order to avoid, until the dinner-hour, at least, the rather strong stream of badinage which would probably be made to flow in my direction, on account of my unprecedented conduct to my uncle and his friends.

Piqued as I was, uncertain of her real meaning, and distrustful of myself, as I had every reason to be, I could not, after a couple of days, restrain the ardent desire I had to go and see more of Alice Lakers.

The same impulse which urged the Laird of Cockpen to put on his "best sword and cocked hat" when he went wooing, urged me to ride my finest horse, and whistle up three or four of my best bred grayhounds and retrievers on the occasion. I pictured her coming out into the garden of Government House, patting my horse, and caressing my hounds, and letting me see the whole time that she was doing these things for my sake.

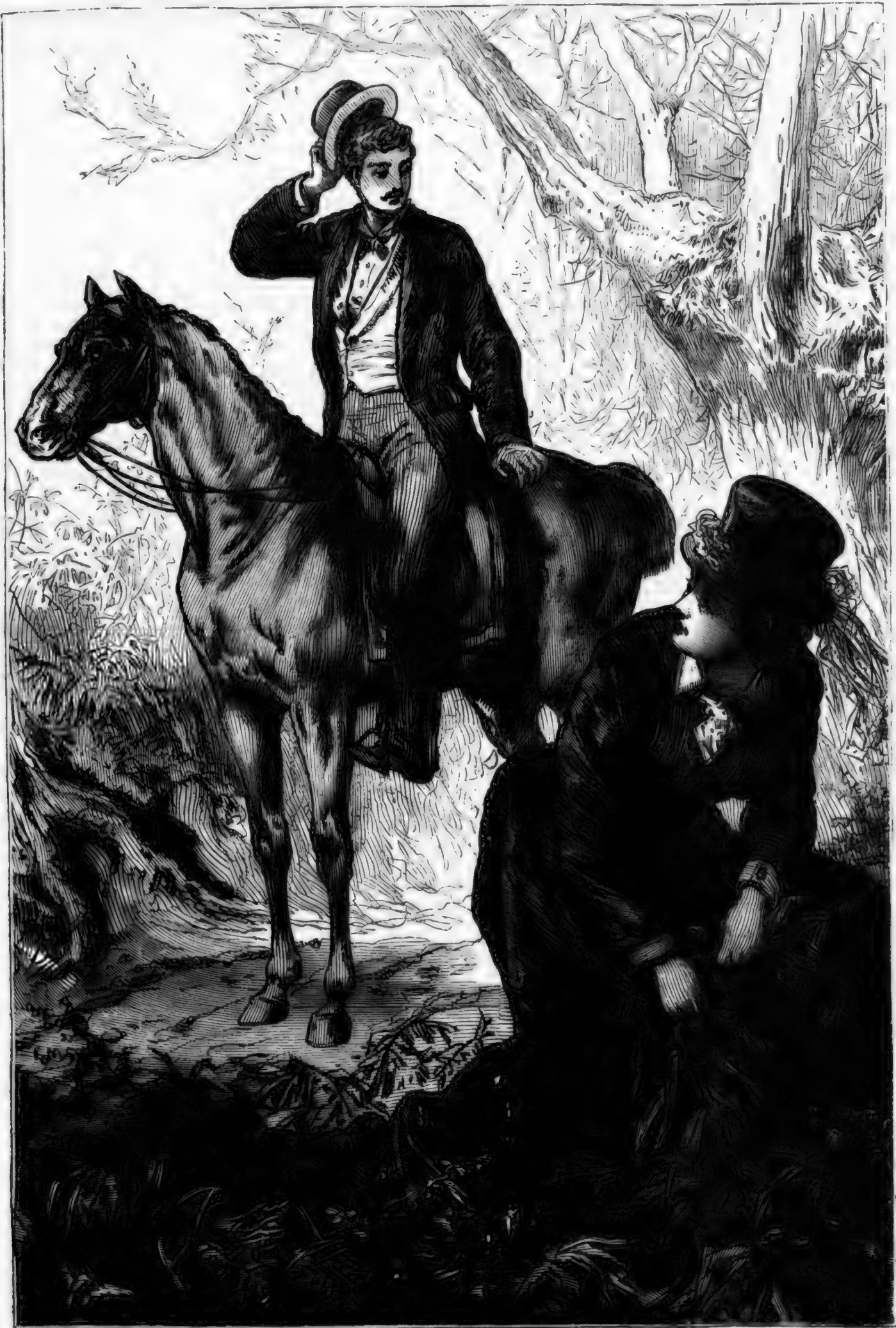
Even the servant who admitted me must have seen the cloud of disappointment which lowered over me when, in answer to my inquiry for the ladies, he told me that "my lady was at home, but Miss Lakers was out riding." Why had fate not permitted me to meet her? Why did etiquette compel me to go in and pass a desolate, *distract* quarter of an hour in the society of the young wife of an old man, when it was that old man's daughter I was pining to see?

I conceived a decided aversion to handsome, vivacious, uninteresting Lady Lakers, as I followed the footman upstairs, and told myself emphatically that she must be wanting in soul, sentiment, and all the softer and more winning feminine qualities, as she had sold her youth and good looks to age for wealth and position.

The revulsion of feeling was almost overpowering, and I have no doubt but that I looked a most abject fool when, on my name being announced, the lady seated at the end of the long room rose and came forward to meet me warmly. Fate had not been malevolent! Fortune in her kindness had not dealt cruelly with me. I forgave May for a



FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS—THE DUCK TREE.—SEE PAGE 31.



MY TWO LOVES.—"SHE GLANCED AROUND HASTILY FROM HER OCCUPATION OF TUGGING WITH HER TINY HANDS AT THE STRONG ROOT OF A REFRACTORY FERN AS THE SOUND OF MY HORSE'S HOOF'S FELL UPON HER EARS,"—SEE PAGE 26.

mercenary marriage with December, for it was Alice Lakers herself who welcomed me, and not her dashing young stepmother.

"They told me you were out riding," I began, in a voice that I could hear trembled with eagerness, with joy, with hope, with fear.

"No; I thought you might call this morning, and so I resisted all entreaties, all warnings as to my little chestnut becoming unmanageable from a day's want of exercise, to see you."

She sank her voice as she spoke the last three words, and I, after muttering something unintelligible by way of reply, found myself following her into the well-filled conservatory, where we loitered about among the flowers and ferns for an hour; during which hour I fondly and misguidedly trusted that we were learning to know each other better, and to love each other more.

She held my heart in the hollow of her hand long before that interview ended, and without my having expressed it in so many words, she knew to a nicety the depth and force of the passion that permeated my being. In a hundred delicate, subtle ways that were new to my untutored senses she made manifest that she understood and accepted my devotion, and

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might,"

producing such a melody of passionate bliss as I had never imagined in my wildest dreams.

"May I write to you?" I asked, as I was leaving; and a look of alarm dimmed the radiant features of her face for an instant, as she answered:

"No—no, you must not think of doing so; the letter might fall—who can tell into whose hands an indiscreet letter might fall? Be good and patient, and we shall see a great deal of one another, Mr. Jocelyn; but be unguarded for one moment, and our intercourse, our *friendship*, will come to an untimely end!"

It was in vain I pleaded desperately; she was very firm; and I was obliged to submit to her decision, though I thought her over-cautious for coming to it. But any compromise was better than the dire alternative with which she threatened me—the probability, namely, of our friendship coming to an end.

So I did myself the wrong of entreating her to let me carry on the siege I was raising so loyally against her heart in an underhand, roundabout, sneaking manner that was altogether foreign to my nature.

She led me on to make this plea, and then she surrendered with such apparent unwillingness to it, that I almost believed, before I left her, that I had been the one to wish and scheme that we might meet in secret and alone.

But when I got clear away from her dazzling atmosphere, I knew that my darling had given me my first lesson in deceiving both myself and others.

How many times during the bewildering week that followed was I perplexed and pained, mystified and maddened, by this woman and her wiles! A dozen times a day I must have been on the brink of finding her out, for I must do her the justice to say that her efforts to avoid discovery were slight and careless enough.

Then the light dawned upon me—in fact, it was her own hands that drew aside the curtain which had veiled the truth from me.

The hounds met about two miles from Jocelyn Court on the day that sealed my fate as far as Alice Lakers was concerned, and she kept her promise of being early in the field. She had, on the previous day, in the course of our stolen ride, given me the assurance that she would, very shortly,

"put an end to my anxiety, and be as definite as I was always imploring her to be," and on this never-to-be forgotten occasion she kept her vow with a vengeance.

I caught sight of her lissom form on the bounding chestnut the instant she entered the field with Sir Harry, and disregarding the half-contemptuous, half-amused smiles which immediately beamed upon every friendly face near me, I rode at once to her side.

As I came up—she chose her moment well, it must be admitted—she rang out in the clear, sweet tones that had caressed my foolish ears so constantly during the last few days:

"Mr. Jocelyn, I have just been telling my husband that I shall ask you for a lead again to-day; my chestnut will follow your horse anywhere, and I——"

What more she would have said I know not, for her flow of eloquence was arrested by an exclamation from Sir Harry.

"Good heavens! Jocelyn, what's the matter with you? Here, Mark, the boy is fainting!" and so I was, for the first and only time in my life.

I recovered quickly, and rode like the devil that day—rode in such a way that even daring Lady Lakers did not care to follow me. Only once did the exigencies of the chase bring us near enough together for the interchange of a few words. Then she turned a piteous little face toward me, and said:

"Oh! I have played with fire, and I am burnt myself. I began in fun, and it has grown to be the one *real* feeling of my false life. Say something to me, for mercy's sake!"

By way of reply—I was bitterly hurt, be it remembered—I merely hummed the words of an old song:

"I came here misled by a false woman's vow,
I'll stay and drink health to the Baroness now;
And oh! it will be quite as pleasant to me
Since Lilla, Lilla, Lilla's a lady."

"You're only a man—you don't understand the temptation," she said, softly.

Then she rode after her husband, and shortly after the husband and wife left the hunt, and for twelve years there was silence between Lady Lakers and me.

I buried my love in that silence, and no one dared to attempt to disinter it. The Lakers left Weymouth very soon after that day of my discomfiture. Rumor had it that the relations between the old husband and the young wife were not so agreeable as they had been before she had indulged in that "fytte" of gay fooling with me. At any rate, they left, and gradually the remembrance of the way the married woman "had sold young Jocelyn," faded from every mind but my own. Thus my first love died by violence, and was buried.

Just a fortnight ago the manager of the Weymouth Theatre called on me at Jocelyn Court—of which I am the master now—to ask for my patronage for the forthcoming benefit of a *débutante*, who was to make her first appearance "upon any boards" at the Weymouth Theatre as a dramatic reader.

"I can't tell what sort of stuff she is made of yet," the manager said; "but she is a beautiful woman, and a lady, and if she has anything of a voice, she ought to be a good draw. She is as candid as the day, too," he went on, "for she tells me she has only taken to this as a forlorn hope; she has tried teaching, writing, music—everything that a woman can try that's honest, in fact, and she has failed. Her family have cut her altogether."

"Why?" I asked, with languid interest.

"Because she stood by her stepmother when there was a division in the camp; and now, that lady's resources having failed her, this poor young woman is sadly put to

it to keep the wolf from the door. Do the best you can for her, Mr. Jocelyn."

"I will," I promised, absently, as my memory retraversed some paths I had trodden in company with the stepmother of another beautiful, well-born woman.

I had a premonition that something would occur which would interest me deeply, either for pleasure or for pain, when I entered the theatre on the night of "Miss Elliot's benefit"; and it happened soon enough to satisfy the most impatient nature.

The moment this new dramatic reader made her appearance on the boards, I recognized in her the handsome brunette daughter of Sir Harry Lakers, and I seemed to understand and grasp the situation at once. It was for Alice, for my fatally fair and false first love, that this noble-hearted woman was working.

My tale is soon told now. I saw Miss Lakers that night, and heard from her that Sir Harry had never forgiven nor forgotten the deception his lovely young wife had practiced on me.

"Papa was cruel to her from that hour," the girl said, hotly. "Yes, Mr. Jocelyn, *cruel*; though he never beat her nor neglected her, nor anything of that kind; he was cruel in a way that only a woman can discern, and I did discern and resent it. He nearly crushed the life out of her by his unspoken suspicions and unworded reproaches; and because I would not let papa think that I thought him right and her wrong, he punished us both to the best of his ability, by leaving me penniless and depriving her of everything but the pension, which he could not cut off."

"So your father is dead?" I asked, with a beating heart.

"Yes; didn't you know it? How odd!"

I shook my head. I could not tell her that no one had ever dared to mention the name of Lakers to me, and that whenever I had seen it in the columns of the naval intelligence I had hastily skipped it.

"Would you like to see Alice again?" Miss Lakers went on, bluntly. "Speak out honestly, as human being to human being. Would you like to see Alice again?"

"Is she Alice Lakers still?" I asked, hesitatingly. "Of course she is not, though. How should it be that such a lovely woman should remain unmarried!"

"She is Alice Lakers still, and she isn't so wonderfully lovely now?" Miss Lakers laughed. "Just consider, Mr. Jocelyn, it's twelve years since she took you by storm as a sylph. She is a substantial, sensible woman now, so probably you will not like her half as well as you did of old."

Tacitly, as Miss Lakers spoke, there came into the room a woman whom my heart recognized, though my eyes might have failed to do so; and quietly during the next hour she talked to me, and established her empire over my soul. Yes, my second love, the one that will last to the end of my life, is my first beloved to me, purified by the pain the *reality* of my love had cost her through twelve long years.

THE POWER OF GROWING VEGETATION.

LAST year some curious experiments were made as to the strength possessed by growing plants. A pumpkin was so arranged as to act on a weighted lever, and much amusement was made, as it day by day demolished theories put forward as to the power it could exert. We do not recollect what the final burden was, but the pumpkin fought it steadily, gaining, by insensible atoms, size and strength, even against a solid dead weight.

A lad, with a similarly inquiring mind, slipped a muci-

lage-bottle over an apple just formed on the bough, and left it to its own devices. It grew on, having air and light till it touched the sides of the bottle. Then the struggle began. It adapted itself to the form of the bottle, sought escape at the mouth, but this did not relieve its steady growth; then it burst the bottle, and grew out there in a succession of knobs; for the bottle merely gave way in one point; and the apple, thus relieved, did not exert pressure enough on the other parts to break away the confining glass.

The apple, when ripe, has been drawn, and shows how much power is exerted, and how the plant adapts itself to circumstances.

Very little has been done in this country in torturing vegetation, but the Chinese delight in, and have become perfect masters of, the art of producing strange and monstrous forms. Plants will, in this way, afford opportunities for many curious experiments to while away idle moments.

FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS.

MYTHS and fables springing from the old Teutonic and Norse watch-fires found their way into records when civilization and Christianity dawned and a local literature grew up. Even when printing came, some of these stories held their own and were repeated.

What travelers expected to find in countries, they asked about, and people, finding their visitors insist on the existence of certain wonders, probably thought it their best policy to gratify them. Imagination filled up the picture, or simple things were confounded in vague descriptions.

Many kinds of trees and plants, notwithstanding their calm and peaceful life passed in the broad light of day, have still their legendary history and their superstitious traditions. Some have become celebrated on account of the strange animated progeny which has been attributed to their leafy tops; others for their medical or cabalistic power.

Rousseau complained that plants had been defiled by transforming them into disgusting remedies. We should be more correct in accusing those who attribute ridiculous virtues to them.

Several water-birds were long considered to be the produce of certain trees which grow in the marshes or borders of the sea. Our credulous forefathers were persuaded that there was one of these growing in Scotland or the Orkneys, the fruit of which, as large as eggs and having the same shape, opened at maturity and allowed each a little duck to escape.

The vulgar would not have dared to doubt such a fact, for it was quoted by the most renowned scholars. Sebastian Munster attests the truth of it in his great work on "Cosmography."

"We find," he says, "trees in Scotland which produce a fruit enveloped in leaves, and when it drops into the water at a suitable time, it takes life and is turned into a live bird, which they call a *tree-bird*."

In order to produce a still fuller proof, the writer himself gives a drawing of it! We see the young ducks opening the fruits in order to escape, whilst the newly hatched ones swim in the water near at hand!

Others represented that barnacles grew on this strange tree, and that from these the ducks issued; so bent were they on serving up fish, fowl and vegetables on one dish.

WOMEN can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding, never grows old.



PATAGONIAN INDIAN DANCERS.



ARGENTINE CATTLEMEN ATTACKED BY PATAGONIANS.

GUINNARD'S ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA.

LIKE many others who have left their homes to seek for fortune, I had come, in the year 1855, to Montevideo, hoping to win the favor of the fickle goddess. I did not succeed. Going to Buenos Ayres, I found it a prey to one of its periodic revolutions, and again saw my hopes dispelled. Mulita, Bragado, Azul, Tendil, Tapalquen, Quenquen-Grande—points on the Argentine frontier, were visited in turn, but with the same disappointing result.

Refusing to yield to despair, however, I resolved to make my way to Rosario, where, I had been assured, I would have better chance of success.

An Italian, named Pedritto, a wanderer like myself in this wild country, volunteered to accompany me, and together, we prepared to cross the Pampas.

To replace the guides our lack of means prevented us from procuring, I drew a plan of our route on a card, supplied myself with a compass, and, trusting in our strength and youth, set out on foot with my companion. We carried with us a small store of provisions, and for further supplies, trusted to our weapons. We knew that numerous difficulties, dangers even, would present themselves, but we had determined to brave and overcome them.

We commenced our journey on the 18th of May, 1856. It is at this season Winter sets in in this region, and at our very departure we were assailed by torrents of rain, and an intense cold, rendered more rigorous by a cutting wind. This weather lasted four days, during which we could neither hunt nor kindle a fire: it was even with great diffi-

culty we could preserve our arms and ammunition on which our lives depended.

On the evening of the fourth day the rain ceased, the sun shone out. We gained a little rest, and ate the little that remained of our rain-soaked bread. After recruiting our strength and examining the plan of our route, we resumed our way, keeping a lookout, in the meanwhile, for any game which would furnish us with a meal.

Our progress over the muddy ground was but slow, and our shoes suffered so severely, that on the following night they became entirely worn out; obliging us henceforth to encounter the bitter cold, and the roughness of the way with naked feet.

Despite the difficulties which opposed us, we made fair progress, and on the morning of the fifth day reached a deep and narrow river imbedded in a steep, rocky ravine. To descend to the surface of the water was the difficult task. The remainder of the day was spent in seeking a passage by which we could cross to the opposite bank. We had succeeded in finding it, when the idea occurred to us that it would be better to postpone our crossing until the following day, as the bank on which we stood offered us a better protection against the wind than would the other.

We even hollowed out a sort of cave in the rocks, and kindled a fire within it to protect ourselves against the cold and damp of the night. But, alas! we had neglected to give any attention to the rapid rising of the river, which had become quite perceptible during the day,

Scarcely had we closed our eyes, when our cave became suddenly filled with a whirling, angry mass of water, and threatened to become our grave. I had only time to awake my companion and seize our arms before taking flight.

Escape was not an easy thing to two men suddenly roused from a heavy sleep, forced to make their way through the water in the darkness, and possessing no ladder but their knives, with which to climb the steep precipice above them.

Providence, no doubt, came to our aid; we reached the summit of the bank safe and sound, and with our arms. Our losses comprised a portion of our ammunition, and some articles of clothing we had left behind us.

The two succeeding days—two long days of absolute starvation—we were forced to wait until the waters should lower sufficiently to permit our crossing.

On the third day we tied our possessions in bundles on our heads and entered the water, holding our rifles aloft with one hand, while swimming with the other. The current ran with such force that it was only with the greatest difficulty we could succeed in holding our own against it; and when we reached the opposite bank we were completely worn out and exhausted. A good fire soon warmed us, and dried our clothes and weapons.

If these rude trials increased our confidence and gave us a contempt for danger, on the other hand they delayed our progress. Besides, we suffered cruelly from our blood-stained feet, which we possessed no means of protecting against the roughness of the ground and the cold.

Toward noon we killed and roasted a biche-gama, a sort of squirrel. Of its skin we tried to fashion sandals, but the texture was too delicate to afford any resistance to the stones and thorns. Our pace became much slower; but we resolved to walk day and night, and to accord to the imperative claims of sleep and hunger only what time we should be forced to yield. Despite our economical resolves, our provisions became exhausted, and it was impossible for us to replace them.

We had then entered a desert, or pampa, on which neither trace of vegetable nor animal life could be discovered. When night came we were obliged to stretch ourselves on the open ground, and take what sleep the cold and hunger would permit us. During the following day our hunger and thirst increased, and at nightfall we found it impossible to close our eyes. The third day our torture was still more terrible; we became delirious, and our progress suffered many interruptions. That night, however, some portion of sleep came to our relief, and when morning broke we were better able to support our terrible trial.

Spurred on by the craving for water and food, we dragged our feeble steps over the sandy desert, and our endurance was at last rewarded by a view of distant vegetation. On nearing it we found a pond, at which we satisfied our thirst. This gave us much relief for the time, but we still needed food, and my companion and myself started in different directions, and began the circuit of the pond. Our search was unsuccessful at first, and we were becoming discouraged, when a sudden movement in the bushes behind me attracted my attention, and I saw a puma watching me. I fired, and struck him in the chest. Enraged by the pain of his wound, he dragged himself toward me, but, fortunately, his strength failed him, and it was easy for me to dispatch him with my hunting-knife.

Some minutes later we were seated around a fire, devouring the flesh, which we had warmed rather than roasted, but which seemed delicious to us, despite its coarse, rank flavor. The spot at which we had halted seemed a favorable one, and we determined to rest there. The fever left us on the second day, but our feet still caused us much suffering. However, we again set out, and continued our journey for three days longer.

At the end of that time it became evident that we had lost our way, and that we had vainly surmounted the trials of

the past to encounter one far more serious. This misfortune was caused by the loss of our compass, which had been swept away by the rising waters of the river in which we had so nearly been engulfed. The better to secure our safety, we advanced toward a mountain range we saw at some distance, and there we remained for forty-eight hours.

Obliged to replenish our stock of food, we again descended to the plain, and were in pursuit of a gama we had wounded, when we suddenly perceived a body of Indians. Fortunately, we regained our retreat without having been discovered, and there we endured a siege of hunger for the next two days.

On the third day we again descended to the plain, and had succeeded in killing a deer, which I had already mounted on my shoulders, when we were suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians. From every side they rose, as if by enchantment, and, brandishing their lances and lassoes, they advanced upon us, uttering fierce cries of delight.

Mounted on horses, which they rode with the greatest skill, half-naked, with shaggy masses of hair falling around their paint-besmeared, repulsive countenances, they presented an appearance of infernal ferocity. There could be no question as to the result of the coming struggle. After claspings hands, and exhorting each other to courage, we fired on the nearest of our enemies. One of them was wounded, but his fall did not arrest the advance of his companions, who charged in mass upon us. My comrade, pierced with lance thrusts, and overwhelmed with numbers, fell to rise no more.

My left arm had already been pierced by a lance, when I received a blow in the forehead from a stone attached to a long cord, and I also fell unconscious to the ground. I received other blows and wounds, but of those I remained unconscious until I recovered my senses.

The savages still surrounded me, watching my convulsive movements, and they were on the point of dispatching me, when one of them, thinking, no doubt, that a man whom it was so difficult to kill would make a valuable slave, interposed to save my life.

After having completely stripped me, he tied my hands behind my back, and bound me on a horse as naked as myself. Then commenced a terrible ride; and at an interval of a century and a half, and at the other end of the world, I renewed the horrible experience of Mazeppa.

Owing to the continual loss of blood, I endured a succession of fits of agonizing pain, relieved by lapses of unconsciousness. How long this torture lasted, I do not know. All I remember is, that at the end of each day I was placed on the ground with my limbs still bound.

During this whole journey, which to me appeared to be an eternity, I ate nothing whatever, although the Indians, at times, offered me some roots. On reaching the camp of the band into whose hands I had fallen, my bonds were at last unloosed; but my limbs had already been reduced to uselessness. Incapable of movement, I lay upon the ground, surrounded by my captors. Men, women, and children contemplated me with ferocious curiosity, but not one sought, in any way, to relieve my sufferings. At nightfall they gave me some food which I was not yet able to eat—it was raw horse-flesh, the principal food of these nomads.

During the night which followed, I was unable to sleep, the thought of my murdered companion, and speculations as to my own fate, were constantly present. It appeared most probable that I was reserved for some sacrificial torture.

For some days, however, I was left undisturbed by my savage captors. During this time, I recovered somewhat from my exhaustion, and my wounds began to heal. My complete nudity also caused me much suffering, and the cold

caused me sharp pains in every limb. Then in turn came hunger, and after having tried in vain to subsist on grasses and roots, I was forced to resign myself to share the raw horse-flesh on which the savages live.

Each time I partook of this disgusting repast, my heart failed me, and it was long before I could surmount the horror it caused me. And even when eating this repulsive food, I was obliged to dispute each mouthful with the famished dogs surrounding me.

At the time when it was the boast of the Spanish monarchs that the sun never set on their dominions, the vast plains outstretched between Buenos Ayres and the Straits of Magellan on the one side, and between the Atlantic and the Andes on the other, constituted a portion of the Vice-royalty of La Plata; although then, as now, the greater number of the nomads inhabiting this region were entirely free from any yoke.

At present, a flexible line, bounded on the east by the Cordillera de Médanos and the Rio de Salado, on the north by the Rio Quinto, the Cerro Verde and the Diamante, forms a common limit between the Argentine Confederacy and the free Pampas. South of the Rio Negro lies Patagonia. A three years' forced sojourn in these regions has acquainted me with three distinct groups of people, each one corresponding to the natural divisions of the country.

On the eastern belt, extending from the Rio Salado to the Rio Negro, live the Pamperos. The wooded region lying between Lakes Bevedero and Urre Lafquen, and along the streams running from the latter lake to the Rio Diamante, is the camping-ground of the Mamwelches. To the south of the Rio Negro—a deep, narrow river—there live Poyuches, Puelches, and seven other tribes.

It is needless to say that diversity of climate and country has caused great differences in the mode of life and customs of the several tribes. The tribe into whose hands I had fallen were the Poyuches, who lead a wandering life along the southern bank of the Rio Negro, from the neighborhood of Pacheco Island to the Cordilleras.

All these tribes speak the same language, although they may possess patois which differ somewhat from each other. On the frontiers of La Plata and Chili they indulge in frequent forays, seizing cattle, slaying the whites and capturing young girls and children.

Their religious belief is identical in all the tribes. They believe in two gods or supreme beings—one of good and the other of evil. They possess some men and women in the various tribes who pretend to hold the gift of prophecy; but they have no priests—the parents teaching their religion to the children. Their occupations are hunting, pillage, caring for their cattle, riding, and exercising with the lance, the lasso, the sling and the balls they fasten to the end of long cords.

It was among these people that I found myself a slave. Miserable as my position already was, it was rendered still more painful by my ignorance of their language, for which I atoned by the receipt of much abuse. I could not move a step without being accompanied by one or more Indians; if I appeared more melancholy than usual, they thought I was planning an escape, and threatened me with voice and gesture; at night even, they frequently touched me to assure themselves that I was still there.

The time came when I was obliged to take my share in their labors, which consisted in standing mounted guard over the cattle. It was necessary that I should keep constant watch over them, and lead them, morning and evening, to the presence of my masters, that they might verify their number. If by ill luck it happened that any were missing, abundant abuse was sure to follow the discovery of their loss.

When I became sufficiently skillful in riding and in handling the Indian weapons, I was forced to take part in hunting the mandow (the American ostrich), and the guanaco—exercises which proved a beneficial distraction for me.

The chief occupation of the Indians is hunting. They follow it during the entire year, but especially in the months of August and September—the Southern Spring—when they supply themselves with young game of all kinds, and the eggs of partridges and ostriches. The game is intended principally for the children, while the eggs are eaten by the family in common.

In hunting the game and the ostrich, they assemble in large numbers, and form themselves into a circle surrounding a space some two or three leagues in extent. When each one is at his post, a signal is given and they walk slowly toward the centre of the circle, until the distance between each man is only some seven or eight horse-lengths. They then halt, and their dogs start the game, which they kill as it tries to escape.

The old men and women of the tribe are charged with the labor of cutting up and carrying to their camp the result of the hunters' skill. On each return from the chase the Indians abandon themselves to their two favorite passions—gambling and drunkenness.

All these Indians are incarnate gamblers.

In certain tribes living adjacent to the white settlements, they play with Spanish cards; and they are all skilled in the various arts of cheating at play. With their nails they make almost imperceptible marks on the cards, and, thanks to their sharp-sightedness and keen sense of touch, they can distinguish each card, and skillfully retain the best ones for themselves and give the poorer ones to their opponents. To such an extent is this carried, that he who deals is almost certain to win.

The other games most in vogue among them are the *tehoëch*, or *ouigmu*, and dice.

In the game of *tehoëch*, each man arms himself with a hooked stick, paints his entire body in bright colors, ties his hair up with a bandage running around his head, and seeks an opponent willing to stake an object as valuable as his own. One party places its stakes on one side, and the opposing one on the other. The length of the ground is measured off according to the number of players, who are ranged at either end. A small wooden ball is placed between the two leading players, who cross their hockey-sticks over the ball. Each tries then to send it flying over to his own side; and once in the air, the effort on each side is to prevent their opponents from recovering it.

In their eagerness, heads, arms, legs suffer, especially when it touches ground and a desperate plunge is made to get it. Then the sticks rattle in the most lively manner over heads and around the legs of the straggling players. Broken legs and arms and broken heads are too common a result to excite any remark. And, as though the players were not enough, the spectators occasionally take a hand, and shower blows on any who seem disposed to play the laggard.

They have a kind of dice, also—eight small pieces of bone blackened on one side. They are thrown up, and as they fall on the dressed hide which forms the gambling-table, the player wins a trick whenever an even number of blacks turns up, but loses his hand when he throws an odd number.

All the Patagonian tribes, be the race what it may, are passionately fond of intoxicating drinks, which they drink to excess, and apparently with impunity. They will travel ten days or two weeks to reach a white frontier post, in order to trade skins and ostrich-feathers for *pitrem* (tobacco) or



GUINNARD CARRIED OFF BY THE INDIANS.

poolcoo (drink). They carry off the precious liquor in sheepskins, taken off so skillfully as to make very good leather bottles of the ancient type. The skin of an ostrich leg occasionally serves the same purpose, but the sheep-skin is preferred, as better adapted to harsh usage, when secured on the horse in their wild gallop over the pampas.

When the caravan reaches the camp with the stock of liquor, the tribe crowd together. In most cases the liquor is dealt out freely, although occasionally some show less liberality. As the liquor mounts to their brains, the riot becomes fast and furious; they beat each other without regard to sex, especially if one taunts another with being an *ouñca*, or Christian. Some few abstain from liquor, and

act as a kind of police, disarming those who become dangerous.* The debauch lasts as long as a drop of liquor remains in the skins.

When *ouñca poolcoo* is not to be had, they brew a native liquor from the seeds of the soe or algarroba, or from the fruit of the trulca or piquinino. The former is merely put in a skin with water till it ferments, when it is ready for use. The trulca is a terribly thorny plant, that bears a small, dark fruit, of sweet and pleasant taste. To gather it, they run skins under the plant on all sides, and then beat it with poles till all the fruit falls. The berries thus gathered are put in saddle-bags, and then the riders scour the plain till the juice is thoroughly pressed out. This wine-colored



GUINNARD AND HIS COMPANION SURPRISED BY A RISING TORRENT.

REINHARD AND HIS COMPANIONS ATTACKED BY FORTCHES, A PATAGONIAN TRIBE.



syrup is then drawn off into large skins and allowed to ferment, when a delicious liquor is obtained. It is intoxicating, and not injurious, although the fruit itself cannot safely be eaten without considerable quantities of fat.

These Indians observe two festivals: the first in Summer, dedicated to the God of Good, *Vitacentroo*; the second, in Autumn, in honor of *Whakooroo*, commander of the evil spirits.

For the former, each warrior arrays himself carefully. He greases his horse, and paints his own face with more than usual care. All garments carried off from the settlements, or stripped from their unfortunate white victims, preserved for this solemnity, are now worn. Some put on a shirt over their mantle, others a cloak or jacket; others wear pantaloons—as often wrong as right; while the head-gear includes every variety of hat and cap.

The dress is comical enough to make anyone laugh, but on all sides you behold the utmost gravity, for laughter is strictly forbidden.

The men form in single file facing the east, and stick their lances in the ground in a regular line. Then the women take the place of the men, who dismount and form behind them. The dance then begins—the movement being from right to left, the women singing and beating a wooden drum covered with catskin. The men hop more than dance, in the direction opposite to that taken by the women, and keep blowing into hollow reeds, that give a fearfully shrill sound.

At a signal from the chief, the men leap to their horses, and ride thrice furiously around the festival grounds. The intervals between the rides are given to eating one of their great delicacies—milk thickened in a horse-skin.

Early on the fourth day, a horse and an ox, given by the richest men of the tribe, are sacrificed to God. They are thrown down on the ground, with the head to the east, and then killed. A man appointed by the chief opens the chest, and extracting the heart, sets it on the point of a lance. Auguries are then drawn from the flow of blood from a deep incision, and all retire to their camp.

The other festival is to appease *Whakooroo*, and induce him not to injure or molest them. As on the former occasion, they array themselves in their best, and assemble in tribes headed by their chiefs. All their horses and cattle are driven together, and the men form a double ring around them, and each line marches around in a different direction, making it impossible for any animal to escape.

They invoke the Chief of Evil in a loud voice, and offer a libation of fermented milk furnished by the women, dropping it gradually as they march. After three or four circuits, they throw the rest of the milk to the animals, to preserve them from disease. Then each one picks out his own and drives them off to a short distance, but soon returns and all gather round a chief, who, in a long and fiery address, urges them to renew their raids on the Christians. This elicits shouts, and the warriors brandishing their arms, implore *Whakooroo* to bless them and make them instruments of evil to the whites.

Marriage is a purchase. When a young warrior resolves on matrimony, he goes around among his friends, who encourage him, and give their wedding presents—horses, oxen, stirrups, rude silver spurs wrought by the more civilized Indians. At an appointed day all his family assemble at his lodge, and by night, surround that of the bride's parents to surprise them before they go out in the morning.

At daybreak they ask the hand of the maiden in the most poetical and delicate terms, unabashed by the unwelcome reception generally accorded them. If there seems any prospect of a favorable result, a brave will dash off for the aspirant, who, with Patagonian courtesy, has, meanwhile,

kept in the background. He now comes forward with his presents, and thus generally decides the matter; for the sight of the goodly array of wedding-gifts almost always produces a complete reaction in the minds of these greedy wretches. Arrogance gives place to satisfaction. The rest of the day is spent as a family party. A well-fatted mare, the bridegroom's offering, is at once slaughtered and dressed by the women. No one of the gathering can be absent from the feast, at which the whole animal, except the bones, hide and hoofs, must be eaten. The bones, carefully scraped, are buried in a conspicuous place, as a record of the matrimonial union.

The whole party then prepare to follow the new married couple to the husband's lodge, where another banquet is held, at which the girl's parents present to the husband the skin of the mare killed in the morning.

For some days after this they keep open house, offering meat or tobacco to all comers, and receiving the congratulations of all. If, on trial, they do not agree, a separation follows, and the presents are restored without hesitation, though the husband always leaves a part. These cases are not, however, common. Where the wife is ill-treated, her family sometimes recapture her by force, and a feud at once begins.

As in all Indian tribes, from Greenland to Terra del Fuego, the woman does most of the work, the husband devoting his time to war, the hunt, or gambling. Even in advanced pregnancy the women continue the harsh drudgery; but they seem dispensed by nature from the pains and inconveniences of childbirth.

Washing her newborn child in cold water, the Patagonian mother resumes her daily toil. Then the fate of the child is canvassed. If it is not deemed worth bringing up, it is smothered and carried out on the pampa, where it is thrown away. If it is deemed worthy to live, it becomes the pet of its parents, who submit to every privation to gratify it. The child is suckled by the mother till it is three years old. At the age of four its ears are pierced with curious ceremony.

A horse, given by the father to the child, is thrown down, and its feet securely tied. The child is then carefully painted up and laid on the horse by the head of the family, who pierces his ears with a sharp ostrich-bone, and inserts a bit of metal in each orifice. The friends gathered around watch the ceremony with interest.

As on all great occasions, a mare is then slaughtered, and the nearest relatives have the ribs; and, after eating the meat, they lay the bones at the feet of the child, as a pledge of a future present. The ceremony closes by the operator making a slight scratch on the hand of each guest, at the root of the middle finger; the blood that issues being offered to God as a libation.

At five the boy is placed on a horse, and begins to tend the flocks. He soon learns to wield the lasso, balls, lance and sling. At ten or twelve his education is complete, and he joins the war-parties; being the equal of a white of twenty-five.

The Indian women follow their husbands on the war-path, and, with the children, drive off the flocks and booty while the warriors are fighting the men. As they have to fight without cover, these Patagonians are brave, and stand a charge well. Those who fall in battle are carried home carefully; but those who die by disease are hastily interred, without any ceremony.

Those who die at home are, however, interred with pomp. The body, attired in its best garments, is stretched on a horsehide, his arms, spurs, stirrups and ornaments at his sides. Then the hide is rolled around the corpse, and tied securely, forming a mummy-like case. This is made fast

on the back of his favorite war-horse, the left foreleg of which is broken, that its painful movement may be in unison with the general grief.

The women gather around the widow of the deceased, and "aid her to cry," uttering piercing shrieks. They follow the corpse, and then the men fall in, their faces blackened. The funeral march proceeds to some eminence which has been selected for the grave. Here an excavation is made. The horse is slaughtered, as well as other horses and sheep, to give the dead man sufficient provisions on his long march to the country of souls. All the less valuable property of the dead, to the very skins that formed his bed and roof, are then burned, that no memorial may remain.

The women, after several days' wailing with the widows, escort them to the lodges of their parents, where they must remain chaste for a year, under penalty of death.

Such were the strange people among whom the chances of life had thrown me, a kind Providence preserving me from their cruelty and brutality.

As may be supposed, it was not a matter of days but of months to gather the information I have thus briefly given. After falling into the hands of the Poyuches, I was first hurried off to the cold, sterile plains of the South, where the fierce winds and sudden changes of temperature prevail to a greater extent, perhaps, than in any other part of the world. After several months, I was sold by my first master, and then passed to a third owner. In this way I passed from tribe to tribe, till I was again brought back north of the Colorado.

But change of owners brought no change of condition or occupation. My days were long and weary. Months elapsed before I was able to speak even imperfectly the language I heard around me.

My devouring idea was flight, but with no conception of the spot where I was, I could not acquire any knowledge of place or direction till I mastered their idiom.

More than a year after my capture a terribly tragic event taught me prudence and showed me the necessity of dissembling. Some young Argentines had been taken as I was. Their fate was a slavery like mine, but, trusting to their knowledge of the Pampas, and their ability to catch a wild horse and use it, they attempted flight. They were pursued, captured, and brought back. After being condemned to death, they were placed in the centre of a circle of warriors, who speared them to death.

The cavalcade rode past me, brandishing before my eyes the blood-reeking spears as a lesson of what I might expect. The fearful sight only intensified my hate of my cruel masters, but did not banish my resolution to escape if I could.

To this end, I assumed an exterior as indifferent and impassible as that of any Indian. My progress in the language was really rapid, but I concealed it, affecting not to understand what was said in my presence, to which I pretended never even to listen.

This cruel life lasted three years—a miserable slave by day, my sleep even haunted by fearful dreams. I was several times tempted to make a bold dash for freedom, but every time some unforeseen obstacle presented itself. It is a wonder indeed, that my attempts did not cost me my life, as I more than once had to fight for my very existence. Yet it was not by strength or dexterity, but rather by subterfuge, that I escaped paying the penalty.

After fourteen failures, finding that the Indians had grown very suspicious of me, and my captivity was aggravated to the highest degree, I felt like running headlong to my death. I got possession of a knife, and, making my way to a solitary glen, prayed for mercy and prepared to plunge the blade into my heart. My arm was arrested.

My master had followed me, suspecting my design, and by no means disposed to lose a slave who did some work for him. He told me not to attempt it again, as I should be closely watched.

Fear of my escaping and giving dangerous information, prevented my being sent on any of the many war parties which I beheld constantly going out, and returning with prisoners and plunder.

The Argentine Government has squads of soldiers along the frontier, but the Indians cunningly avoid them, or a few will engage the troops or menace one settlement, while the main body makes the raid in another direction.

They sweep down in squads, some killing the men and women well in years, others carrying off younger women and children, while others again collect horses, cattle, sheep, and property of all kinds. The women become wives and concubines, and soon perish. The boys lose all trace of their origin, and often grow up as Indian as their captors.

When a war party came in, we had plenty of sugar, tobacco, *yerba*, or Paraguay tea. The clothing captured was always carefully laid up for great ceremonies. My only covering for a long time was a strip torn from the uniform of some butchered soldier.

Some bits of printed paper, in which tobacco or something of the kind had been wrapped, one day caught my eye, where it had been thrown down. Here was an unexpected diversion for my thoughts. I read it more eagerly than any school-girl ever did her first novel. It seemed to carry me back to civilization. One day I was surprised while perusing it, by some Indians, who showed great joy, and reported the fact to the chief. But, though it seemed to please them, it filled me with alarm. That night, when I drove the stock in to be counted as usual, I saw by his questions and by his whole manner, that my master was highly elated over the knowledge that he possessed so accomplished a slave. In imagination he was already cacique of his tribe.

Brutalized as these Indians are, they recognize the advantages of civilization, and endeavor to procure them, at least all that flatter their lower appetites. To effect this, they adopt a stratagem not unknown to North American tribes. When they lack arms, ammunition, tobacco, liquor, sugar, trinkets, they pretend to submit, and send a party to a frontier post, offering to come in and make a treaty. Treaty and trade, in old times, meant the same, and they do still in the Indian mind.

The reader will see what my post was to be: in fact, Foreign Secretary of the Tribe. I was to write a letter, to be taken to the nearest military post, full of offers of submission, and asking a day for their approach with their stock of ostrich-feathers, hides and hair. How I longed to put on paper my wretched condition, and beg the Argentine authorities to interest themselves for my ransom. But they distrusted and watched me. I had to read every sentence after it was written. They would change their minds and make me begin again. I found that I dared not change a word, their memories were so tenacious.

When the letter was completed, I was required to make a copy, which was sent to a neighboring tribe which harbored some white fugitives from justice or escaped criminals, who were ever ready to turn their hand against their countrymen. These wretches would reveal at once anything I ventured to put in the letter on my own account.

My letter, or, rather, the Cacique's—for, alas! there was nothing of mine in it—was carried to the frontier by two Indians. Some boys accompanied them with articles to exchange. In about a fortnight these boys returned, utterly spent, thoroughly alarmed, and uttering cries of



EARPIERCING, THE PATAGONIAN CEREMONY WHEN A NAME IS GIVEN TO A CHILD.

distress. They stated that the two envoys had, immediately after the reading of the letter, been put in irons and placed in a dungeon, to be then sent to the gallows. They felt sure that I had betrayed them. The case looked bad for me. All cried out that I must die. The Cacique told them not to excite my suspicions by their yells, as I was then absent, and might escape; but to wait till next day, and kill me unawares, while herding.

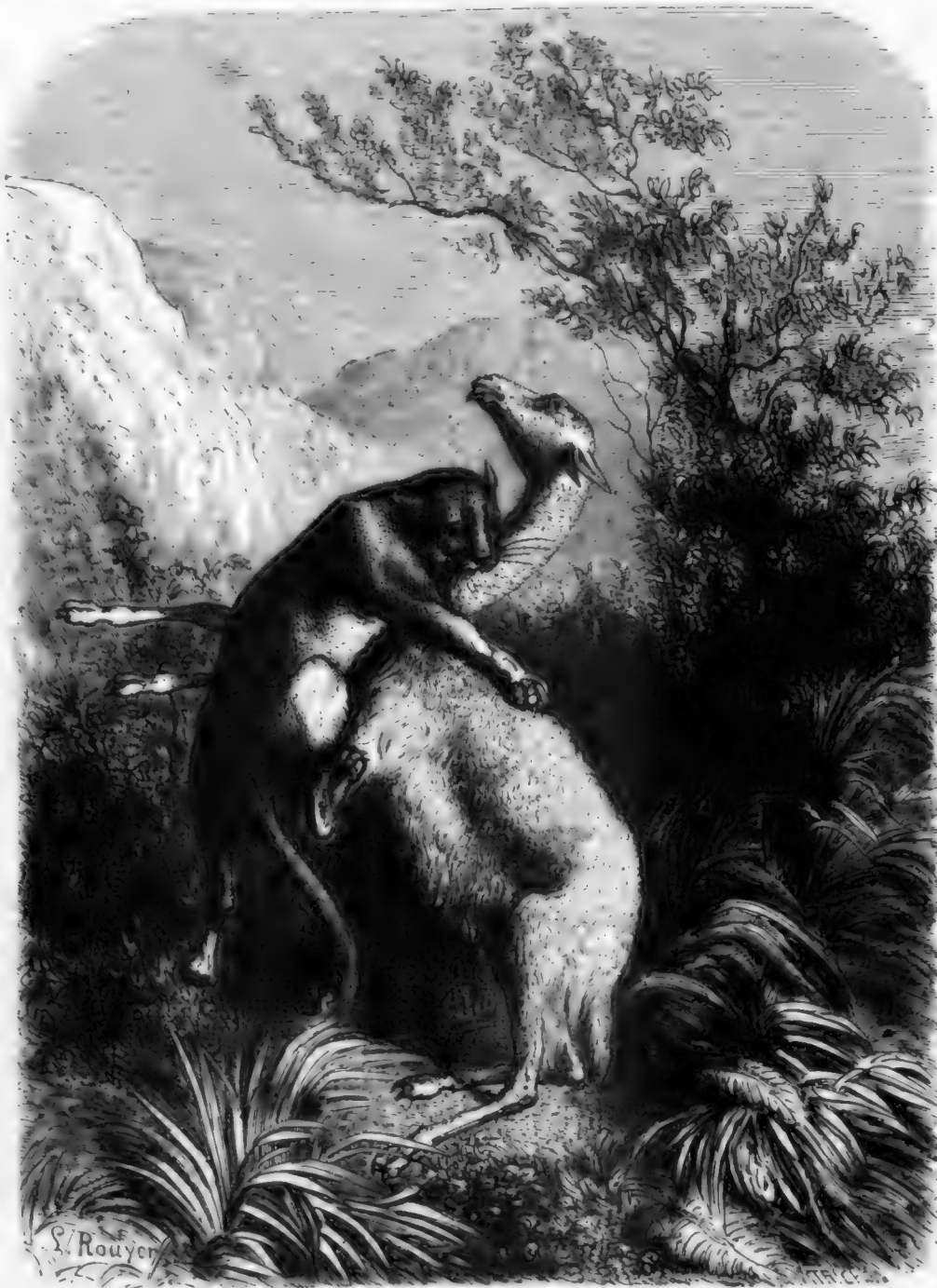
At this moment I came up, and, catching the last words, was on my guard. However, I showed no signs of alarm, but went about my work as usual.

The next morning I found that the fine horse I usually rode had been taken away, and a broken-down creature only left for my use. I made no remark, and showed no

haste, but went off rather loungingly. When I got out on the pampa I saw a band of warriors, who, the moment they descried me, uttered fierce yells and came spurring toward me.

I gave up all for lost. But just then my herd of horses came trotting to the stream which I was approaching. Among them I detected the fleetest horse in the tribe. I sprang to the ground, put my bit in his mouth, was on his back and off like the wind, scattering the rest, which galloped off after me.

My start was not great, but my horse was fresh, and better than any they had. Lances and imprecations were hurled in vain at me. As, from time to time, I glanced back, the pursuers became more and more indistinct, till at last I could see nothing of them; but I did not slacken my pace.



A GUANACO ATTACKED BY A PUMA.



PATAGONIAN HUNTING THE GUANACO AND THE NABDOOR OR AMERICAN OSTRICH.

I galloped all day, and at nightfall reached the lodges of Calfoocoora, the Great Cacique of the confederation to which my tribe belonged. Astonished to see me, he asked me what I wanted, and how I dared come to visit him alone. I told him who I was, and related my whole story. I protested my innocence, and showed him that if I had betrayed them, I never would have waited for the boys to come back and expose me. I told him that I came to place myself under his protection, that he might examine my case, and save me if I proved my innocence. If I was guilty, I was ready to die.

My appeal seemed to flatter him. He took me under his protection, and treated me almost kindly. He told me, however, that I should not be allowed to have a horse.

The next day, my chief, with a band of warriors, came to claim me for execution. I was present, and remained silent, till I saw how they thirsted for my blood, and how they began to turn the scale against me. Then I arose and told, clearly and honestly, all that had occurred; asserting my own innocence, but saying nothing to excite my opponents. Calfoocoora declared in my favor, saying that no guilty man could talk as I did. He forbade any one to injure me; and, turning toward me, said: "Keep near my lodge, that nothing may happen to you."

If my master could produce clear proof of my treachery, I was to be given up to his will; but, in the meantime, I was in a sort of sanctuary.

The case decided, my tribesmen rode off, showing the deepest anger.

For some months nothing was heard of the two Indians in the hands of the Argentine authorities, and the wrath of the tribe increased. They clamored incessantly for my blood, so that Calfoocoora wavered. But he was naturally a just man. He would call me in, and question and cross-question me. My story, however, was always consistent; and he continued to protect me. But during these five months I was most narrowly watched.

Parties sent to scout around the settlements and ascertain the fate of the two Indians, all returned without any information—not the slightest could be obtained. Finally the matter was dropped. Then, suddenly, the two men, so long given up for lost, appeared. There was a general gathering of the tribes, and my innocence was completely established.

The two warriors declared that they had been identified as two of a war party that had hid into the settlements some months before, and, the fact being proved conclusively, they had not denied it. They had, accordingly, been held till the authorities at Buenos Ayres decided their fate. The order came at last. It was at first proposed to put them to death; but, as they had come with propositions of peace, they were sentenced to hard labor—my letter having, really, saved their lives. As they were not carefully watched, they at last escaped.

This made a complete change in my favor. My greatest enemies now praised me to the skies; all distrust vanished. My attempts to escape were forgotten. I was again allowed the use of a horse, and restored to my former position as secretary.

During the Argentine civil war of 1859, I was required to write several letters to General Urquiza, offering Indian aid to his cause. Largely interested as a landholder, Urquiza felt the necessity of retaining the friendship of the savages, and preventing their raids at a time when he had no force to watch them. He sent back Calfoocoora's envoys with an abundant supply of liquor and other dainties.

Then followed a scene of revelry and debauchery that cannot be described. One night, when the whole tribe was sunk in a drunken sleep, I stole off toward the corral where

the chief's best horses were kept, armed with a line and balls, and a lasso. I secured three horses and led them silently out of sight and hearing of the camp. Then mounting one, I drove the two others before me, and began, with throbbing heart, my last race, on which hung life or death. All night long I scoured the plain, my strained senses picturing to my imagination sounds and shadows of pursuing Indians.

Day dissipated the darkness without relieving my mind; every breath of air seemed laden with yells of hate and vengeance.

From time to time I dismounted and listened, with my ear to the ground; I took my very heart-beats for the tramp of horses, and would mount and fly. I did not even give my horse time to feed, much less to rest, although those I drove cropped a little as they galloped.

At last, on the fourth day, my horse fell dead. Then I began to fear I should lose the other two. I gave them some rest, but my fear overcame prudence. I rode madly on, and after some days, I know not how many, my second horse gave out. I was afraid to wait for it to rally.

Mounting my last horse, I kept on at a more quiet pace, as my hope of life seemed to depend on his endurance. Toward night I struck a more fertile pampa, and the horse quickened his pace. Soon after we were both slaking our thirst in one of the ponds formed here and there by little streams. His instinct had guided him to it.

The rich grass on its banks was most grateful to my poor beast, and after a good rest and plentiful food, he seemed so much invigorated that I started on, and he at last bore me to Rio Quinto, a little hamlet on a river of that name. Here my good horse sank down, utterly exhausted, and I fell beside him, motionless and speechless, dying with hunger, physical and mental excitement. It was the thirteenth day of my flight; I cannot fix the day, but late in August, 1859.

Providence, which had so mercifully watched over me, sent a kind Spanish family of the place to my relief. They found me and took me to their house, where I had every comfort and attention during the weary weeks that followed, when I rolled and tossed in delirious fever.

This kindness of Don José and his amiable family to the unknown and repulsive-looking stranger found by their gates, will never be effaced from my memory, and I would that I could make my gratitude appear as enduring as it really is.

When my mind and body had recovered some of the elasticity crushed by the nameless hardships of my three years' cruel bondage, this most Christian family and their neighbors fitted me out, and gave me means and letters to reach Valparaiso, in Chili, as I there hoped to find most readily a vessel on which I could embark for Europe.

HOW WOMEN DID UP THEIR HAIR A CENTURY AND A HALF Ago.—In the "Memoirs of St. Simon" is to be found the following regarding the way the women of Paris dressed their heads in the year 1713: "At the commencement of the new year the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury arrived from London. The Duchess declared the women's head-dresses ridiculous, as, indeed, they were. They were edifices of brass wire, ribbons, hair, and all sorts of tawdry rubbish, more than two feet high, making women's heads seem in the middle of their bodies. If they moved ever so lightly, the edifice trembled and the inconvenience was extreme. The King, Louis XIV., could not endure them, but, master as he was of everything, was unable to banish them. They lasted ten years and more, despite all he could do and say."

TRAPPING A GRIZZLY.

THE shades of evening were gathering fast, and already the ravine below was enwrapped in a gloom through which objects were scarcely discernible, as I rode along a narrow path that swept around one of the many spurs of the Nevada Mountains.

I had been over to a neighboring ranch to look after some cattle, and, happening to find a jovial set of fellows congregated there, had staid longer than I had intended, or, in fact, was prudent; for, at the time of which I write, the country was sower than it is now, and, aside from all other dangers, the Indians were unusually bad that Summer, and had already committed many depredations.

The *mescal* had, as a matter of course, circulated freely, and, as I rode home with my favorite horse beneath me—a thoroughbred of great strength and endurance, together with an almost human-like intelligence—I felt that lightness of spirit and freedom from all worldly cares that is said to always accompany the peculiar condition superinduced by a free use of the ardent.

Do not understand that I was intoxicated, in the common acceptation of the term. Enthused, perhaps, were the better word; but, be that as it may, I was in an exceedingly good-humor with myself and all the world.

So, as my horse slowly picked his way along the narrow and rocky defile, I gave vent to my feelings in a well-remembered song, which I learned years ago when I frolicked as a boy over the meadows of the old homestead in far away Kentucky.

I was thinking, as I sang it, if I remember rightly, of the people and places of those other years when I first learned that melody, and was lost to all immediate surroundings.

I was wakened once or twice from these pleasant reveries by some unusual action of my horse, who seemed to evince a good deal of uneasiness by a low whinny now and then, or else by tossing his head impatiently, as he turned to sniff the breeze that came from directly behind me as I thus rode.

I glanced quickly around and behind me; but observing no indications of danger, and the profound silence remaining unbroken, I again resumed my song, and rode on in careless indifference.

But I was doomed to a sudden and startling interruption in my musical efforts. A deep, savage growl, that made my horse spring convulsively forward, sounded directly in my ear, and, looking back in hasty alarm, I beheld a huge grizzly bear, with mouth wide open, and eyes glaring with hungry fury, charging down the narrow path at full speed.

Although well armed with both rifle and revolvers, I knew that there was no time to show fight; and so, digging the sharp rowels of my Mexican spurs deep into my horse's flank, I fled at a breakneck pace down the side of the mountain.

It is well known that the grizzly bear can make poor headway up hill; but give him a downward road, let the decline be ever so slight, and he will put the fleetest horse to his mettle.

Well mounted as I was, and trusting fully to the excellent qualities of the horse I bestrode, yet the conviction fixed itself upon my mind that a single misstep or the slightest stumble would bring the fierce brute upon me, and then I knew the tale would soon be told; for it was rare indeed that even the most experienced hunters ever escaped with life from a hand-to-hand conflict with the animal that was panting in my rear.

My horse seemed to be actuated with the same desire with which I myself was possessed—namely, to put as much space between his pursuer and himself as possible;

and so, with outstretched neck and ears laid back, he tore over the now dangerously declining path with a speed that was truly wonderful, considering the difficulties of the road.

Still in my rear pressed the fearful brute, sometimes gaining slightly, and anon, as the path grew level, falling behind; upon which occasions he would give vent to a roar of disappointment that seemed to shake the very rocks around.

The chase had in reality occupied less time than I have taken to tell it; but, nevertheless, it seemed an age to me, and I began to feel a little vexed at the pertinacity with which Bruin hung upon my trail.

I determined to hazard a shot, hoping by some fortunate chance to disable, or, perhaps, to deter him from further pursuit.

Reaching to the holsters for one of my revolvers, I tightly grasped the reins at short hold, and, turning slightly in the saddle, took quick aim, and fired. A roar of pain followed the crack of the pistol, and, at the same instant, I felt my horse pitched forward on his knees, and then, struggling fiercely for a moment, turn upon his side, and with raised head and eye-balls starting from their sockets, glance backward and over his shoulder. As the animal fell, I picked my feet from the stirrups, and remained standing astride his body, still holding, with instinctive tenacity, to the reins.

At this moment the bear was not more than twenty-five or thirty yards distant, charging with the utmost ferocity, his mouth wide open still, from which the foam was flying in flecks as large as my hand.

I knew it was useless to run. He would be upon me before I could fairly start. With a hastily muttered prayer for help I again fired, this time with deliberate aim, as I knew that it was my only hope. With the shot, the brute slightly paused, shook his huge head, and, with a savage growl, raised himself upon his hind feet. He appeared to feel that I was in his power, and his very look seemed to say as much.

That brief respite saved my life.

My gallant horse was still struggling to regain his feet; and wondering what it could be that prevented his doing so, I glanced downward, and, to my horror, discovered that the cork of the left hind shoe had, in some manner, been caught in a root that crossed the path, and which was holding him fast, beyond the hope of release, unless the shoe itself should give way under his efforts.

Speaking an encouraging word, and slightly jerking the reins, I induced the frightened animal to renew his struggles, just as the bear had again dropped on all fours, and came charging, like an avalanche, upon me.

Once more I fired, and then dropping the weapon, I drew my long sheath-knife for the final struggle.

Another instant, and the fearful combat would have begun; I felt the hot and fetid breath of the monster upon my cheek; I saw the glare of his savage eyes close to my face; the cavernous mouth, with its rows of long, sharp teeth, was grinning above me. Again I commended my soul on high—when, with a last desperate effort, the shoe gave way, and, with a yell almost human in its expression of agony, my brave horse sprang to his feet, raising me with him as he did so, and, in another instant, was tearing madly down the rocky defile.

The trying incidents of the last few moments seemed to have lent renewed speed to my horse's feet, and, in a short time, we debouched upon the level plain below, where Bruin, knowing it would be useless to follow, gave up the chase. A good deal unnerved, I rode homeward, arriving at my ranch in time for supper.



FUNERAL RITES AMONG THE PATAGONIANS.

Here I found two or three friends stopping for the night, and among them an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for more than a year, who I was more than glad to take once more by the hand.

Joe Hunley was known upon the border as one of the most daring and successful hunters of the day.

Joe was intensely interested in my description of the evening's adventure, and, when I had finished, declared that he intended "making meat" of that identical "bar," or, to use his own expression, "hump his back a-tryin'."

The next morning, early, Joe began his preparations for the capture of the grizzly.

A young calf was caught, and led by a lasso to a spot

It was the old figure 4 plan of setting a trap, with the difference that there were only two triggers. The tree was raised by means of levers, the triggers set, the calf bound to the stake, and the dead fall was complete.

There was a chance that the bear might take it into his head to come down during the day, but it was scarcely possible. We returned to the ranch to await night.

Once during the afternoon Joe went out prospecting, and returned with the information that the trap remained unsprung, but that the calf was bleating finely, and that Bruin might show up at any moment.

We, however, waited until nightfall, and then sallied out for the scene of action.



TRAPPING A GRIZZLY.—"THE HEAVY TREE DESCENDED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE BEAR'S LOINS, CRUSHING HIM TO THE EARTH."

near where my horse had fallen, and was there tied while the "trap" was being constructed.

A tree, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, was felled as near the path as possible, and the branches lopped off for some distance up the trunk. The "dead fall" was now ready for the triggers and bait.

The former was constructed of a couple of stout oak rails that had been brought from the ranch. An upright five feet long, the end slightly flattened, upon which was to rest the long trigger that projected backward directly under the body of the tree and immediately over the calf, which was stretched upon the earth and bound to a stout stake driven firmly in the ground. Upon this upright the tree was to rest.

There was a tolerably good moon, and just right for our purpose—light enough to see through the sights of a rifle at short range, and yet not enough to betray our hiding-place to the bear, as he should descend the mountain.

The wind was in our favor, and blew from the quarter in which we expected our game. We took up positions in a thicket in easy range of the trap, and then prepared to exercise our patience as well as might be.

The hours wore slowly on, and, in deep silence, we awaited the approach of our quarry. The bleating of the calf was now continuous, and we knew that if the bear was within a scope of two miles, or even more, he would be pretty sure to scent his prey.

Midnight had come and gone, and the chill that always

accompanies the approach of dawn was beginning to be sensibly felt.

I dozed and nodded as I sat with my back against a fallen piece of timber, and at times entirely lost consciousness of objects around.

I had fallen into a deeper nap than usual, when I was suddenly awakened by the voice of Joe Hunley, who whispered in my ear:

"The calf's stopp'd bleatin', captain, all of a sudden. The b'ar's about, dead sure; so wake up, and keep yer eye skinned."

He had scarcely ceased, when he abruptly jerked his arm up, and, pointing to an open space on the opposite side from where we stood, said:

"Look thur!"

I did look, just in time to see the bear make his rush upon the now silent and frightened calf. A savage yell, as he fastened upon his prey; a sharp click, and the triggers flew high in air, and then, with a crash, the heavy tree descended directly across the bear's loins, crushing him to the earth.

We opened a rapid fire upon our now helpless foe, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing his struggles entirely cease. Sending for the horses and ropes, we dragged him to the ranch, where he was finally disposed of among the neighbors.

I have yet one of those terrible claws, and sometimes when I come across it among my traps, I think, with a shudder, of that fearful afternoon amid the Nevada Mountains.

IDLINGS WITH NATURE.

CRADLED among the wild sequestered hills,
A stream, of such small note as haply wins
Some village beauty in her rural home,
With quiet wave meanders to the sea

From mere, reflected by whose willowy pool
The heron meditates, it issuing winds
By grassy slope and woodland shade obscure,
Where, neophyte in Greek, but deeply versed
In tongues wherewith the pupils Nature's schools—
Winds, waters, and the winged choirs—commune,
I spent my happier, and, if truant oft
To lettered for her pictured volume, yet
Perchance my not least profitable hours;
Recumbent, through the long, lone Summer day,
With other vagrant elf, in green-wood shade,
Or—if at times roused to more active sport—
Like the great children of the busy world,
Pursuing what we either saw elude
Our grasp, or, haply, disappoint if won—
Now the gay butterfly, now glancing where
Her wing out-hummed the bee, the bird whose plumes
Seem borrow'd of the rainbow, or the tints
Of every flower that hives for her its sweets.

Into the meadows from the woodland hills,
At intervals projecting, may be seen
A long, low cape of verdant upland, crowned
At its extremity with beech and oak,
As 'twere a veteran outpost, planted there
To watch and check incursions of the stream;
Who, swollen at certain changes of the moon,
Like lunatic that deems himself a king,
Quits his scant channel, as he did disdain
The crown of tributary sedge he strews,
Flooding his banks. And, looking oceanward,
A ledge, at times, of odd, fantastic rock
Lifts its huge form, with trees of knotty growth
Shot slanting from its briery clefts, profuse
Of unpruned shrub, of vine and flower, that shun
The cultured walk, and, nun-like, seem to trim
Their lone retreat for no eye but their own.

A MODERN CINDERELLA; Or, THE PHANTOM MASQUERADE.

By M. T. CALDOR.



MERRY company was scattered about the shaded front yard of a pretty Conway farmhouse, whose various little rustic adornments of arbor and gnarled seats, and carefully mown croquet-ground, gave significant evidence of "city boarders."

Some half-a-dozen magnificent maples made a lovely, umbrageous canopy for the wide, deep yard, and it was "the favorite reception-room at morning and evening-tide," as Maude Eversham sentimentally declared—one of which they never tired; a fact not

remarkable in itself, if they were supposed to have appreciative eyes for the lovely panorama outspread before the broad elevation on which the farmhouse stood. For few lovelier landscapes were to be found, even in picturesque Conway, or with more variety than was presented by the undulating valley of emerald green, through which the river flushed its noisy, shining course; the close-clustering roofs of the village on one side, and the billowy range of wooded hills on the other crowned all along the horizon by the blue peaks and ray, where the White Hills ranged themselves against the sky.

"Ah, how beautiful it is!" repeated one of the ladies, softly. "And the marvel of it is, that it grows more and more to you every added day you gaze."

The speaker was a middle-aged, deep-eyed woman, with a face full of earnest thought.

Maude Eversham rose gracefully from the bamboo settee, and came forward, the embroidered ruffles of her white cambric morning-dress and the knots of pink ribbon fluttering about her slender figure in the morning breeze.

"Oh, auntie, dear! don't be too heroic in your mood, or I shall be afraid to confess what we have planned. The mountain-journeying, the fern-gathering, the boating—everything is delightful; and the continual feasting upon beauty and grandeur has lifted us up so high that we are half-frightened. Our giddy pates are scarcely able to stand the pressure, you understand. And we want something foolish, nonsensical, to bring us back to our usual state of mind. We want your help for a phantom masquerade—that's the drift of the long speech I have been secretly concocting. Hush! don't speak yet—I see the look of shocked sensibility, the growing horror. Hear the arguments, *pro* and *con.*, before you give a verdict. Who's a persuasive pleader? Mr. Wilkins, Guy Winthrop, Ernest—come, some of you, and help me!"

The merry group gathered about her. Guy Winthrop, responding to the beckoning finger of Miss Eversham's white, aristocratic hand, threw his lithe, straight figure into a mock-heroic attitude, and began an absurd, sensational rigmarole, finishing thus:

"Your honor's attention is called to this as a purely sanitary measure. A safety-valve is imperatively called for. Think of your remorse, if you refuse your help, when you hear one after the other of these tortured brains cracking the weak skulls with the resounding report of—"

"Of escaping gas! Oh, Guy, you have conquered! I see her eyes twinkle. Ho, then, for the details! What sport we shall have!"

"We can get the village hall, and invite all the boarders we know in the vicinity," chimed in another.

And straightway all was bustle and excitement.

The soft tinkle of laughter, the carefully modulated, although merry, tones of high-bred voices swept around the house with the morning breeze that played over the nodding clover-heads of the field beyond, and came to the ears of a girl in a Shaker-blue calico dress, who was sitting under the mulberry tree, with a large tin pan in her lap and a basket at her feet.

She suspended the pea-pod for an instant in the dexterous little brown finger-tips, to listen.

"How easy it is for them to be happy and beautiful!—and good, too, I presume," she thought. "Dear, dear! I can't see what the minister means, telling us we have all the same chance of a happy life. There's Miss Eversham—she is as beautiful as a picture, I know; but how can she help it, with all those lovely dresses and ribbons, and laces and jewels? I wonder would she keep that marbly fair look if—if she had to go in, by-and-by, as I shall, and stand over the hot stove to fry the pancakes, and make the puddings, and pare the potatoes, and hurry about the dinner in a dozen ways?"

Here she looked down upon a shapely little hand, whose forefinger had a dingy streak around it, where the potato-juice against the knife-blade had left a corroding trace behind, and gave an ireful frown.

"Dear, dear! All the dinner means to them is to dress up as charmingly as possible, and glide into the cool, shaded room (which I have been tearing over for half an hour before, whisking out every fly, lest a single one should buzz around and distress their fastidiousness), and to eat relishingly every dainty that their delicate palate can desire, and to talk cheerfully and pleasantly, and know nothing of any care and trouble, any more than if omelets and pastry and joints came to the board at the sound of a fairy's bell. All the pleasures are sifted out for them—rides, drives, boating, dancing; and—all—the work and heat and burdens are for me—"

The glistening green pod slipped into the pan undespoiled of its emerald globes; the small brown hands locked themselves together tragically; the young head, with its soft brown braids—quite as silky and luxurious as Miss Eversham's much-admired *coiffure*, by-the-way—drooped low. I am not sure but a light drop slipped through the long, curving eyelash, and flashed upon the rose-tinged cheek. It may be this that roused her; for she started suddenly, gave herself a little shake, as if to scatter a hanging cobweb, and exclaimed, aloud:

"What a silly creature! I needn't spoil the one pleasant hour in my day. I always do enjoy sitting out here in the beautiful freshness of the morning. I can look as well as they. And shelling peas is no harder than crochet. And it's a treat, besides, to peep in and see them in their pretty dresses, if I choose to look at it in that light. And even doing up that elaborate cambric morning-dress for Miss Eversham has its compensation—I can take the pattern."

She laughed out at this, a clear, sweet, birdlike sound, almost as rich in tone as the triple cry of the golden oriole that swung in the pear-tree beyond.

The laugh reached the ears of an unsuspected listener.

Guy Winthrop had come around the house, intending to waylay the mistress of the farmhouse in the vicinity of the kitchen-door, and to make inquiries concerning the needed wraps for the ghostly masquerade.

He turned quickly toward the slender figure under the mulberry-tree, and smiled in instinctive sympathy with that child-like laugh.

A little startled, and a good deal confused, Nelly Barton rose suddenly to her feet, and in so doing, of course, the pan of peas tumbled to the ground.

Guy Winthrop was a gentleman, and it was merely an instinctive impulse that made him hasten to assist her in recovering the truant pods.

No, my fair reader, no, my wise sir, he had not made the discovery that Nelly Barton was the one beautiful woman, or, indeed, that she was beautiful at all.

"A pretty girl—rather," he had remarked, indifferently, in answer to Ned White's observation, when, one day, Nelly had walked past them, with her basket of berries on her arm.

"Beauty unadorned," etc., is a doubtful truism. If it means an overload of finery that is not an adornment to anything, in fact, is not adornment at all.

All the argument and sophistry in the world will not smooth away the inexorable fact that, in her dark calico dress and linen collar, with her brown hands and tanned cheeks, Nelly was simply a pretty girl; while Maude Eversham, in her dainty white cambric, with its fluttering embroidery and silken ribbons, with the lovely ruffle of fine lace rippling softly around her slender throat, from which peeped the golden locket with its monogram of orient pearls—Maude, with her fair, patrician face, her delicate hands, her courtly grace of manner, won from every one the higher meed of exalted loveliness and beauty.

And yet Nature had favored them alike. Nelly, in Maude's place, would have been as beautiful, possibly more lovely; for the child had a deeper nature and a finer sensibility, and the play of her thoughts was more charmingly reflected on her features.

But Nelly had been brought up in the country to hard work, and little petting of any sort. So I take credit for Guy that he hurried to assist her in gathering up the peas.

"I was going to look for Mrs. Jones," he said again, out of the natural courtesy that would spare any one's confusion. "I have a vague idea that she is chained always, within about a dozen yards' range, inside or out, that door yonder. I wanted to ask her if we could venture to trouble her for sheets and pillow-slips for our masquerade."

And he quietly explained the frolic on the *tapis*, and by the time he ended, Nelly had recovered her wits and had caught a little of the spirit of the proposed party. She made him easy in respect to his own outfit. She would find the wraps, and attend to the little sewing required, and he found her ready in suggestion, and fertile in expedient concerning the secrecy of its carrying out.

He had the gift of putting people at ease with him, and before she was quite aware of it, Nelly was telling him how much sport she should find in such an affair, if she were he.

By this time Guy became aware that there were very fine and expressive eyes beneath those long-tinged eyelids that usually drooped so low. He said, presently:

"How pleasant your laugh sounded when I came around the house! I wonder what pretty conceit bubbled forth such a bird-like gush. Please tell me what you were thinking of before I startled you so? I'm sure it is only fair that I help you shell the peas, since I was the cause of their downfall."

And he sat down on the bench beside her and coolly took possession of a handful of pods.

"I should be ashamed to tell," she stammered.

"Oh, no; that was too innocent a laugh to come from any wrong thought."

"But the wrong came first," she said, ingenuously. "I was thinking about—my life—and of some of the ladies there. I am afraid I was envious—reining. So wicked in me!"

And she paused, and looked up for his condemning frown. But his face was simply respectfully attentive. Somehow she perceived he expected more explanation. Snapping open a



IDLINGS WITH NATURE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 46.

plump pod to liberate the fragrant row with energetic fingers, she declared:

"I'm ashamed of having such queer thoughts, but I shall never be able to help them."

"Tell me about them," he said, simply. And presently he heard it all artlessly related, the speaker never realizing how plainly he read the whole—the unspoken as well as the reluctantly revealed thoughts. It was quite a new world, indeed, to which she had so innocently introduced him.

"It is very true," he said, soberly, after a little silence. "There is very little thought taken about such things. I dare say it never occurs to Miss Eversham that it requires many hot, tiresome moments, and possibly an ugly burn besides, to bring forth her charming dresses to their morning perfection."

"Moments!" echoed guileless Nelly. "It takes three good hours. Why, there's all the tucks, besides the ruffles. But then, you know—and that's why I laughed—I've got a famous pattern for my new cambric."

"It would be better if we all thought more about it," he said. "We all have work of some sort to do, and we forget there are plenty of other kinds. At all events," he said, with one of his rare smiles that Miss Eversham declared to be quite irresistible, "I shall always think of it; and if we have peas for dinner to-day, I shall remember that you picked them, and shelled them out here in the cool, with clover-blossoms at your feet, and that oriole swinging over your head. I think, Miss Barton, they will have a richer flavor after this."

Nelly Barton never thought of blushing—the tone the young gentleman used was too sedate, and his air altogether too matter-of-fact for that. But her eyes flashed over with a sparkle of pleasure, and a faint little smile, rippling across the dewy, red lips, brought out the dimples that Mrs. Jones

declared were just like a baby's, for all she was such a great girl.

"It is very kind of you to say that," she said, and began sorting out the shreds of pod in the pan of shelled peas. "I really believe that it takes off all the worst of the weariness, when we know people give a thought to what we are doing."

"Even if the dress does not reach its immaculate state without damage to the industrious little fingers?" he added, archly, glancing at a long, red scar across her hand. "Be comforted there too, then. I shall never see Miss Eversham's wonderful flutings without a tribute of silent admiration to these skillful fingers. You'll remember all about the peaked cap, won't you? I'll see you again to-night, after tea, and you will be good enough to ask Mrs. Jones; be sure that I don't trouble her too much, because I can drive over to the village store and get the raw material there. And now, good-morning."

Nelly went into the hot kitchen, singing like a bird, and flew around with such nimble, willing steps that even weary, grim Mrs. Jones condescended to smile upon her.

"I'm thankful you're so chirpy, Nell; for there's that Miss Eversham brought in another skirt, all tucks and fur-belows, and she's greened it terribly with sitting right down on the grass, last night. Any sensible creature might have thought—But, la sakes! such folks don't know anything about the work they make—where's the use of expecting it? Where are you putting the peas, child?"

"On this pail of cool water, to keep them fresh till it's time to put them on the stove. I want them to be extra nice, they're such beauties. Aunt Jones, did my mother use to wear such dresses as those? and was she of this sort of people?"

"La, child! I suppose nothing so grand. These are



A MODERN CINDERELLA. — "THE GLISTENING GREEN POD SLIPPED INTO THE PAN UNDESPOILED OF ITS EMERALD GLOBES; THE SMALL BROWN HANDS LOCKED THEMSELVES TOGETHER TRAGICALLY." — SEE PAGE 46.

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the very top crust, as yer uncle talks about. But she was a real lady, and brought up delicate. She boarded over to the tavern, you know, when your poor father met her. Poor Walter! there was the making of a gentleman in him. If it hadn't been for the disease that came upon him, he'd have made his way—I'm sartin of that. But the Lord orders otherways. He died, and your mother after him; and I've done the best I could by you, child, with a family of strapping boys of my own to be kept in bread and cheese. But it isn't best to try to be above your bringing-up; don't you go to thinking about that. Poor Walter's up-hill work has shown me that."

She had not spoken in so gentle a tone to her dead brother's penniless child for many and many a day. What with her driving disposition, and the endless work that accumulated around her, Mrs. Jones had been a rather hard task-mistress.

Nelly gave her a grateful glance, and sang more softly.

Outside, in the cool front yard, Guy Winthrop had taken his seat by his mother's side; and, while he pulled playfully at the gay wools she was weaving into some crochet mystery, he said:

"I say, mother mine, I suspect I've started a trail that lies more in your way than mine. You belong to Mr. Whitney's mysterious fraternity, who 'know the muffin-man.' There's a little girl here, in this family, unhappy and discontented, I suspect. You will know just how to give her some help without wounding her feelings, I dare say." And he gave her a sketch of his little conversation with Nelly, concluding:

"It has put me into a moralizing vein, I believe. It is odd how queerly the network of human lives cross and touch, and pass on, now, isn't it?—all for naught, as it certainly seems."

"No, not all a careless chance. He who planned the web and laid the pattern sees how all threads, however feeble or dingy, help out the design. But I will see if there is not something I can do to lighten her brave work," answered this noble Christian woman.

Guy went back to Maude Eversham's merry group, and he and Ernest Saltonstall were presently deep in plans for the carrying out of the phantom party in every minutest detail.

Nelly Barton, while she put the front room to rights in the evening's dusk, heard these details proclaimed.

A large farm-wagon was to be fitted up with seats, to be sheeted in ghostly white. The horses were to be dressed likewise, in phantom shape, and the oldest Jones boy, masked and cloaked, was to drive to the door at precisely such an hour, when the ringing of the large dinner-bell would summon the passengers, who were to emerge from their rooms, masked, and to proceed, in utter silence, the two-mile ride in the gloaming, in true ghostly fashion. If any lady guessed who the other lady was, no word was to be proclaimed. Utter silence was to reign, to be the inexorable rule, until they reached the hall. This *pronunciamento*, as Guy called it, was received with shouts of applause, and ratified by the approval of all present.

Accordingly, just after the purple mists of twilight dropped silently down upon the hill-tops and swathed the distant mountain-peaks—while the whippoorwill was calling, in his plaintive fashion, and through the sweet stillness came the clearer murmur of the flowing river, the fantastic equipage, all in mummy-bands of ghostly white, came silently up to the door. The horses' legs and feet had been muffled likewise, and the driver sat upright, like a statue, in his peaked hat and white cloak, feeling, as he afterward declared, a creeping sensation of sympathy with Lot's wife in her dreary petrification.

There were plenty of suppressed titters from under the white masks and quaint headgear; but the rules were followed with remarkable obedience, and one by one came gliding down the stairs, and taking positions in the wagon in speechless, if secret, merriment. One slender figure waited a little apart from the others, at the corner of the house; and after they were all seated, he who seemed the leader came down toward it and led it to the rear seat beside himself.

Its appearance seemed to awaken surprise; for one after another of the masqueraders began pointing along the line, counting, evidently, and as plainly astonished to find their number augmented beyond the original expectation.

"Who is the odd one?" was the inquiry, demanded in pantomime. "What interloper have we among us?"

The figure rose hastily, and then sank back at the quick whisper from the leader:

"Hush! be quiet. Do not betray yourself. They cannot possibly know which of the twelve is the unknown one. Besides, you are my invited guest to-night. I will take care to send you home before the unmasking, if you still desire it."

And Nelly Barton sank back in her seat, reassured that there was nothing so very terrible in the sudden snatch at a glimpse of the frolic which had so won upon her girlish curiosity.

The remaining guests waved handkerchiefs, and gave many an involuntary laugh, not so low or eerie as became the pale, shadowy horror of the scene; and, in its strange stillness of muffled hoof-falls, the masquerading wagon moved away.

Down the hill, along the pleasant road, which was bordered on either side by fragrant hedges of wild-rose and hazel, and festooning vines, on whose green leaves the tiny beads of dew were fast gathering, the quaint equipage passed swiftly; and, turning into a narrow lane which gave a short cut from one highway to the other, still in profound silence, it rolled onward toward the village.

Just where this lane opened to the village street, a man was standing, leaning wearily against the high stone wall and gazing listlessly over the dim loneliness of shadowed field and road, now lifting melancholy eyes up to the starry skies, and anon glancing toward the twinkling village lights with a bitter, half-contemptuous smile on his lips, that told of a discontented, unhappy heart within.

The bend of the road hid from him all view of the approaching wagon, and the muffled hoofs of the horses gave no echoing sound. Suddenly, then, it glided forth from the shrubbery, seeming, to his startled eyes, to emerge from vacancy. The peculiar light gave a still more uncanny look to the strange appearance, and it really seemed the ghastly creation of supernatural means, as it came swiftly toward him, drawn by its white, phantom steeds, with its sheeted, stirless, voiceless occupants.

"The Lord have mercy on me!" ejaculated the gazer, staring wildly.

And then, with a sharp cry of terror, he flung up his arms and ran furiously toward the village.

The madcap driver understood in a moment the cause of this hurried flight, and, pulling at his reins, hurried up the horses and overtook their fugitive before he could gain any shelter.

There was much suppressed laughter in the wagon; but only one seemed to have compassion for the poor creature's panic. That one, as the vehicle passed him, cowering, like one transfixed with utter terror, almost in their very track, stretched out her hand toward him from the rear seat, and, lifting the white mask, showed him what she intended should be a reassuring sight—the plain view of her living

countenance. The action produced just the opposite of its desired effect. It was fairly a howl of terror that broke from his quivering lips.

"Elli'or Desmond! Ellinor Desmond!" he shrieked; "have you risen from your grave to accuse me? Pardon! pardon! I will atone—I will confess. Your child shall have her rights—the paper is safe—she shall have her rights!"

And prone upon the ground, shaking and shivering like one in a palsy, fell the conscience-stricken wretch.

The merry-makers were suddenly shaken from their careless glee. One after another shivered and glanced back. Even the madcap driver pulled up his horses and glanced uneasily behind him. Guy Winthrop leaped down from his rear seat, and was hurrying back to the prostrate figure; but, perceiving his approach, the man started up, and, with another wild shriek, bounded over the wall, plunged madly across a field, and disappeared.

Guy came back, and gave the gesture of command for moving on. It was a triumphant test of the company's ability to keep to the terms of the agreement of silence, that, amidst the excitement of this little episode, no word, not even an exclamation of alarm or pity, was audibly expressed. Its sobering influence was, in a measure, dispersed when they came to the village street, for there a little crowd of laughing spectators hailed their appearance with quite an ovation of applause.

A most grotesque and amusing scene awaited them when they entered the little hall. Such a queer company of phantoms was surely never gathered before. Nelly Barton could not find it in her heart to repent her acquiescence in Guy's generous plan to give her an evening's entertainment. She danced all the evening, enjoying, with a girl's keen relish, the efforts of her unknown partners to penetrate her disguise. She told Guy of her pleasure, in her own artless fashion, when he came to claim her for the contra-dances, as he had arranged—even revealed to him that she had been promenading with Miss Eversham, who had plied her with the most searching questions, and warned her that she should be closely watched when the hour of unmasking came.

"You are not afraid to wait for the unmasking, I hope," he said, earnestly. "I am anxious to have you for my partner when we have our circle-dance, ready for the momentous revelation. You do not still mean to flee before you are discovered?"

"Yes—oh, yes, indeed!" she answered, quickly. "Nothing would tempt me to remain. Let it be a mystery always. Why, I should never dare look Miss Eversham in the face, or any of them. They would be angry—indignant. I should never dare show myself before them."

"Are they so much more dreadful than I?" asked Guy.

"Oh, you are different—very different. I should not be afraid of trying your kindness," answered Nelly, eagerly. "I thank you very much for planning this for me, and I shall be ready to go back when the wagon comes. I will slip out alone—you need not come with me. Oh, see! that is Miss Eversham. How closely she is watching us! I should like to see their faces when they find me missing at the unmasking. You must see everything, and tell me about it, please."

"The man will be punctual with his vehicle. I wish I could accompany you home, but I suppose it would spoil the joke. It will be a nine-days' mystery, what became of the unknown, you may be sure of that. I have enjoyed it all heartily, especially our dances. You are as light of foot as a fairy. Come, now, to the ante-room—you must have an ice before you leave. Besides, it will give you better opportunity to escape unobserved."

An hour afterward, and Nelly, with her white disguise rolled into a compact bundle and under her arm, stole around the house, and up-stairs to her little attic-chamber, and no one was the wiser.

The next morning's breakfast-table for the "boarders" was a lively place. There were merry choruses of laughter, and much gay badinage tossed to and fro; but above and beyond all was the never-wearied discussion of the mysterious unknown who formed the twelfth in the wagon, and who disappeared so oddly before the hour of unmasking.

Nelly Barton, at the side table, where she was pouring the coffee, heard it all, and kept the most sedate face, though Guy Winthrop's glance met the dancing eye, and received its swift telegram understandingly.

"Another Cinderella, undoubtedly," observed one of the gentlemen. "She had fairy-like feet and hands. I noticed that. I wonder we did not, some of us, find the glass slipper."

"Only the prince would obtain that," declared Maude Eversham, playing idly with her egg-glass, in a meditative fashion. "It is my private opinion that Guy Winthrop knows all about it."

"About the glass slipper?" asked Guy, coolly. "You may be sure that I shall bring it around for trial if it is in my possession. What hour shall I present myself to you, fair Maude?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean. The stranger was some one you helped masquerade. You danced with her twice, at least—more than that, I suspect, if the truth is told."

"But you made a mistake about Guy, Miss Eversham," interposed one of the ladies. "You selected some one else for him in the first of the evening."

"I believe he had two disguises!" answered Miss Eversham, pettishly.

"Sure enough. Are you sure I am not the mysterious unknown, after all?" said Guy, laughing.

"You could not be counted twice when we were all ranged on the seats of the wagon," averred a sagacious gentleman. "But wasn't that a queer adventure we had? How frightened that poor wretch was! I declare I do not feel quite easy about him yet. I began to fear our frolic would turn out seriously."

"Mamma," said Maude Eversham, "do you know his voice sounded like Uncle Oliver's? and it seemed to me I had heard somewhere the name he called—Ellinor Desmond. Have you ever heard it before?"

Mrs. Eversham gave a nervous start.

"Was that the name?—tell me more about it. I have not heard the story yet."

And after it was once more repeated, the lady gave an uneasy glance around her.

"Some one really ought to investigate, and be sure that no ill result came from the poor man's fright. What if he had fallen down in a faint out there by himself, in the woods, and was out exposed all night?"

"I set a man to look into it last night," answered Guy Winthrop, promptly. "He found the man very nervous, and acting like one under the influence of opium, or some powerful narcotic, and took him to his boarding-place; for, as I understood him, it was not, as we supposed, a native of the town, but one of the Summer boarders. I am intending to ride over there and see him to-day for myself."

"He will not be likely to forget our phantom masquerade," observed Miss Eversham, languidly, "even if we pass it over, with its bit of mystery, to oblivion."

The gentle, aged aunt moved quietly to Mrs. Eversham's side when the party rose from the table.

"I see that you are uneasy, Mary. The description answers well enough for poor Oliver. I think I will propose that young Winthrop take me with him, then I shall be able to relieve you. It is certainly singular that her name should be called in such a way. Poor Ellinor Desmond! how long it is since I heard it! I take shame to myself that, for old friendship's sake, I have not made due inquiries about her child."

"Did I understand that it was Maude's face he saw? Could he have seen a resemblance?" questioned Mrs. Eversham, under her breath. "I should really be relieved to hear more about it, and be very thankful to you if you will go, Jane."

"I will speak to Guy at once."

But just then Guy was lingering at the coffee-table, and Nelly Barton was leaning across it to say, in an earnest undertone:

"I forgot to tell you, last night, that it was my mother's maiden name that strange man called. He said something about a wrong done. If you are going to see him, would you find out, please, what he meant? I know I can ask any trouble of your kindness."

Guy opened his eyes.

"Then your face really seemed to him like a ghost's? So there was more method in his madness than we thought. Certainly I will look into it, Cinderella."

Aunt Jane had her wish, although Maude Eversham looked a little vexed that the only remaining seat in Guy's light vehicle was thus monopolized. They were absent a long time—a very much longer time than was at all necessary, the young lady declared, impatiently, while she lounged on the seat in the shady front yard waiting for them, refusing all efforts to draw her away to a walk or ride or boating expedition.

"I think you are the veritable prince, after all!" declared she, gayly, when, at length, the long-looked-for vehicle whirled into the yard. "Oh, Guy, I am sure you have been trying on the slipper to all the tiny-footed damsels in the town yonder!"

"Well," answered Guy, slowly, "I must admit the truth, Miss Eversham. I am truly on the trail of a genuine Cinderella."

And then he carefully assisted Aunt Jane to alight.

Mrs. Eversham, the moment she caught sight of the latter's grave face, came forward hastily, and seized her hand.

"My fears were prophetic," she said, in a very low voice; "it was Oliver, and something sorrowful is to be told."

"That remains to be decided, dear Mary. I have a very glad hope myself. I trust that you and Maude will look at it philosophically, if not joyfully, when the first surprise is over. As for me, I am as impatient as a child to find Ellinor's daughter."

"But it was really Oliver?"

"Yes, dear, it was—brought here in the strangest fashion, half crazed beneath that suicidal course of his, and thrown in the way of this madcap party



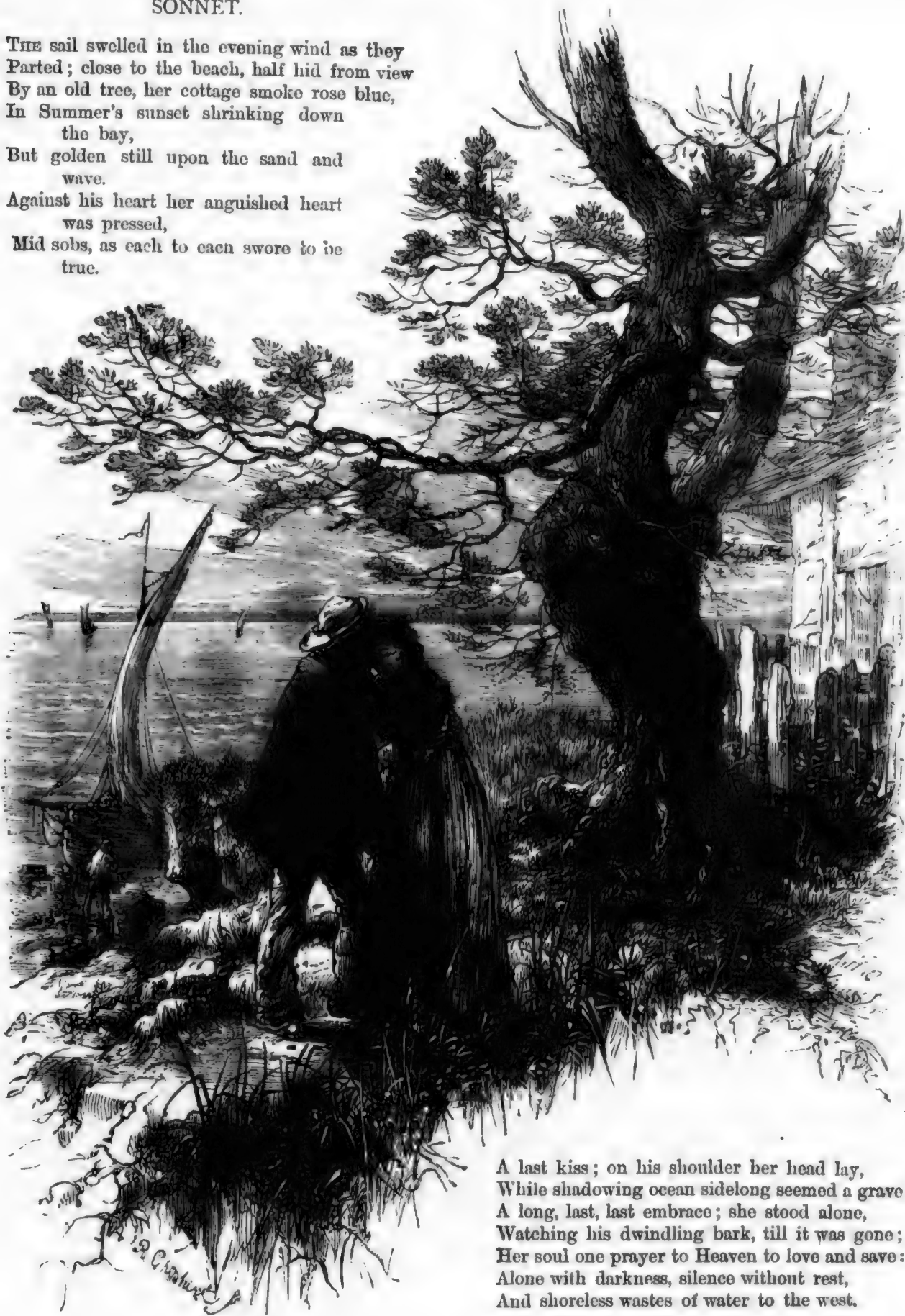
THE FALCON AND ITS PREY.—SEE PAGE 51.

to work out the ends of justice by the will of Him who rules all things to work His ways, as I firmly believe," answered the other, solemnly.

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Eversham, if you please. Wait a moment, Miss Maude, before you go into the house," interposed Guy Winthrop, casting one curious look at Maude's fair, patrician face, while he gave his horse into the Jones boy's care. "I have something to tell you all. Since I have heard the man's confession, I am brought into the case, as it were, and I have further knowledge which you must share."

SONNET.

The sail swelled in the evening wind as they
 Parted; close to the beach, half hid from view
 By an old tree, her cottage smoke rose blue,
 In Summer's sunset shrinking down
 the bay,
 But golden still upon the sand and
 wave.
 Against his heart her anguished heart
 was pressed,
 Mid sobs, as each to each swore to be
 true.



A last kiss; on his shoulder her head lay,
 While shadowing ocean sidelong seemed a grave:
 A long, last, last embrace; she stood alone,
 Watching his dwindling bark, till it was gone;
 Her soul one prayer to Heaven to love and save:
 Alone with darkness, silence without rest,
 And shoreless wastes of water to the west.

"What is it all about?" asked Maude, wonderingly.

"I can't conceive why you look so solemn and distressed, if Oliver is alive and as well as usual. I wish you would speak out, Jane," said her mother, a little querulously.

"Then, it was Uncle Oliver," said Maude, curling her

red lip disdainfully. "How absurd in him! and how disagreeable!"

"He has made a full confession to-day. He has produced your grandmother's true will. Mary, the great fortune was to be divided equally between Maude and Ellinor Desmond's

daughter. Oliver hid it, although the poor old woman gave it to him for safe-keeping, and confessed her forgiveness of her long-persecuted daughter's disobedience in marrying other than Oliver. Let us give poor Oliver all the charity we can. His disappointment at Ellinor's rejection of his love was the first blow that weakened his moral strength. This horrible opium, to which he has given himself such a blind slave, completed the ruin. He cherished a mad enmity against the man poor Ellinor married, and swore vengeance against even the innocent child. Last night, he avers, Ellinor's dead face looked at him threateningly, and revealed to him the depth of his sin. He has carried the true will with him for five years, concealed about his person. He has given it up now."

"The true will!" gasped Maude, hysterically. "Why, the true will was presented long ago!"

"No, dear; that was the will made under the influence of the poor mother's rage at her daughter's disobedience. In her last sickness better thoughts came. She spared her memory a bitter wrong. You, her son's daughter, and her daughter Ellinor's child, were left the sole heirs. Do you understand, Mary?" persisted the gentle aunt.

"I understand that you would take away from me the half of my fortune!" cried out Maude, sharply. "What nonsense it all is! There is no such child! Who ever heard of her? Where is she?"

"She is here in this house, Miss Eversham; I will bring her to you any moment you please, when you have grown calm," said Guy Winthrop's clear, decided voice.

"Calm! Indeed, I am by no means deeply agitated. Truly, this passes any tale of fiction; and one must naturally be a little astonished. As for my uncle Oliver, I wish——"

And here there was such a vindictive sharpness in the voice, that Mrs. Eversham, wiping away the tears that would flow in spite of her best efforts, interposed, pitifully:

"Hush, Maude! He is my only brother, and what Aunt Jane says is true. His disappointment at losing Ellinor fairly turned his brain. Say nothing against your uncle Oliver."

Aunt Jane had laid firm hands on Guy's arm.

"That is the meaning of your close questioning—the reason why you would not let me explain the masquerading frolic more clearly. You know Ellinor's child. Ah, Ellinor was my dearest friend once. My hungry heart will be satisfied if I can befriend her child."

"Bring me to her, Guy."

"Wait here, then. It is more private just now than any part of the house. Will you wait, too, Miss Eversham, to see your cousin?"

"My cousin! It is all so strange. Where will she come from? Which one of the party can it be?" murmured the haughty Maude, trying her best to exhibit her usual *nonchalance*.

"Cinderella is always found by the kitchen-hearth. I will look there first," answered Guy, his handsome face glowing with the pleasure he felt in bringing the grand news to Nelly Barton.

Ten minutes afterward he came around the house with the dainty figure on his arm. It had taken five minutes to convince her of the sudden lighting up of the sky, and five more to whisk off the soiled calico apron, and tie on the best muslin one that was kept for picnics and parties.

"How blind I was!" exclaimed Aunt Jane.

"Mrs. Jones's waiting-girl!" murmured Maude Eversham, and bit her scarlet lip fiercely.

"My dear child—you are your mother's living image—only browner and healthier-looking. How could I fail to

see it?—though, indeed, I have scarcely seen you at all!" cried out Aunt Jane, drawing the trembling Nelly to her arms. "You must learn to love me, for I shall dote on you, my darling. You must let me take your mother's place. And here is your aunt and your cousin. Your mother's half-brother's wife and child—Mrs. Eversham and Maude. Don't you comprehend, my dear?"

"It is so sudden—so marvelous, I cannot tell what I comprehend," stammered Nelly.

"Is it true that you are Ellinor Desmond's child?" demanded Maude Eversham, imperiously.

"It is true. My mother's name was Ellinor Desmond. She married Walter Barton. I knew she had a brother John, but I did not know that his name was other than hers. Aunt Jones can tell you more, perhaps, though my mother's people have never asked about me, and we have had no means of knowing them."

"There is no question of your identity, no doubt of the rights of your claim," said Guy Winthrop, quietly. "Mr. Oliver's confession settles everything. I shall henceforth be a firm convert to my mother's faith—that no smallest circumstance or happening of our lives can be trivial or meaningless. Our gay masquerade brought forth grand results for you, Miss Barton. I congratulate you from the depths of my heart that you ventured to raise your mask last night to relieve a stranger's superstitious terror."

"What—it was she, then!" sharply interposed Maude.

"Yes," answered Guy, smiling back composedly. "And I take credit to myself that I was the godmother for this Cinderella. Some time I mean to ask a reward, Miss Barton—don't forget that. But I am waiting to see the cousins shake hands."

Coloring crimson to the very tip of her delicate, aristocratic ears, Maude Eversham stretched out her hand, and tried to appear to say cordially:

"My dear cousin, I am glad to know you."

"I am glad and frightened, too," stammered back Nelly. "Oh, if I may be able to go to school now as much as I hoped and longed for, but never dared to think could ever be!"

"I think you may indulge more than one fairy wish, fair Cinderella," said Guy Winthrop, smilingly. "Once more let me offer my warm congratulations to the whole party. We shall all share, I think, in the marvelous results of this solemn and glad *dénouement* of a frolic that accomplished such different work from its original intent. I am anxious to introduce my mother to Miss Barton, and must go and prepare her for this romantic history."

"What does he mean?" demanded Maude Eversham, feverishly, as he turned lightly, and, with another chivalrous bow, took his leave of the group. "Has she come to take, not only the half of my fortune, but—the whole of the one lover I have sought to win?"

Two years afterward that question, wrung from the proud girl's heart by the torture of the moment's anguish, was answered to all the world.

Miss Ellinor Barton graduated from a celebrated young ladies' seminary, only to don bridal robes and merge the name, scarcely known at all in fashionable society, in that of Mrs. Guy Winthrop. Only a few people know why he was so fond of calling her Cinderella.

THE FALCON AND ITS PREY.

The Peregrine Falcon appears to be very discriminating in its tastes, preferring birds to all other prey, and generally choosing those very species which mankind has acknowledged to be delicacies for the table. Grouse, as

has already been seen, are a favorite quarry of the Peregrine, and the bird is also very fond of partridges, snipes and woodcocks. In the chase of the last-mentioned birds, the Peregrine displays the greatest imaginable command of wing; for it will follow the "cock" into its place of refuge among the branches, and, in many cases, will carry it off without even touching one of the boughs, among which the woodcock shoots and twists with such singular celerity.

Sometimes, however, both the pursuer and the pursued have suffered severe injuries from their too heedless flight—a misfortune of which Mr. Thompson mentions several instances. In one case the woodcock and falcon shot through the drooping branches of a weeping-ash tree, and, striking against the stem, both fell stunned to the ground. The woodcock was the first to show signs of life, and, after waiting for a short time, scrambled to the bank of a neighboring glen, and was permitted to escape. The falcon was longer in reviving, and when picked up was bleeding at the mouth; she, however, shortly recovered. On another occasion the hawk and woodcock came against a large stone, the latter being disabled, but the former suffering but little injury. The force with which the terrified bird flies from its pursuer may be imagined from the fact that one of these birds, when endeavoring to escape from a falcon, struck against the top of a wall with such violence as to split its breast completely open.

The same author relates some curious incidents relative to the comparative powers of flight of the falcon and woodcock:

"The finest flights are those in which the bird 'climbs the air.' Once, when from fifty to sixty persons were present, a woodcock sprang near Andersson's Town in the Falls, climbed the air, and the hawk swept after him until both got out of sight of all persons present except one, who insisted that the quarry was captured. It soon proved so, by the hawk's coming down with its victim. The trial between the birds, which should be highest, was so well contested from the moment the woodcock sprang and went right up, that the issue was most eagerly looked to; numerous even bets depended on it. Again, at the head of Colin Glen, in the same district, a woodcock, pursued by one of the hawks, climbed until both were lost to view. The death of the woodcock was, however, soon announced by its rapidly falling through the air, until soused in the deep pool of the rocky river, called, from the peculiar sound its waters make, the Rumbling Burn. It was observed, on laying hold of the victim, that it had been struck in the back by the hawk, but not laid hold of, which accounted for its coming down singly."

The Peregrine will chase and kill many of the coast-birds, such as the dunlin, the gull and the plover. The curlew is a very favorite prey, and, being a strong-winged bird, affords great sport. It is rather remarkable that the dunlin, together with birds of similar habits, fly instinctively to the sea, lake or river when attacked by the Peregrine falcon; as if knowing that the winged hunter is very unwilling to swoop upon any object that is flying upon the surface of the water. The falcon has been seen to drive a dunlin repeatedly into the sea before it could intercept the poor bird between the dry land and its watery refuge. It will also strike at the gray crows, or at herons, but, unless especially trained to the pursuit, will not trouble itself further about them.

Mr. Thompson gives us the following spirited description of a curlew chase, which is valuable as exhibiting the capacities of both curlew and falcon:

"My friend and his companions were fishing in Loch Rathven, when a flock of these birds (curlews) appeared. Immediately afterward a tereel, or male Peregrine, came in

sight, bearing down upon them so suddenly as to be scarcely seen, until he had singled out and swept one of them from a height of about fifty yards into the lake. Here he pounced at it, but without striking, although it did not go below the surface of the water. On the tereel's flying a little way off, to take one of his bold circles when the quarry is put down or at bay, the curlew rose to follow the flock, and had got away about a hundred yards, when the tereel again bore down upon it. Refuge was a second time taken upon the lake. This was repeated not less than ten times. The speed of the tereel's flight was considered to be twice that of the curlew's, as, when circling about two hundred yards off, he never gave his desired victim leave to get more than about half that distance ahead, until he had it down again.

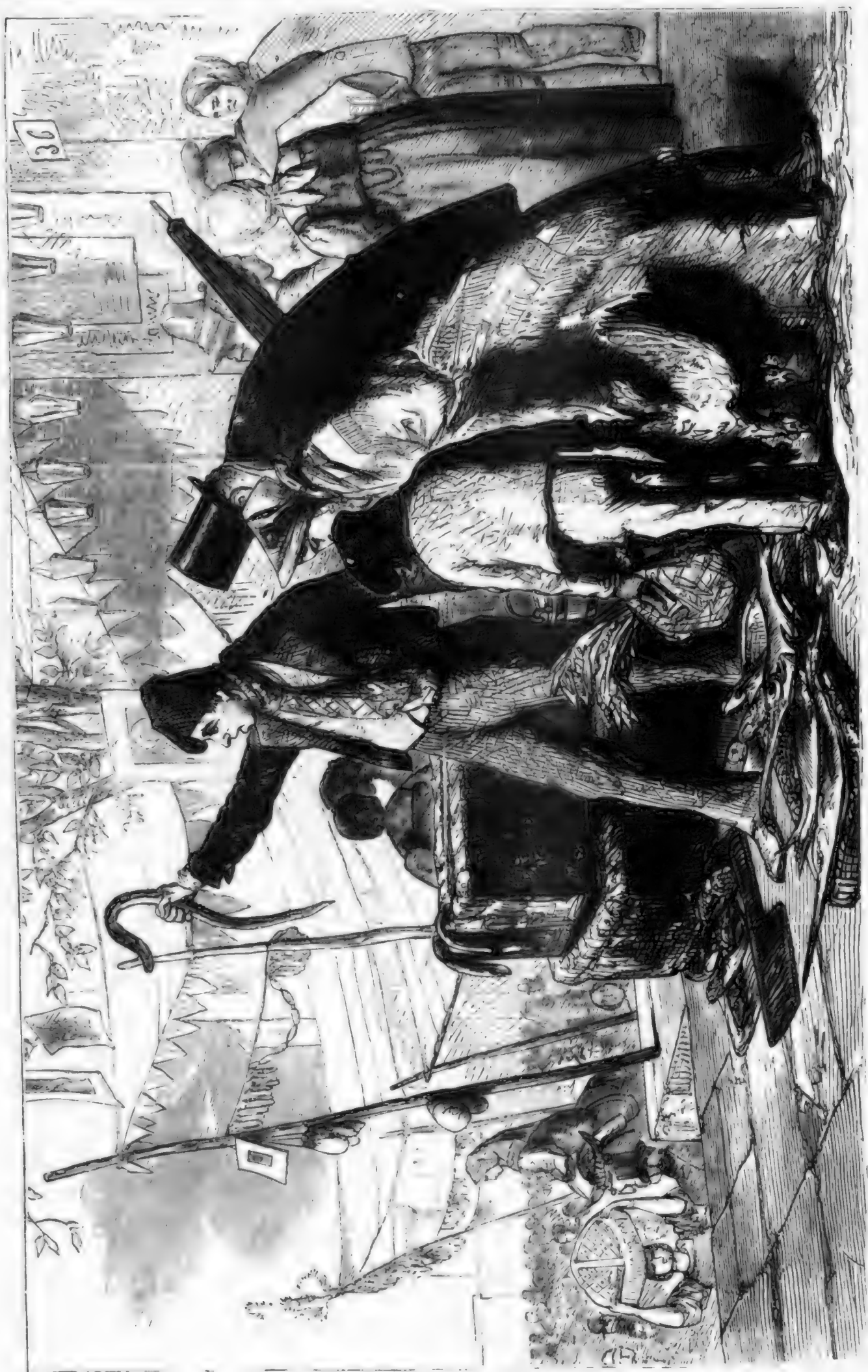
"The curlew, although apparently more fatigued and worn out every time it was put down, was, the last time, scarcely able to rise from the lake; and escaped in consequence of the flock from which it came, or a similar number of birds, appearing in sight, when its persecutor betook himself after them. He very soon had one of this flock also in the water, and enacted just the same part toward it as he had done toward the other. It was put down to the lake at least a dozen times, and along a great extent of its surface—once between the boats of the fishing-party, not more than about fifty yards distant from each other. The hawk and the curlew were both several times within about twenty yards of the boats; and once, indeed, the latter, closely pursued, took the water just before the bow of one of them. Eventually the tereel left off the chase, though, as in the former instance, the curlew was nearly worn out. The poor bird, now seeing two of his species come in sight, joined them, and they all went off swiftly in company."

An experienced falconer, who witnessed the scene, remarked that the swoops made by the wild falcon were bolder, and its flight stronger, than he had seen in any trained bird.

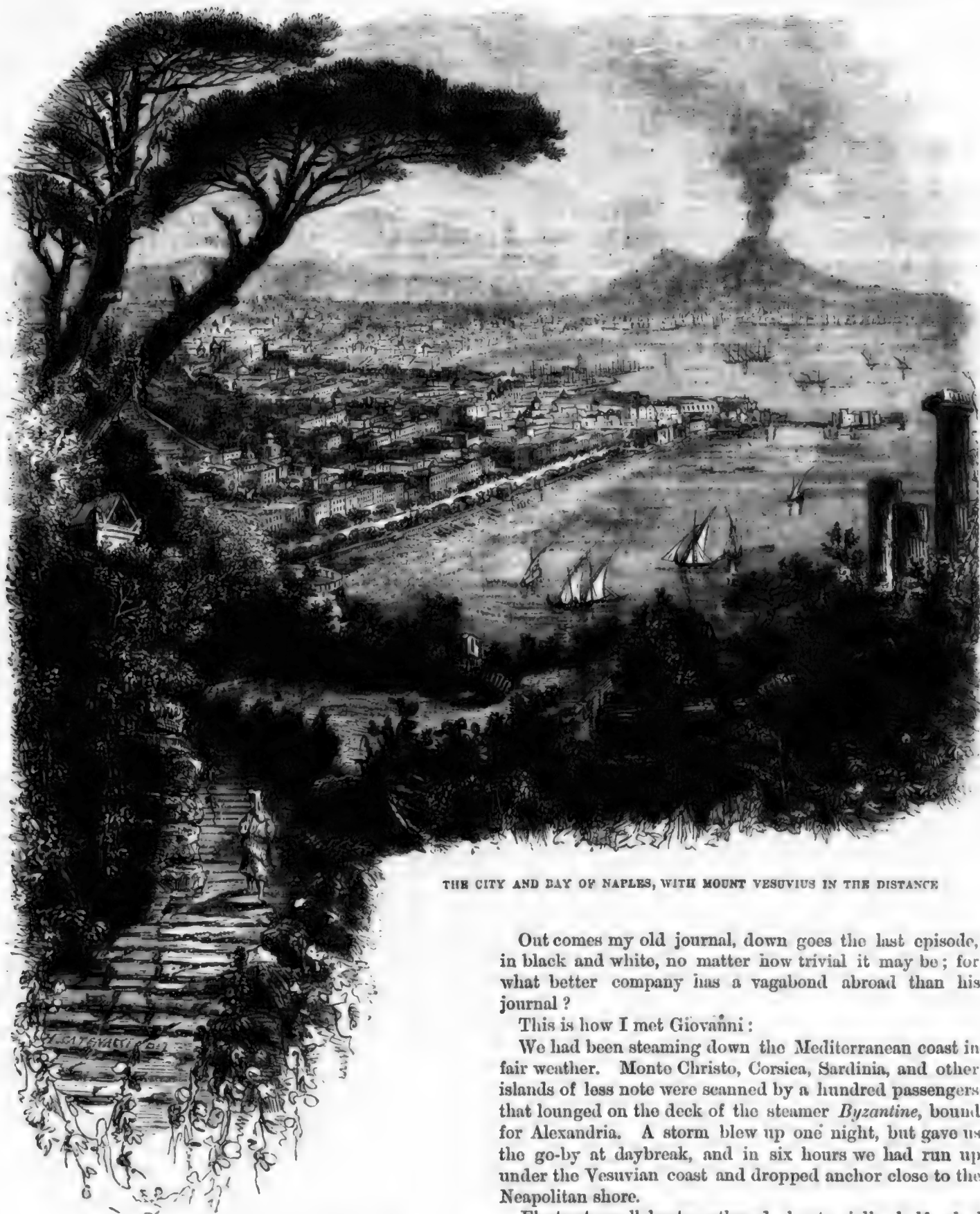
The full speed of the Peregrine falcon has been computed at a hundred and fifty miles per hour, and a single chase will often occupy a space of eight or ten miles. Its power of wing is not only useful in enabling it to wage successful pursuit of swift-winged birds, but in giving it sufficient buoyancy to carry off the prey which it has secured. So strong is the Peregrine's wing, that it has often been observed to bear in its talons a bird larger than itself, and to carry it to the nest without difficulty.

ACT AT ONCE.—"If I had only done this or that last year!" is a common remark among some of our friends and acquaintances, but how few attempt to rectify their mistakes by not delaying until to-morrow, next week or next year what might just as well be done to-day as at any other time. These delays and procrastinations are common to no one class of persons more than another, but there are certain fields in which their effects are more noticeable than in others. For instance, if a man needs trees for fruit or ornament, time alone will aid his labors in producing them; for although attention and labor will do much toward hastening their growth, still a certain number of years are required to bring them to maturity. Every year of delay in making a beginning is certain to cut short our enjoyment later on, just by the extent of our delay. Make haste to begin, then, for wasted hours and opportunities never return.

HUMAN GROOVES.—A man can no more escape from his ordinary grooves of thought than he can from his habitual grooves of action.



THE EEL MARKET AT NAPLES.



THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE

A VAGABOND ABROAD. NAPLES.

BY C. W. STODDARD.

I AM sitting by an open window in an old convent on the slope of one of the lofty hills that shoulder Naples, and help to make it one of the most picturesque cities in the world.

Young Giovanni brought me hither, and it is he who comes daily to pilot me in and around the city.

Out comes my old journal, down goes the last episode, in black and white, no matter how trivial it may be; for what better company has a vagabond abroad than his journal?

This is how I met Giovanni:

We had been steaming down the Mediterranean coast in fair weather. Monte Christo, Corsica, Sardinia, and other islands of less note were scanned by a hundred passengers that lounged on the deck of the steamer *Byzantine*, bound for Alexandria. A storm blew up one night, but gave us the go-by at daybreak, and in six hours we had run up under the Vesuvian coast and dropped anchor close to the Neapolitan shore.

Fleets of small boats gathered about; jolly, half-naked boat-boys shouted to us, as we leaned over the ship's side, and tried to secure our custom by underbidding each other.

Some one who had traveled, warned us against the black-eyed, curly-headed boat-boys. His maxim was: "Never trust an Italian; and leave the Neapolitans severely alone."

We had all of us to get to shore in some shape or other. The boats that were rocking on the sparkling sea were gathered about us for our especial convenience. We might haggle over the price of a passage to shore, but we must get there as early as convenient; for the *Byzantine* was to

sail for Egypt as soon as she could obtain a fresh cargo of merchandise.

Delay is dangerous, and I knew this from experience; so, without further hesitation, I climbed down the ship's side, with my journal under my arm, and made a dart for a particular boat that lay at the outer edge of the fleet. I sprang from boat to boat. They were crowded closely together, and I might have made the circuit of the steamer in safety, but for the agility of the hungry boat-boys, who jumped at me as a gudgeon at a fly.

I wonder how I ever came at last to the boat I had fixed my eye on as soon as we dropped anchor; I wonder how I managed to rescue my journal from the clutches of fifty young rascals, who knew well enough that if they could secure it they were equally sure of me.

Well, I escaped them all, and dropped triumphantly into the stern of a small barge that was only big enough for two.

Giovanni threw himself upon his oars and pulled lustily. We drifted away from the big, black hulk that was half enveloped in steam, and from the mob of watermen with all their noise. We drew close to shore, and I grew more and more interested in the city that is called "beautiful."

How jolly, thought I, to be rid of the torments that beset most travelers! At that moment Giovanni ceased rowing, and with a forbidding look in his eyes and a hardened tone in his voice, demanded thrice the fee he had at first declared himself contented with.

I thought it a question of will, and knew that if I yielded to him now there would probably be no limit to his demands. I looked him steadily in the eye, and appeared to be perfectly indifferent to his absurd conduct; I showed neither surprise nor displeasure; took it as a matter of course that he would behave in this fashion, and when he had stormed and threatened, without discomposing me in the slightest degree, I said, quietly:

"You shall have your *bono mana*, and now you had better row to shore."

The young scamp smiled the most amused and innocent of smiles, and at once fell to his oars again, and we landed in fine style.

The next question was, "Where shall a vagabond find a home?"

Again Giovanni came to the front, and this time in the character of the Good Samaritan. He knew a house where I could lodge; a place where I could eat. He would pilot me at once, and befriend me, and show me all the sights of the city called "beautiful!"

And he did all this.

He shouldered my armful of luggage; I hugged my journal to my breast, and we footed it through the brilliant, crowded, noisy streets of Naples.

Again and again we were swept off the narrow sidewalks; again and again we were nearly run down by the swift *carozzellas* that are driven at racing speed through the principal thoroughfares; whips snapped in our very ears; fruit-sellers, flower-sellers, water-sellers, shrieked in our very faces; swarms of bootblacks darted under foot and called public attention to the present condition of my shoes.

We climbed steep, narrow streets, where the tall houses almost met overhead, and where the sunshine slid down in long, thin slices. We came on to a splendid avenue that girdles one of the hills—an avenue cut in the rock on one side and built up on the other, having a parapet on the outer edge, to keep people from tumbling into the city below.

Above this avenue stands a huge stone convent, now deserted by the exiled monks, and here Giovanni led me through arches, up ponderous stairs, and along dim corri-

dors, until he had lodged me in a cozy cell, as bare as a blown-out egg-shell.

Giovanni's *madre* keeps this end of the house; Giovanni drifts about, now to sea in the boat belonging to his brother; now into the streets, idling, begging, stealing; now to pilot some vagabond like myself, who has lost his way, and is glad enough to bestow a few coppers on the poor lad who has rescued him.

From my window I look over the high avenue, down into the resounding depths of the great city, with its 600,000 clamorous souls that seem to be stirring night and day. Beyond this my eye skims a blue rim of the bay and ascends the dark slopes of Vesuvius.

Everywhere there are crescent shores, flashing breadths of sea, green vineyards, or mountains fading in a haze; and there are islands that look as if they must vanish in the splendid twilight, and every morning I find a new surprise in rediscovering them, over and over.

Oh, these wonderful streets! Streets so steep, in some parts of the town, that they are in reality one long pair of stairs, that climb from block to block to the very hilltop. In warm weather the tenants of the high houses on each side of the street-stairs come out and sit all day in the shade, spinning, plaiting baskets, combing each other's heads—a favorite and quite necessary occupation—and then you may see a line of heads in a line of busy hands that descend the stairs in a series of generations.

There is life enough visible from my window to amuse me from dawn to dark; but Giovanni will insist upon piloting me to the Villa Reale, the handsome garden by the sea, where there is music every afternoon or evening. There are thousands of promenaders, and an avenue for horsemen; there are fountains, statues, and a temple to Virgil, who composed his "Æneid" and "Georgics" at his villa, about a mile distant, and whose tomb is still shown at the Grotto of Posilipo, in the edge of the town.

Never were people more democratic than these Italians. Giovanni, who is at one moment a boat-boy, the next a boot-black, a fellow who cheats whenever he sees fit, but is capable of reforming on the slightest provocation or at the shortest notice—Giovanni sits at a small table in the Villa Reale, and takes his three-cent cup of coffee with as much grace and composure as the duke who is lounging at the table next him.

There is a fascination in the life of Naples that seems to culminate in this delightful garden. It is not alone that the avenues are stately, the fountains and statues works of art, the groves a wilderness of ilex and palm and cypress and laurel, among which the winding ways are again and again lost to view. The sea moans the whole length of the Villa. On days when the southerly wind is high, and the sea restless, the foam dashes above the mighty wall that lines the Villa; and you may watch, at a little distance, a line of breakers a mile long.

All the world saunters in the Villa; fashion receives homage there; poverty suns itself on the hem of the Villa, and in the sweet idleness of the hour forgets to beg. The divers sport in the deep water near the shore, gathering snails and oysters; children loiter on the stone jetty that marks the lower end of the Villa; fishermen trail their nets and sing in the twilight as they pull their boats to shore.

There is a sunset on Vesuvius; the whole mountain burns red, like a live coal, and then grows purple in the cool shadow of the evening, and is finally lost in the gathering darkness; and there is nothing of it visible save the everlasting plume of smoke, that glows at night like a great torch guiding the mariners to shore.

At night Naples is as gay and gorgeous as ever. One never wakens to find the city positively silent; even the

narrowest and the darkest by-streets are not deserted, and the chances are that strolling troubadours will be sauntering to and fro, singing to the tinkling strings of guitars and mandolins.

At any hour of the night or morning, if I go to my window, and look up or down the street, I am sure to see shadowy figures that, for the most part, pass leisurely by, and the majority of them find time to pause a moment at a shrine of the Madonna on the pavement, just below our house, where a light is perpetually burning, and where fresh offerings of flowers and candles are brought daily by the good souls who live in this vicinity.

It is but a step from the gay to the grave, even in Naples. Giovanni has just returned with me from the old *Campo-Santo*. We had driven through the winding avenues of the great, new cemetery, and seen all the elaborate and pretentious mausoleums that make the place look, indeed, like a "city of the dead." We had seen a funeral pageant wherein the coffin was borne on a lofty catafalque covered with voluminous drapery of scarlet velvet, fringed and spangled with gold; it was surrounded by a multitude of torch-bearers in ash-colored gowns, and with their faces covered with long masks of the same material; their eyes only being visible through two slits in the mask.

No relatives followed in the procession, but the male members of the household of the deceased received the remains at the chapel in the cemetery, and saw them deposited in the family vault.

More touching was the spectacle which followed at sunset in the old *Campo Santo*. The "Potter's Field," for so we would call it, is a flat, square inclosure, paved with heavy stone flags; there are 365 of these stone flags that are placed at equal distances over the field; each one is numbered and has a large iron ring in it.

All the afternoon, at intervals, rude wooden coffins are brought to the *Campo Santo*, and deposited upon shelves at one side of the inclosure. As the sun sank, a crowd of curious spectators gathered; a small derrick was placed over one of the movable flags—it was the one marked for the day of the year; it covered a deep, dry cistern, into which all the uncoffined bodies of the impoverished dead who have died to-day are deposited.

Many of those who had gathered to witness the melancholy spectacle were praying in different parts of the field. The flag that covers each cistern is the only stone reared to the memory of the strangers that fate has gathered together at last.

Many, probably most, of these poor people could not read, and therefore one young fellow, who had his prayer-book with him, was reading the prayers for the dead, first at one cistern and then at another; and for this office he received such remuneration as the mourners chose to bestow.

Our attention was attracted by the crowd that gathered suddenly about the derrick. The stone flag was raised. Beneath was a vast chamber, very deep, and as black as a starless night. The coffins, a dozen of them, were placed in a row by the open mouth of the vault. The bodies, scantily clad, were removed, and, one after another, laid in an iron box, which was lowered into the vault. When it touched the bottom of the vault, the box opened, and the body slid out. The box was pulled to the mouth of the vault by machinery, and again filled and emptied, and yet again, until all the bodies had been deposited; and then the great flagstone was replaced, and the vault will be left sealed until this day a year hence. To-morrow the bodies are to be placed in the next vault. The quicklime with which each vault is partly filled devours every vestige of the dead. In a little time nothing is left of the once jovial, careless, handsome Neapolitan—not even a memory

There was little emotion visible in the crowd of the idle curious. When the body of a young girl, with a white flower in her mouth, was lifted out of the coffin in which it had been brought hither, an old woman cried, "Poor Lisa! poor Lisa!" and there was silence for a moment; but a huge body was unshrouded the next moment—a man with a lemon in his mouth—and at that every one laughed heartily.

Giovanni tells me, with a good-natured resignation that is truly philosophical, when he dies he will be dropped into one of these vaults, and suggests that his *madre* put a cigar in his mouth.

Out goes my candle, suddenly and propitiously; for I have written enough, for once. A fellow must rest from his labors once in a while, even though he be a

VAGABOND.

Eels are a favorite Neapolitan food, and in Italy fish-culture has long been practiced to insure a supply of this kind at least. The eel-breeders of Comacchio have long been noted. The income here derived from this one fish is said, by a late writer on the "Harvest of the Sea," to be something wonderful, employing a population of some seven thousand.

The fish season is opened with great solemnity of prayer, and many of those other ceremonies of the Church peculiar to Roman Catholic communities—one of which is the consecration of the lagoon. The labyrinths, which have been constructed from hurdles in each watery field, are crowded with fish, so that there is comparatively little trouble in the capture; and the saltier waters of the sea being let in, the migratory instinct of the animal is excited, so that it becomes an easy prey to the fishermen.

Upon the occasion of taking a great haul of fish in any particular valley, a gun is fired to announce the glad tidings to the other islanders, and next day a feast is held to celebrate the capture, which must, however, be of a certain amount.

The town of Comacchio is chiefly a long street of one-storied houses, situated on the principal island of the lagoon. There is a cathedral in the town, but it is entirely destitute of any architectural character, and there is a tower, from the top of which a good view of the lagoon and its various islands may be obtained.

The preaching of the early apostles of Christianity was in many cases, if not most, delivered in the open air, beneath the blue vault of heaven, the congregation seated on the grass or such seats as rocks might give—many standing in attitudes that painters like to seize.

When churches were built, and the faithful gathered in them, these were, while primitive fervor lasted, the resort of Christians to hear the Word of God. But faith and fervor cool; the proverb, "The nearer the church, the further from heaven," shows that distance does not always account for the small numbers in many churches. Religious indifference succeeded religious fervor; in some countries, as in Scotland and our own New England, church attendance was made in a manner compulsory, and the rule is to attend, the absentees being the exception; but in Berlin, according to recent statistics, the absentees form a very large majority, the church-goers being few and rare.

With us, churches are losing their old influence, and Young Men's Christian Associations and similar organizations aim to withdraw the young men rising into active life from the allurements which will outweigh religious motives.

Outdoor preaching is resorted to in all countries to reach many of the absentees. Some stay away from lack of religious training or feeling, some from a feeling of shame—the



THE WATERMELON-DEALERS, NAPLES.

poor feeling their rags or threadbare, unfashionable garments out of place in the stylish crowds at the church. These and the uncared-for, and because uncared-for, dangerous classes, can be reached only by men who will go among them—men impassioned, zealous, accustomed to the thoughts, wants, temptations of their audience; men full of compassion for the erring and anxious for their well-being; above all, men whose patience is unalterable, who can labor apparently in vain and not lose heart.

Our scene was taken some years ago on the quays of Naples, where friars often preached to the reckless inhabitants of the lower quarters. With all the fervent eloquence the impassioned utterance of the South, the preachers appealed to the hearts and feelings of their audience. Often their words fell unheeded; sometimes a trifle would make their labor a success.

One preacher planted his cross in one of the very worst quarters of the city; as he preached, some girls on a balcony mimicked and mocked, amid oaths and jeers, all his language. Suddenly a pet bird flew from the arms of one of the creatures, and lighting on the cross, looked down in a curious way that birds often do; it seemed to be listening with all attention to the preacher. The girl was greatly touched. "Heavens!" she cried; "the bird listens like a Christian, while I mock like a demon!"

And rushing down, she threw herself at the feet of the preacher, weeping and deploring her career. The example was contagious; the effort to regenerate the quarter, which seemed so certain of failure, was unexpectedly converted into a triumph when it seemed an absolute defeat. A complete change was effected, and from being the most disorderly and worst quarter of the city, it became, for a time at least, one of the most quiet and orderly.



A STREET STALL IN NAPLES.

A NEW SPECIES OF BOWER BIRD.

A NEW species of the wonderful Bower Bird, of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in his "Descent of Man," has been found in New Guinea, where it is known as the Gardener Bird. It is, in fact, a Bird of Paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with the name; as both the male and the female have a plumage of the most unostentatious description. But what is wanting in the plumage of the birds, they made up by the adornment, not of their persons, but of their dwellings. They build beautiful arbors as places of social resort, which last for three or four years. For this purpose they select a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the

size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be, perhaps, merely to make a soft cushion round the tree, in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it.

At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round, leaving, of course, an opening by which the birds enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height and three feet in diameter, with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials.

They select a particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and



SCENE IN A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE AT NAPLES.



THE FEAST OF PIE DI GROTTA, NAPLES.

leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful for a long time after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

The Gardener Bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and though it does not seem to have invented a garden roller, the moss probably is a material which does not need such an instrument. Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is kept free from stems, grass or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty colors are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers these his daily gifts to his wife.

The objects brought are of great variety, but always of vivid colors, such as brilliant fruits, rosy flowers, fungi, mottled insects;

and as soon as any of them fade, they are moved to the back of the hut. Thus the Gardener Bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden, just as the gardener man takes away the faded flowers and renews them with fresh and beautiful ones.

The Gardener Bird is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear, by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect, not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe, and it is a landscape gardener of the highest talent. It is said that landscape is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the Birds of Paradise think the same?—substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element.

A RELIC.

BY G. A. DAVIS.

BEFORE me on my writing-table,
Among my books—a motley crew
Of grave Elizabethan worthies,
And modern scribblers, crude and now—
Between an old lamp from Pompeii,
And a bronze dragon of Japan,
Is this frail wall from buried Egypt,
That holds three thousand years in span.

Some shreds of linen, long discolored,
And stiffened, since they steeped each fold
In odorous gums and dense, strong spices,
One sunny day, in Thebes of old;
A crumbling rag of mummy-wrappings,
Round which the subtle scent still clings;
Cerements that crossed, on that dead bosom,
The scarabeus' outspread wings.

Who wove this web with jest and laughter?
Who measured it to shape a shroud?
Who wound the helpless limbs, laid straitly,
Of all life's treasure disallowed?
Whose tears upon the folds were falling?
What was the song the mourners sang?
And through the painted Theban chamber,
What wailing murmurs rose and rang?

Her face—I guess at line and color;
Slow, almond eyes, with sidelong glance;
And full, calm lips, with curving corners,
Just touched with sleepy scorn, perchance;
And straight, low brows, close-bound for beauty,
With beaten gold and burning gem,
And the small asp, upreared for striking,
A-front that quaint old diadem.

So richly warm, so darkly splendid
Looks out her ghost from shadow-land—
Some night, methinks, I scarce should wonder
To wake at touching of her hand!
And when the midnight chimes are dying
High in the world of air, to hear
Her voice, in faint, forgotten music,
Fall sad and strange upon my ear!

And I would ask, and she should answer,
Questions that history never knew,
Of facts overlooked in wise researches,
And fancies light as morning dew;
Of dreams that haunted, fears that vexed her,
Before this beating heart grew cold—
Of feverish joys that filled their measure,
And had their day, in Thebes of old.

I'd ask her of the changing seasons,
Of the swift round of nights and days;
The solemn pomp, the kingly splendors,
The little, trifling household ways;

Of this or that small, foolish fancy,
That once her universe could move—
The day life's dream of dreams o'ertook her—
The whole chronology of love!

What care I for the Memnon's secret?
Who reared the Sphinx?—'twas but a name.
That could not add one jot of wonder
To its eternal, mystic fame!
I would not search the hidden story
Buried beneath those desert sands;
Nor tear the Pyramids' gray mystery
From mummied Cheops' withered hands.

Poor ghost! I would not vex your patience,
To sketch the march of history o'er
A bald, bare roll of dates and figures,
And names of buried kings—no more!
Let Egypt's riddle rest, forgotten
Of all men, in its dusty goal—
I only seek, in restless yearning,
The secret of one human soul!

AN ANTIQUARY IN A DIFFICULTY.

WHEN Dr. Buckland was Dean of Westminster, the lately deceased Dr. Rimbault applied to him for permission to make extracts from the registers of the Abbey, in order to ascertain the dates of admission and of the decease of some of the eminent men who had been on the establishment at Westminster.

The difficulty which presented itself to the Dean's mind was, that it would be too great a tax upon his own time to wait while the extracts were made, and that he could not give up the keys of the muniment-room to any person. Still, he desired to oblige in all cases of literary research; and, therefore, offered to take Dr. Rimbault into the room, and to leave him there, to be let out at any appointed time. The proposal was particularly agreeable to Dr. Rimbault, as he could then work without interruption. Thinking that about three hours would suffice, and as he dined at an early hour, he appointed one o'clock.

The Dean was not punctual, and the Doctor worked on. At three o'clock the latter felt the want of his dinner; his extracts were finished, and he wished only to be gone. "What could have detained the Dean?" But no step was to be heard. The evening service soon began, and at length the last peal of the organ had faded away, and all was quiet. It then became evident that Dr. Rimbault was forgotten.

And how long was this to last? Before daylight had quite passed away, he had surveyed his position, and found that he was in a trap from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He could neither scale the window nor make himself heard. He was quite at the mercy of the Dean's memory; for he had not told any one where he was going, because he expected to return home within a few hours. "Would his disappearance be advertised, and would the Dean see it—and when?" Dr. Rimbault had none of the bodily fat which is said to support life under long periods of fasting, and the last was, therefore, an important question with him. "When would the muniment-room be next visited?" This was indeed a remote contingency; so that, like *Ginevra* in the chest which had closed over her with a spring-lock, nothing but his skeleton might then be found.

From these uncomfortable reflections, Dr. Rimbault was released late at night. He had drawn together some parchments to recline upon, but not to sleep, when at last a key was heard in the door. The good Dean had gone home to dinner, and had taken his siesta; after which he commenced ruminating over the events of the day, and then, at last,

thought of his prisoner! He returned to the Abbey at some inconvenience, and set him free with many apologies. Dr. Rimbault's ardor to be shut up in a muniment-room had then quite cooled.

A SINGING MOUSE.

THE family of a well-known gentleman on Seventh Street, Cincinnati, have been greatly exercised for some weeks by the singing of what sounded like a canary-bird, behind the wainscoting of the house, and between the walls of the partitions. All through the night the singing has been done, and sometimes it has been so loud as to waken the gentleman and his wife and disturb them.

At last Mr. F. succeeded, with the help of one or two lady friends, in capturing the vocalist. A brick was removed from the hearth in the kitchen, a trap was set, and after a long wait a mouse ventured out and into the trap. Recently a *Commercial* reporter was at Mr. F.'s house, where several other friends were gathered to observe the wonder.

The wire trap containing the mouse was placed upon the table, and the singing was anxiously awaited. The mouse, an ordinary-looking one, with a rough coat and bright, black, bead-like eyes, did not seem to be disposed to sing, and after a long wait and a good many expressions of incredulity concerning his vocalistic abilities, it was suggested that the mouse be fed. A little bread was given it, and some water. It went for the water, and began an extraordinary amount of face-washing and general primping, betraying its sex immediately, and convincing the audience that they might expect a soprano or contralto, and not a bass or baritone.

After the prima donna had finished her toilet, she gathered herself up in a little brown ball and began to sing. She began with a twitter like a woodbird, then she chirruped like a sparrow, and then settled down into a long, sweet warble, like a young canary. As the tiny thing swelled up its throat and rolled its black eyes, and executed the most wonderful little trills, and roulades, and cadenzas, and the sweetest diminuendos and crescendos, the listeners looked at one another in wonder and delight.

There it was at last—a real little mouse, sitting up in its cage and singing away with all its might! It is impossible to describe the character of its singing, and Mrs. F. says it varies remarkably every time it sings. It is a soft, sweet tone, not clear and sharp, like the singing of an old canary—rather like a young bird, just learning to sing. Occasionally it makes a whining, exactly like a very young puppy, and then, after a chirrup or two, starts off on its song again.

Talking had no effect, and did not seem to annoy it; and the cage was even passed around from one to another without interrupting the singing of the little prisoner. It had been singing a straight hour when the reporter left, and was still at it, and entertaining an admiring and wondering party of listeners.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT UPON DIAMONDS.

It has long been known that certain minerals are peculiarly affected by the action of sunlight. Ancient writers note that certain colored precious stones grew pale in the light of the sun, and mention, as one thus acted upon, the beautiful green chrysoprase; the color of which, however, they asserted—and, it is said, truly—could be restored by wrapping it in a cloth previously soaked in wine, and secluding it in a cellar.

There are many known cases in which the beauty of emeralds has been destroyed by leaving them exposed to strong sunlight. An American writer mentions a dark-green emerald, which he had worn seven years, as losing its color and value from this cause.

Dr. Schnauss has recently redirected attention to the subject, and has pointed out that colored diamonds, under the influence of extreme heat, lose their color, and, in most cases, permanently; although in others the colors return after exposure to sunlight. According to Dr. Fright, under certain circumstances the colored diamond is as sensitive to light as the photographer's chloride of silver is. A diamond merchant named Martin exposed a diamond to a very high temperature, in order to destroy its brownish color, but the stone became of a permanent rose-red. Coster treated another diamond in the same way, and that, too, turned rose-red; but the most remarkable part was that this color was only permanent in the dark, and disappeared in four or five minutes if exposed to the sun's light, the stone acquiring a weak brown color. This change also took place in a room where the light was by no means bright. Another diamond, of a dirty yellow color, was ignited in a current of hydrogen in a porcelain tube, and allowed to cool there. The color disappeared, but not the lustre. If this specimen were exposed to diffused light for six or seven minutes, its original yellow color returned. Dr. Schnauss attributes such phenomena to phosphorescence.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

THE exiles who live in the Siberian mines are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of taskmasters who have orders not to spare them.

Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rock—very kennels—into which they must creep on all-fours.

Prince Joseph Lubomirski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Oural, at a time when it was not suspected he would ever publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw. Convicts racked with the joint-pains which quicksilver produces; men, whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash.

They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sundays included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary. Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years.

No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home; the most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline.

Women are employed in the mines as sifters, but they receive no better treatment than the men.

SUPERFICIAL knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.



STREET-PREACHING IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—“A MAN APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD, SEIZED STROZZI BY THE COLLAR, AND, DRAGGING HIM BACKWARD ACROSS THE DOORWAY, DROPPED HIM STRAIGHT DOWN THE BROAD, CARVED STAIRCASE.”

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued.)

Hour after hour went by. Nobody came to open the Rooms. Now and then some person passed by, stared at the beautiful pinched face and blank, desolate eyes of the waiting girl, but spoke no word to her.

Morning dwindled into noon. Still Mercy did not move. She was hungry and faint, she was homeless, friendless, penniless. The only thing of value which she possessed in the world—the only thing by which she might secure, Vol. VI., No. 1—5.

perhaps, a little food or a night's lodging, was Val's ring, shining there, mocking and bright, on her cold hand—sooner than part with that she would die a hundred deaths.

After a long time a man mounted the stair, and gave Mercy a surly glance.

“You'd better move on, girl,” he said; “it's growing dark here.”

Growing dark! She cast a frightened look around. Yes, it was quite true. She had been there the entire day. The matron was not coming.

Mercy descended to the street and walked away—whither, she neither knew nor cared.

Was there any one in the wide world to whom she could now go? No one! The evening lights began to glimmer.

People jostled her along the pavement—happy people, hastening to friends and home. Nobody paid any heed to the shabby girl with the wild, white, beautiful face and the blank, lost air. She was but one small atom in the great maelstrom.

Darkness settled down upon the multitudinous roofs. Carriages rumbled by, bearing happy girls to concert and play; but here was one as fair as the fairest, as pure as the purest, wandering forsaken, hungry and hopeless, and, like the dove outside the ark, without a resting-place for the sole of her foot. In all the great city there was not upon this night so forlorn a creature as Mercy Dill. And yet some angel was guiding her tired steps all the while—guiding them straight to meet a certain strange event that waited to change entirely her whole dark, joyless life.

It was half-past seven by the clocks when she found herself at the entrance of a small West-end square. Her confused brain had at last conceived the forlorn purpose of returning to Seedy Court, and passing another night upon the steps of deserted No. 10. As she reached a corner where the street ended and the square began, her sad eyes were attracted to a big building just before her—an imposing hotel, all agleam with lights from garret to basement. Even as Mercy looked, a girl in a rich evening dress came to one of the brilliant, lace-draped windows, showed a smiling, high-bred face for a moment, flirted a costly fan, adjusted a bracelet, and then vanished. Before the entrance several carriages waited, among others, one that was to convey a guest of the house to an evening train at a neighboring depot.

As Mercy, held by that fascination which ease and luxury always have for want, stood wistfully surveying the lighted windows, a human figure crept stealthily down another street on the right of the hotel, and paused in the shadow at the corner of the building.

It was a woman in shawl and bonnet, and coarse gown, with a haggard, shrunken face, round which some disordered wisps of black hair strayed. Her shawl was dragged down upon one side of her body, and in its shelter one hand was held out of sight. Standing with only the width of the crossing betwixt her and Mercy, she gazed intently toward the entrance of the hotel, her figure bent, her head uplifted, her wasted face alert and wolfish. It was Moll Dill.

Had the woman been drinking? Assuredly not. She looked gaunt and ill. A feverish hunger consumed her, but not for food or drink.

Mercy gave a great start; then ran quickly, and laid her hand upon the lurking shape, glad indeed to find the last and only being in the world upon whom she had a claim.

"Mother!"

Moll leaped violently, and turned on the speaker like a beast at bay.

"What! is it you?" she answered, in a hoarse, surprised whisper; and the hidden right hand made a curious, convulsed movement under her shawl. "Step back a little—speak low—where have you been?"

"It is a long story, mother," answered Mercy, wearily, and making no resistance as the other thrust her back in the shadow of the wall.

"You look as if death had struck you. Fool! what made you leave your lover on your wedding-day?"

"Come with me," said Mercy, "and I will tell you all."

Moll stared darkly at her child.

"Come with you—where?" she hissed. "The house in Seedy Court is shut up. Have you found another home? Have you any place to lay your head in to-night?"

"No."

Moll Dill struck the wall so fiercely with her clinched hand that the blood started from the bruised flesh.

"Have you any money, girl?"

"No."

"No more have I. I left my place in the country when I heard you were lost, and came back here to look for you; and I've had a hundred devils in me ever since—raging devils, tearing me by day and night!"

Something in the woman's wasted face struck a strange terror to Mercy's heart.

"Mother, you frighten me! You are sick. Let us move on. I will beg a shelter somewhere to-night, and to-morrow I will find work. Oh, come! what are you doing here?"

Moll clutched the girl fiercely.

"Hist! I'll murder you if you cry out like that! I'm waiting to speak with a—a—friend?" She rolled this last word like a sweet morsel on her wicked tongue. "Do you see this big hotel? There's a man inside it who can help us if he will—a man worth his millions—steeping in luxury while you and I starve—curse him! Go and wait for me on the other side of the square. I can't stir from this spot till I have a word with that man."

"Who is he?" said Mercy, blankly. "What is he to us?"

"He's a cruel devil!" hissed Moll. "Stand back! Don't come so near me—don't ask questions. Off with you, I say!"

"No," said Mercy, firmly, "I will not leave you for a moment. There is something wrong with you to-night. Come with me, mother—come with me! You are prowling here for no good!"

With a face full of baffled fury, Moll turned and struck the girl a blow.

"I'd trample you, if it wasn't for bringing a crowd around!" she whispered, savagely. "Loose my shawl—go!"

As this last syllable quivered on her wrathful lips, a servant issued from the hotel, bearing a gentleman's valise, which he placed in the depot-carriage waiting at the curbstone. Immediately after, two persons appeared in the door and descended the steps together. One was Jacob Phillips, the other, Sardis the banker. The latter was talking earnestly to his old, gray clerk—so earnestly that he looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and certainly saw nothing of the two women. Moll Dill made a menacing gesture to her daughter.

"That is the man!" she whispered. "Stay here while I speak to him."

She glided round the corner of the hotel, and approached the pair as they paused before the carriage. Undismayed by blow or threat, impelled by the great, nameless fear that was tugging at her heart, Mercy followed her.

"Good-by, Phillips. 'I think I have given you the necessary instructions,'" said Cullen Sardis.

"Good-by, sir. I wish you a pleasant journey," answered the old clerk. "My regards to Miss Beatrix."

The two shook hands. The banker's cold, stern profile was turned toward the woman creeping along the pavement. How eloquent was his whole stately person of wealth, importance, ease! Moll pulled her bonnet over her brows, and, averting her face a little, went up to him and twitched his sleeve.

"Money!" she muttered, extending her grimy left palm.

He turned, saw what he thought to be a common beggar, shook off her touch, and answered:

"No."

"Money, sir, for God's sake!" she urged, with stifled vehemence.

"No, I tell you—move on!" he replied, not deigning, this time, to glance at her.

Swift as lightning she flung back the trailing end of her

shawl, showing the hidden right hand at last, and the thing which it clutched with the concentrated rage and hate of many a year.

"Curse you! take that from Moll!" she cried, in a voice that rang half-way across the square.

A leap, an ugly gleam of coarse steel, and then a piercing shriek in a girl's voice, "Mother! mother! The rush of something betwixt the weapon of the woman and the breast of the man, and Mercy Dill's hot blood spirted out upon the banker as, with a cry of horror and amazement—a cry of recognition, too—he caught her falling body on his arm.

And Moll? Down clattered her reddened knife, as if it had been struck violently from her murderous hand. With protruding eye-balls she stared at Cullen Sardis, and the bleeding figure he held, then turned to fly; but, before she had taken a dozen steps, staggered and sank, without word or sound, a writhing, convulsed heap, to the pavement.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHANGES.



N a moment the spot swarmed with a gaping, curious crowd. From lip to lip the news passed that a drunken woman had stabbed a young girl and fallen in a fit.

"Take her to your own house, Phillips," said Cullen Sardis, hastily placing his inanimate burden in the arms of his clerk. "For God's sake, let there be no scandal! I will attend to the—the other."

An officer lifted Moll Dill from the pavement. She was foaming at the mouth and writhing in frightful contortions. He exchanged a few words with Cullen Sardis; then a carriage was called, and the woman conveyed to the nearest hospital, where she was placed in a private room, and the best medical attendance summoned to her aid. A servant took the banker's valise from the depot-carriage and bore it back to the hotel—Cullen Sardis would not leave the city to-night. The gaping crowd dispersed and went its way, with its curiosity for the most part ungratified.

A little later, at the quiet hospital whither the outcast had been carried, in the parlor of the sovereign surgeon of the place, who was an old college classmate and warm personal friend of the banker—Cullen Sardis, haggard and uneasy, waited for tidings of his would-be murderess.

A door opened, at last, and the surgeon himself appeared—a small, thin man, with a firm mouth and calmly speculative eye.

"Spasms of the heart," he said, in a low voice that was vibrant with secret sympathy.

The banker stood with downcast eyes, and a cold, rigid face that betrayed no agitation.

"Is she likely to recover?"

"No. Her constitution is shattered by excesses. It is doubtful if she lasts the night out."

Cullen Sardis grasped his friend's arm convulsively.

"Is she conscious?"

"No."

"In Heaven's name, bring her to her senses for a few moments! It is a matter of the greatest importance—she has something to tell me."

"I will do what I can."

Yes, that wicked, wasted life was drawing now to a sudden close. The murderous hand had done its last work. The restless brain, maddened with long years of drink, and ineffectual agonies of hate, remorse and despair, lay dormant under a terrible weight.

Swiftly the end was coming! Stretched on her white bed, Moll Dill awaited it, senseless as a log; and not far away, Cullen Sardis, the banker, whom an indulgent fortune had lifted far, far above such creatures of the gutter—Cullen Sardis, I say, walked the surgeon's parlor in a maze of troubled thought, unable to quit the place, willing to barter half of his earthly possessions for speech with this miserable, dying outcast. Verily, his aristocratic wife and peerless daughter would have wondered greatly to see him then and there.

It was almost morning when the surgeon came to the door again and looked in at his friend.

"She is conscious. Come!" was all that he said.

In utter silence, Cullen Sardis followed him to the bedside of Moll Dill.

She was lying upon her pillow, her hands moving in a ghastly, uncertain way over the counterpane, her black eyes set in a fixed stare. The attendant drew back from the bed as the banker approached. She recognized him instantly. A wild gleam shot into her cavernous eyes; with a stifled cry, she sought to lift herself up. He bent over her. A name which he had not spoken for many years fell mechanically from his ashy lips:

"Marie!"

She heard it; a shudder passed over her wretched figure. The subdued gleam of the night-lamp wavered along the bed, over the awful face of the woman, over the stately figure of the banker, who seemed strangely out of place in a scene like this.

"Then I did not kill you!" she gasped, burying her long fingers convulsively in the counterpane.

Was it regret at the failure of her murderous attempt, or relief only, which sent a spasm all over her death-stricken face?

"Where's Mercy?" Then, with a shriek, she added, "Did I kill her?"

The banker could not answer; for, having been at the hospital all night, he knew nothing of the condition of the girl who had saved his life at the risk, perhaps at the sacrifice, of her own.

"Whom do you mean by Mercy?" he said, scarcely able to control his voice.

"The girl—the girl!" whispered Moll Dill.

"On your soul, tell me the truth! Is that the child who was once called Mabel—the child that you stole nineteen years ago?"

She nodded.

"Yes—yes! Did I kill her, I say?"

He drew back a step, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I hope not—I trust not. Merciful Heaven! what an unutterable curse you have been, alike to yourself and to me!" he groaned.

Moll Dill glared up at him with something of her old ferocity; but her strength was too far spent to give it voice.

"The girl—the girl!" she whispered again.

Sardis drew nearer to the bed.

"I am listening. What do you wish to say?"

"Take care of her. Don't visit my sins upon her head. You are rich—take care of her."

"I will!" answered Cullen Sardis.

Moll Dill shrank suddenly into her pillow, as if clutched in an invisible grasp. The hands in the counterpane grew rigid and still. If the banker had further questions in mind, it was now too late to give them voice.

"Tell—Mercy—to—forgive—"

These words, spoken with great difficulty, closed the drama of a dark, sad, perverted life. The surgeon and the attendant hurried to the bed. Moll Dill heaved herself up once on the latter's sustaining arm. There was a groan,

then silence. With a face like ashes, Cullen Sardis cast one look upon the dead, and turned and rushed from the room.

Half an hour later he left the hospital, and, haggard from want of sleep and the wear and tear of many dark thoughts, he set his face toward a retired street in a highly respectable, though not fashionable, South End quarter. A pure, sweet wind was abroad; the dawn hung tremulously in the primrose sky; the city—that part of it, at least, was still sleeping. God have mercy on the dark soul which had passed with the night!

Cullen Sardis mounted the steps of an unpretending house, and rang the bell. It was the home of Jacob Phillips; and that small, gray, perplexed man appeared in person to admit his master.

"Is she living?"

That was the banker's first question, put in an agitated voice.

"Yes," answered Phillips.

"Is she much hurt?"

"Yes."

As the two stood face to face in the wan morning, Phillips thought he had never seen his master look so weary and worn and troubled.

"I wish to see her for a moment," he whispered.

Phillips led the way up a softly carpeted stair. At its head a gray-haired, placid-faced woman, gentle and motherly of mien, met them—Jacob Phillips's wife. Without making any comment upon the invasion which she had suffered in her quiet, childless home, she beckoned the banker along a corridor, noiselessly opened a door and entered a room beyond.

It was a cool, white chamber. Through its curtained windows the dawn was just struggling. A soft gray carpet covered the floor. Glasses and vials of medicine stood on the toilet-table. In one corner was a bed, and upon it a human shape lay stretched, as cold and motionless as the dead—Mercy Dill.

Her eyes were closed; the black lashes clung heavily to her marble cheek. Her golden hair, spread out on the pillow, made a sort of mocking glory about the ghastly rigidity of her face. All her own garments had been removed, and others of fine linen substituted; so that she was as white as Elaine when she drifted down the river to her burial.

Cullen Sardis stepped forward, and looked down at her as she lay—the girl who had saved his life, the girl whom Moll Dill, in dying, had left to his care. There was something more than curiosity in his eyes—something more than the natural interest which he might be expected to feel in this young person.

"What does the surgeon say of her?" he whispered to Mrs. Phillips.

"He says that her life hangs by a thread."

"The wound was dangerous, then?"

"Mortal, I'm afraid, sir. She is unconscious, as you see. I cannot bear to look at her—she frightens me; she is the picture of death. I am sure she cannot live."

He bent over the insensible girl, touched her hand, laid his fingers upon her slim, almost pulseless wrist, then retreated silently from the chamber. The old gray clerk and his gentle-faced wife meekly followed the man of money below-stairs.

"The person who attempted my life is dead," said Cullen Sardis, glancing significantly at Phillips. "I owe this girl a debt of gratitude which must be suitably paid. I shall send to you immediately the best nurse to be found in the city. I shall rely upon you to do your utmost to save her. No pains nor expense must be spared; it is of the greatest importance to me that she should live. My dear

old friend, I depend upon you in this emergency; see that you do not fail me."

Phillips grasped the hand which his employer held out to him in earnest appeal. No words were spoken, but Cullen Sardis knew well that he had enlisted these people, body and soul, in the cause of the wounded girl who had been thrust so abruptly upon their protection. If money and skill and watching could save her, then would she be saved.

Not many hours after, a plain hearse, followed by a single close carriage, bore all that remained of Moll Dill out of that city where she had suffered and sinned so much, to a quiet grave in a lovely green corner of Woodlawn. The close carriage contained two gentlemen—Cullen Sardis and the old clerk who shared all his secrets. This pair stood by in profound and solemn silence, and witnessed the outcast's burial; after which they returned to the city, and the banker departed at once to join his ward among the mountains, leaving Mercy Dill to the charge of Jacob Phillips and his wife.

Day succeeded day. Autumn had come, and Mercy lay in her white chamber, sinking, fainting, dying in the agony of fever and delirium. Now she was a child again, starving and freezing in some North End attic with her wretched mother; now she was flying from her dark, wicked persecutor, Discordo; then it was Val Black's name upon which she called with piteous pleading—the lover who had loved her for a little space, and then left her to her fate, while he himself went away to fortune and happiness over the great sea. Sometimes she was sewing for bread in her chamber at Seedy Court, singing her Gospel Hymns; and in the midst of her delirium and weakness her glorious young voice would break free, and ring through the darkened chamber, sweet as an angel's from heaven. Sometimes she was dead, and lying stark and motionless in a cool, green grave; and she heard the stealthy footsteps of the world over her head, and the whisper of voices that seemed afraid to disturb her repose.

"It is time to telegraph again to Mr. Sardis."

"Was it not a great pity to cut off her beautiful hair?"

"No flowers in the room, Mrs. Phillips—the doctor will not allow it."

Mercy tried to lift her hand. The effort gave great agony to her entire body. She shrieked aloud. Some one rushed to her side, bent over her, held a glass to her lips.

"Where am I?" she tried to ask; but her hollow voice

"Was thin as voices from the grave."

"With friends, my dear child," was the answer.

"That cannot be—I have no friends," protested Mercy, and fell asleep with the words on her lips.

After many days she became aware that she was lying in some downy, white place, full of warmth and silence—that cautious feet trod about her—anxious, kindly faces watched her. She was not dead; on the contrary, she was drifting back from the dark gates toward life and strength again. At first her mind was too feeble for questions; but one day she awoke and found a man standing by her bedside.

"You are better," he said, gently.

She did not answer, only looked up at him attentively, conscious, in the midst of all her weakness, that somewhere she had seen that face before.

"You are better," he repeated. "You will soon be well."

"Who are you?" said Mercy.

"The person whose life you saved," answered the man.

"Where is my mother?" she gasped.

"Be calm. Do not think of her. By-and-by you shall know all."

As her strength returned, many facts dawned upon Mercy's comprehension. She was in some blessed refuge, where she was being cared for most constantly, most tenderly. The tall, strong woman who was always by her bed, was the nurse. The small, gray lady who often leaned down and kissed her, and called her "dear child," was the mistress of the house. The cold, grave gentleman who appeared only at long intervals in the chamber, and who came from some unknown distance, was the man she had seen in the banking-house of Sardis & Co.—the man her mother had sought to kill—yea, it was Cullen Sardis himself, for she heard his name frequently spoken by the small, gray lady. Every moment a great, guardian watchfulness compassed her about. She was fed upon strange delicacies; rare fruits and flowers appeared daily on the table by her bed. For the first time in her life she felt the blessed delight of being protected, cherished, thought of. Ay, truly, she *was* with friends!

One morning the little gray woman came to her side and said, sweetly:

"Now that you are growing stronger, my dear, I think I had better tell you who we are, and how you chance to be with us," which she at once proceeded to do.

Mercy gazed at her with great, hollow, moon-like eyes.

"You are all very, very good," she faltered, feebly. "I'm afraid I can never thank you as I ought. Why is Mr. Sardis so kind to me?"

"Good gracious! my dear child, of course he feels very grateful to you—it would be strange if he did not," replied Mrs. Phillips, hastily. "With all his wealth, he is a man of great good feeling. I want you to be well and strong when next he sees you. He is now in New York, and is not likely to visit Boston again for some weeks, but we send him daily news of you."

Val's employer! How strange and unreal it seemed to Mercy. She was bewildered, she was grateful, but she had not forgotten her wretched mother. She asked for her with such persistency that Mrs. Phillips was obliged, at last, to tell her the truth.

"My dear," she said, tenderly, taking the girl's shadowy hands in her own, "I hope you are strong enough to bear what I shall say. Your mother died a few hours after she had nearly taken your life—by mistake, of course. You have talked a great deal in your delirium, and I know without being told, that you must have suffered extraordinary things with that woman—Oh, dear! what have I done? Taste this cordial—quick!"

But the little, gray lady was too late; Mercy had fainted helplessly away.

She was young, and, in spite of past hardship and privation, her constitution was good. The terrible wound made by Moll Dill's knife healed rapidly. One day Cullen Sardis appeared again at the house of his clerk. The Autumn was far advanced then, the trees were bare, and covered with sleet and snow. The banker found Mercy seated in an easy chair before a glowing grate, clothed in a dress of some soft, black material, which Mrs. Phillips had provided for her. Her beautiful face was as white and shadowy as a waning moon, and in its wasted contours the violet eyes looked supernaturally large and dark. All her golden length of hair had been shorn away, and the remnant of it clung in a fringe of babyish rings and curls about her throat and forehead, giving her an odd, childish air.

"I rejoice to find you out of danger," said the banker, in a peculiarly gentle voice. "I have come all the way from New York to talk with you."

She lifted her large, patient eyes. It was an angelic face, and Cullen Sardis felt its beauty and innocence as he had felt nothing before for many a long year.

"I am glad you are come," she answered, simply. "I have much—very much to thank you for. Oh, sir, what would have become of me but for you?"

He grew very grave.

"But for me you would not have been hurt at all. You received your wound in my cause, remember. The least I could do was to provide proper care for you. I am in your debt, my child, not you in mine. I doubt if I can ever quite cancel accounts with you. I came here to-day to hear the story of your life, Mercy. Tell it to me, and omit nothing—try to forget nothing. I want to know everything possible concerning you."

Mrs. Phillips, who was sewing in a window, arose at this juncture and left the room. Mercy and her new friend were alone together. He drew a chair to the fire and sat down expectantly. Mercy fixed upon him her great, earnest eyes.

"You knew my mother?" she said.

A curious change swept his high-bred face.

"Yes—many years ago."

"And she tried to kill you! Oh, sir, she must have been mad!"

"Quite likely—some time we will talk about that; but first I must know how and where your life has been lived, Mercy. Begin—I am impatient."

She had nothing to conceal. Beginning with her first recollections of poverty and want in a North End tenement house, she went on through the succeeding years, faithfully relating their whole story of misery and privation—all that she had endured with Moll Dill, until she arrived at the few months spent with the Blacks at Seedy Court. Here her voice faltered, and the painful color arose in her white cheek; but something in Cullen Sardis's face encouraged her to proceed—the deep pain and sympathy of his look made her feel that he was sorry for her, and was profoundly stirred by all she said.

"Go on," he urged, as she hesitated; "keep nothing from me. I am more anxious than I can tell to hear your whole story."

She told him of Val Black's love, of her attempted marriage, of her imprisonment by Discordo, her escape, and her last interview with Moll Dill, pregnant with such unexpected results.

The banker arose from his chair and walked across the chamber, like a man unable to contain himself. Presently he paused by her side.

"The scoundrel!" he cried; "have you no clue to his whereabouts? What was he like?—this Discordo?"

No, Mercy had no clue; but she described his appearance so accurately that Cullen Sardis gave an involuntary start.

"A striking portrait! I know a person who might answer to it very well, were he a vagabond teacher of music instead of a gentleman moving in the highest circles of society. As it is," with a faint smile, "I think I can scarcely accuse him of being Discordo. These Italians bear a marked resemblance to each other, and have, I suppose, the same tricks of speech. It would be well, perhaps, to offer a reward for the villain's apprehension. What punishment would you like to mete out to him, Mercy?"

She shook her fair head.

"None. I am safe—he can harm me no more, and I wish never to see his face again nor hear his name. Don't try to find him. Is it not better to let him go—to forget him altogether?"

Cullen Sardis laid his hand on the back of her chair.

"And that other person—Valentine Black, who was once a clerk in my banking-house. I have taken pains to learn something about his change of fortune, Mercy. I know

men's hearts, and I fear he was only too ready to be deceived by Discordo, and wash his hands of you when his rare luck came. My poor child, do you love him still?"

Her bosom heaved, her small hands worked convulsively; then a great storm of pent-up sobs shook her from head to foot. The banker, alarmed beyond measure, caught her in his arms.

"Mercy! is it as serious as this? He is an English baronet. He has forgotten your very existence by this time. A great, hulking lout, if I remember rightly—not the man to take any girl's fancy. Dear child, be calm—you will do yourself injury."

She wept as if her heart would break. It was many moments before the storm passed; then, with a great effort, she looked up at the banker, a strange, solemn light in her great, wet eyes.

"He was the first person who ever cared for me in the least—who was ever kind to me. I am glad—oh, so glad!—for his good fortune—glad that he will never be ill-paid or overworked or pinched with poverty more. If he has wronged me in any way, I forgive him freely, freely! I bless him from my heart; from my heart I pray that he will be happy in his new life. Men are not always happy, I suppose, even though they are rich and great. It is as if he were dead, you know, and passed into another world; but I shall never forget him—never, never!"

Cullen Sardis took another turn around the room.

"You are young, Mercy; you have much to learn," he said, almost sternly. "Your life, I see, has been one long torment, with not a single bright spot anywhere in it. To me your courage and endurance seem marvelous. You brave, patient girl! You noble, heroic girl! Would to God I could have rescued you from your misery long ago. Don't look so startled"—and here a sickly smile crept over his agitated lips—"I should be an ingrate, indeed, if I did not henceforth regard your welfare as my own. Now that we have disposed of your past, Mercy, let us discuss your future."

"My future!" The tears thickened in her mournful eyes; her sweet, spiritless mouth drooped; she looked at the glowing fire, twisting her white fingers nervously together. "It will be like my past, I suppose. I shall go back to the old work, somewhere; I shall earn my bread again, somehow."

"Never!" He smiled down upon her, his cold, aristocratic face wearing such a look as neither wife nor daughter had ever seen upon it. "Never, Mercy! Your old life is dead and buried; every tie that bound you to it is now dissolved. I have other plans for you."

She arose to her feet in her great agitation, her face all startled and amazed.

"You, sir!"

"I! You are alone in this world. Henceforth I am your guardian—you belong to me. Remember the gratitude I owe you. Resign all care for yourself—I know far better than you do what your needs are. You will remain in this house till your strength is fully established: after that you will immediately be sent to school. Forget your old life from this moment, and take no further thought for your future. As God hears me, you shall never, so long as I can prevent it, know want in any form again!"

With a cry of mingled surprise and joy she sank upon her knees at his feet.

"Oh, sir, you are jesting with me—you cannot mean it! What am I that you should do this for me?"

He snatched her up; his face was convulsed with some sudden strong emotion.

"In Heaven's name, don't kneel to me! I am not jesting. Dush—not a word more—I cannot bear it! To com-

pensate you for your past suffering is now impossible; but I may help you, perhaps, to forget it. Kiss me, my poor child!"

He took her pale face in his hands, and pressed his lips to it with remorseful, yearning tenderness.

"Kiss me once, Mercy."

She obeyed, and as she did so, she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

A few days later, Mercy Dill was placed at school. And so it was that Cullen Sardis found a ward, of whose existence, singularly enough, he never spoke, either to wife, or daughter, or friend.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEE SPEAKS AGAIN.

Monday.—To-day, something very unpleasant happened. I was standing in the embrasure of a drawing-room window, staring out into the wintry sunshine, and thinking how dull and monotonous life, even fashionable life, is, and feeling quite ready to cry out with the preacher, "All is vanity!" when a servant ushered Baron Strozzi into the room.

Now I make it a point never to see or speak to that man when I can avoid it; so I just gathered myself together behind the silk damask drapery, and stood as silent as a mouse. I am not very large, and the noble Roman seated himself at the other end of the room, entirely ignorant of my presence.

Directly the door opened, and Aunt Amelia entered, her long train making a great rustle on the velvet pile carpet. I heard her greet the baron warmly, and soon after the following conversation was wafted to my ears.

"Dearest madame, I come to you for sympathy—I am heart-broken."

"Baron!"

I heard him kiss her hand.

"Your fair niece, madame—ze divine Beatrix—she treats me cruelly; she detests me. I rend my hair with despair, madame."

"Baron," said the cold, calm voice of my aunt, "I have witnessed with pain the conduct of my niece. Beatrix is very capricious. However, I beg you will remember her extreme youth. Do not be discouraged—you have my entire support."

"Alas! Madame, she repulses me everywhere. She scorns me. My life is a burden!"

"Baron, I intend to act for the highest good of my niece, whether she has wit to appreciate my efforts or not. Willing or unwilling, Beatrix shall make a creditable marriage—a marriage that I and my friends can approve. Her uncle has full control of her person and her fortune for years to come. I give you my word, Baron, that she shall be your wife!"

"Madame, you lift a great load from my heart—you overwhelm me with happiness. You promise zat she shall be mine?"

"I promise that she shall be yours!"

A thrill of horror ran through every vein in my body. Could anything be more infamous than this? Another caller was shown in at that moment, and the conversation was brought to a close.

I remained in my hiding-place till the drawing-room was empty; then stole away to my own chamber, where I now sit, full of consternation and foreboding. And so my dear aunt has promised me to the baron—she is leagued with him against my peace and happiness! These precious allies are prepared to make me a baroness whether I will or no! Well, let us see how they will succeed

Wednesday.—A Charity Ball at the Academy of Music. I wore white gauze over silk of an exquisite blush-rose tint, and played the part of spectator the whole evening. Baron Strozzi came to claim me for the first waltz, and was repulsed without mercy.

"Bee," said Aunt Amelia, in my ear, "you will dance with the baron or not at all. I require you to observe the rules of common politeness."

"Then I will not dance at all," I answered. And I did not.

Grafulla's band and Bernstein's orchestra discoursed sweet music; the great chandelier and numerous side-lights blazed gayly. What toilets! what vases! The polished yellow floor, laid evenly to the back of the stage, was covered with happy people. Stalls, lobbies, and boxes echoed with subdued voices and laughter.

I saw the baron dancing wildly and casting looks of dark triumph to the box where I moped beside Aunt Amelia; I saw Ethel floating through valse after valse, and I bore it all like a martyr. Miserable evening! I have but one satisfaction—I suffered in a good cause.

Thursday.—A German at Miss Vann's. Lawrence Harding was there with the Severnes. Ethel was there—it is the last time that she will be seen in public before her marriage—she danced with Lawrence. The baron was there, and persecuted me relentlessly. When I could bear it no longer, I begged him to bring me an ice, and the moment he departed in quest of one, I slipped out of the ball-room, and fled to Miss Vann's studio, which she had thrown open to her guests this night.

I found the room entirely empty, and gleaming with pictures, rich bric-a-brac, and soft wax-lights, and scented with pot-pourri and masses of hot-house flowers. In a recess, where a drapery of golden flowered, eastern stuff, was arranged like a curtain before an exquisite statue of Hebe, I found an antique chair, and sat down, determined to remain in this refuge for the rest of the evening.

"Anywhere, anywhere, away from that detestable Strozzi," I said to myself. "Nobody will follow me here;" and no sooner had I arrived at this conclusion, and begun to inspect the classic proportions of Hebe, than the studio door opened, and two persons entered—Ethel and Lawrence Harding.

He looked very grave and stern. She was trying to assume her usual society air, and was not quite able to compass it.

"Ah! we have stumbled upon Miss Vann's temple of art," I heard her say, nervously; "let us go back to the ball-room—I shall be missed."

"One moment, Ethel," he answered, sternly. "Do you know what brought me to this house to-night?"

"No. Something of importance, no doubt, since I hear you have forsworn society and all its vanities."

"I came here to see you—to speak with you for the last time before your marriage."

From my place behind the gold-flowered curtain I could see the beautiful, scented room, glimmering with costly things, and those two standing near the door—he with his brown face grown all pale and fierce, she nervously plucking at her bouquet, the light striking off her waved bronze hair and creamy throat, and glancing down the enormous length of her dress of iceberg blue. Of course they would leave the place in a moment or two, so I did not move nor speak. Moreover, I felt unaccountably scared.

"Ethel, for God's sake, don't marry Count Stahl!"

That was what Lawrence said, in a voice that made me jump. Ethel, too, recoiled a step.

"What! those words again—and from you!" she cried, in mingled pain and amazement.

"Again? Do you mean that you have heard them before?"

"Yes."

"Thank Heaven that you have still some sense left to you!" he said, bitterly. "Were you a happy woman, Ethel, I would cut my tongue out sooner than utter these words; but you are not happy. You may deceive others, but not me. Your triumph is but a Dead Sea apple, after all. Have mercy upon yourself—mind, I do not say upon me, but only upon yourself."

Her face was as white as his own; but she flung back her head haughtily.

"I forbid you to talk to me like this, Lawrence. Take me back to the dancers."

"Directly. Look me in the face, Ethel, and, if you can, tell me that you love Count Stahl."

She neither moved nor spoke. Dear me! Ethel is but a poor dissembler. And how stern and handsome was Lawrence, as he confronted her! With a grand air of command, he drew her hands into his own.

"You cannot! Then tell me that you do not love me—that you do me no wrong by marrying the count."

She shivered in his hold.

"Let me go," I heard her murmur, faintly.

His eyes were like live coals. He looked ready to trample her under his feet, or kneel and adore her—indeed, I could not tell which.

"You are sinning against yourself and against me, Ethel; but it is not too late for you to draw back."

"You do not know what you say. It is weeks and months too late! You once told me that I was no heroine, Lawrence. I am not. Do not be foolish any more, or I shall regret that we ever met again after our return from abroad."

"You will marry the count, though I believe you care for me as much as it is in your nature to care for any one—you will give yourself to him?"

"I will marry the count."

He drew back from her with a stern, set face.

"I love you, Ethel," he said, in a low, deliberate voice, "and I despise you!"

She grew red, then pale.

"You have said nothing that I do not deserve, Lawrence; therefore I forgive you. Will you come now?"

She moved toward the door. He followed slowly.

"These are our last words, Ethel. I would not, for kingdoms, breathe the air of this place another half-hour with you."

She made no reply. They vanished; the door closed. I was alone, with hot tears in my eyes. Poor Ethel! poor, dear Ethel!

Presently I heard a footstep. The drapery that sheltered my hiding-place was swept swiftly back. I looked up, and found that some one had entered the studio and was now standing by my side—Baron Strozzi.

"Heaven above!" he cried, "you come here to weep in secret? Loveliest and most obdurate of women, why these tears?"

I arose to my feet, bristling with wrath.

"Pardon, that is no affair of yours," said I. "I wish to be as you find me—alone."

His ugly black eyes snapped.

"Ah, how cruel! You send me for an ice, Mees Beatrix, and while I go you run away. I will bear this treatment no longer. I love you ardently. I wish to make you my baroness—ze mistress of Palace Strozzi, on ze Tiber. *Pardieu!* I put my heart under your leetle feet. Will you marry me?"

I looked him full in his dark, marked face, and, with all

the scorn and aversion I could muster, hurled full at him that one expressive syllable—

"No!"

Then I rushed for the door, but before I could reach it he put himself before me.

"Stop, Mees Beatrix," he said, audaciously; and the glitter of his white teeth through his black mustache was very unpleasant; "I haf ze permission of madame, your good aunt, to urge my suit. You *must* hear me—more yet, you must marry me! It will do no good for you to fly into a temper. *Peste!* I have borne a great deal of your temper! and to say No—you are a ward, and your guardians accept me for your future husband. Take back zat ugly word, my beautiful, and substitute a better, kinder one—Yes!"

"Never!"

"Ah, but you will!"

I made a second attempt to reach the door. He seized my arm and dragged me rudely back. I screamed out, partly in wrath at this outrageous conduct, partly in genuine fear; and as I did so, the door of the studio opened from without, a man appeared on the threshold, and, taking in the situation at a glance, seized Strozzi by the collar, and dragging him backward across the doorway, lifted him swiftly off his feet, and dropped him straight down the broad, carved stair!

How gracefully and dexterously it was done! With a thrill of wicked delight I heard him fall somewhere below, and ran toward the person who had delivered me, crying out:

"How much I thank you——"

Then I stopped, as if turned to stone. Merciful heaven! I was face to face with Eric Saxe!

Face to face at last, after all these weeks and months! We stood staring at each other. I could not utter a sound. I felt as if I was suffocating.

"Since you can find it in your heart to thank me for throwing the baron down-stairs," said Eric Saxe, "it cannot be possible that he is your accepted lover, as gossip would fain make me believe."

He took a step toward me, and held out his hand. A great light swept his face—that splendid, passionate face, so like some Greek god, some sculptured Antinous.

"Beatrix!"

That brought me to myself—reminded me, also, of his strange conduct. I drew coldly back.

"You mistake!" I corrected, with all the hauteur I could command; "I am Miss Sardis."

He looked unutterably pained and surprised.

"Is this the way in which you define my position?" he said, "and cut me off from all hope?"

I gave him a scornful glance.

"I do not in the least comprehend your meaning, Mr. Saxe. For the assistance you have just rendered me, I thank you sincerely, and—here our acquaintance ends!"

He grew pale as death.

"And once you told me that fashionable life could not change you, Beatrix—do you remember? And in defiance of my better judgment, my whole knowledge of human nature, I believed you; I trusted the brave, pure soul in these great eyes; and so trusting and so believing, I have held aloof from you and waited, if not with patience, at least with faith, for the time when I should be free to open my heart to you."

What *was* he talking about?

"I do not understand you in the least," said I, blankly.

"You do not understand that I am trying, at infinite pains and cost to myself, to keep my compact faithfully?"

"What compact?"

He stared.

"Surely you know, for I told you in my letter. I wished you to understand clearly the restraint under which I was forced to place myself."

"I cannot think what you mean," I cried, sharply. "I never received a letter from you in my life."

We looked each other full in the face.

"Beatrix, do you know what you are saying? Did not your guardian deliver to you the letter which I wrote you in his presence on the day when you left Newport?"

"No."

And then he stood there in the soft gleam of the wax-lights, and told me the whole shameful, treacherous story. Oh, how angry I was, and how happy! I have wronged him so much—I have accused him unjustly of many things.

"What have you thought of me all this time?" he demanded, with the light that never was on land nor sea shining in his eyes. "Remembering our last interview, surely my silence has seemed to you base, dishonorable, incomprehensible. Oh, my darling!"

And then—I know not how it was—I was in his arms, his lips pressed mine, my happy head lay on his throbbing, exultant heart.

"I love you, Bee—I have loved you from the night of our first meeting. I may ask the question now in defiance of all compacts—will you be my wife?"

"Yours, and yours only!" I sobbed.

After a little while he asked:

"Is Baron Strozzi the man to whom your guardian would fain marry you?"

"Yes. I wonder if you did him serious injury?"

"I hope so. I shall wait upon Mr. Sardis to-morrow—he certainly owes me some explanation regarding that letter. Thank Heaven that Miss Vann urged me to come to her German to-night! Thank Heaven that I, starving for one glimpse of your face, one sound of your voice, had not the strength to refuse her! But why, I wonder, has she never hinted to me of your persecution by Strozzi?"

"Miss Vann, unhappily, thinks the baron perfection," I answered.

And after that we sat there in that blessed studio, and talked, and talked, and I promised to marry my darling in spite of all the guardians and Strozzi's in existence. Then we went back to the ballroom.

Both Lawrence Harding and the Baron had vanished. Ethel was dancing with the count, and Aunt Amelia was searching for me in great displeasure and anxiety of mind.

"Where have you been this interminable while?" she demanded.

"In Miss Vann's studio, admiring her pictures," I answered, calmly. "Have you seen the baron? He has just made me an offer of marriage, which I declined without thanks."

Her eyes flashed, her whole thin face seemed to harden.

"Ah! We will talk of that another time. He has left the house—he met with an accident—slipped on the stair and fell, or something. Who is that man talking to Miss Vann, and looking this way?"

"Mr. Saxe," I answered. "One of her artist friends."

Aunt Amelia's face grew black—she remembers names. She ordered her carriage at once, and I was whisked off like magic, and without exchanging another word with my lover. The moment I reached home, I went directly to the library, where I found Guardy writing letters. As I entered in my ball-dress, he looked up from his work in cold surprise.

"What! Home already?" he said.

I walked straight up to the table at which he sat.

"Guardy, where is the letter which Eric Saxe wrote to me about a certain compact, into which he entered with you several months ago—a letter which you promised to deliver

into my hands, and which I never saw—never even heard of until to-night?"

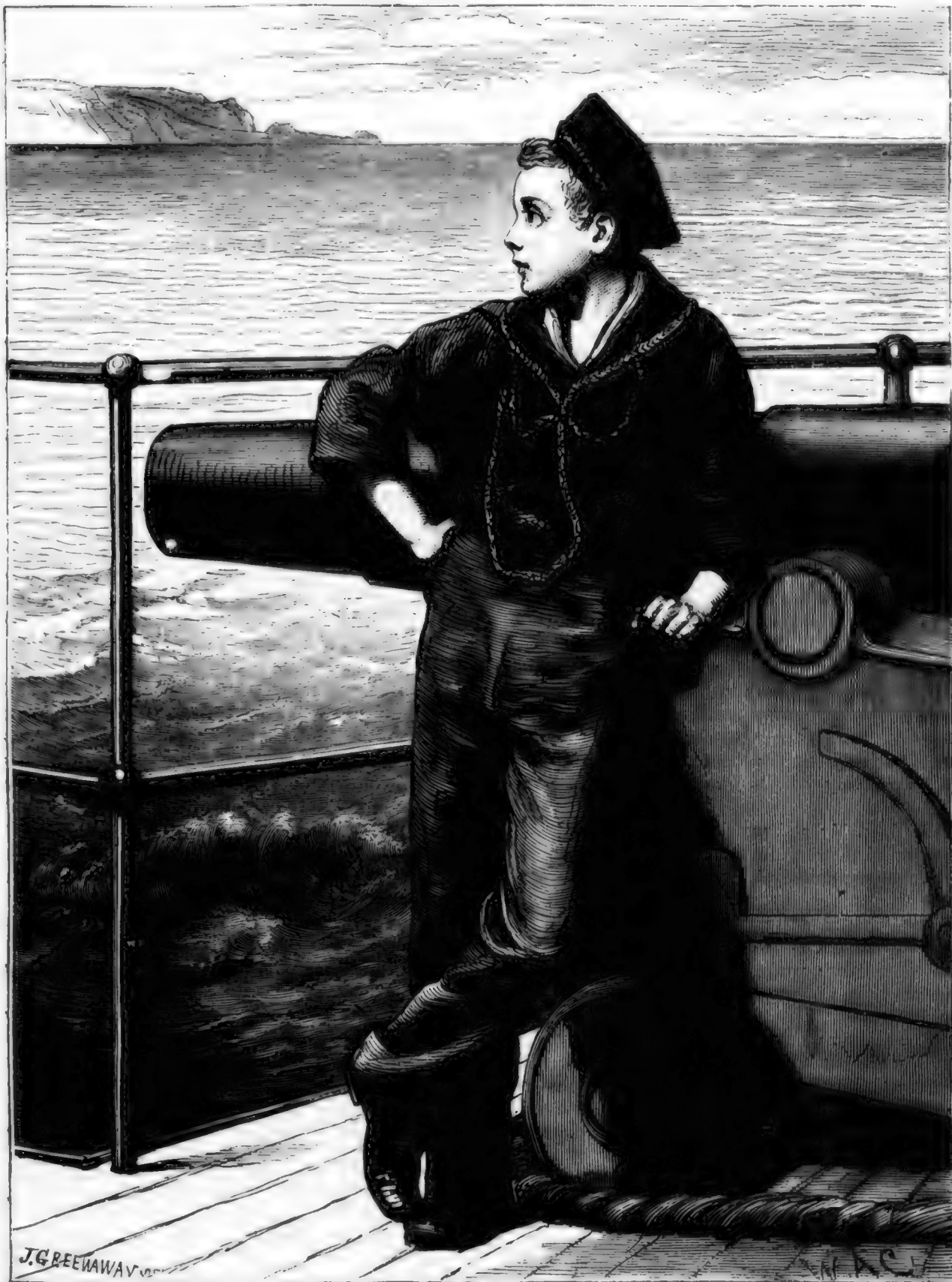
He arose from his chair.

"You have been at Miss Vann's," said he, in a tone of conviction, "and seen that fellow again!"

beggar would have the sense to keep out of your way for the present. Has he been making love to you?"

"Yes; and I have promised to marry him."

"My dear child, that is nonsense, you know. Quite impossible," he replied, with a calmly indulgent smile.



GOOD-BY.

"Yes!" I flashed; "and I know all, guardy—all your treachery and falsehood!"

He smiled calmly.

"My dear Bee, you are excited. The end justifies the means. I acted only for your good. I really supposed the

"You are my ward, and I shall take good care that you do not throw yourself away upon a starving artist."

"Guardy, you have not acted in the least like a man of honor, and I will never, never marry anybody living but Eric Saxe!" And with that, I turned and left him.

Friday.—Eric has seen my guardian. I fear the two had a stormy interview. I was not allowed to know of it until it was over; then Aunt Amelia came into my room, and said:

"You will go no more to Miss Vann's; your uncle forbids it. He also forbids you to see or communicate with that painter, Saxe. You have treated the baron in an outrageous manner. I am greatly displeased with you."

She is preparing some vial of wrath for me. I shall not be permitted to see Eric. No matter—we can trust each other now. I am rid of the baron, at least.

Ethel avoids me in every way. Plainly she wants no confidential talks, either concerning my love affairs or her own. I am half happy, half miserable.

Jan. 29th.—It is all over—Ethel is married and gone! The grand ambition of Aunt Amelia's life is realized—she is the mother-in-law of a born nobleman—her daughter is a countess! The newly-wedded pair sailed yesterday for Europe, and nothing is talked of in society but the superb wedding—the gifts, the reception, the bride. My eyes are red, my nose is swollen with weeping, my heart is like lead. I have parted with the only relative I care for in the least, and Heaven alone knows when I shall see her again.

Can I describe the great event which has thrown the fashionable world into a fever of excitement? I feel confused and bewildered when I think of it. Light, splendor, jewels, Paris dresses, costly flowers, marvelous music—these things are all jumbled together in my head as accessories to Ethel's grand sacrifice on the altar of worldly ambition. There were hundreds and hundreds of fashionable guests, arrayed in purple and fine linen, crowding an ultra-fashionable church; a small army of bridesmaids; plenty of wedding favors and smiling faces, and everything that could give *éclat* to the nuptials of Cullen Sardis's beautiful heiress.

As for Ethel, she wore brocaded satin, made with high, square neck and immense train; a veil of finest Brussels point, orange blossoms, and magnificent diamonds—her father's gift—and she was simply perfect. The count looked very well, and tolerably happy; the foreign Orders on his manly breast were very edifying to us plebeian republicans.

I was first bridesmaid; and my dress of white silk and tulle was lovely; and I tried hard to imagine that I enjoyed the display, and felt proud and happy like the rest of the Sardis race, but failed hopelessly. Throughout the entire ceremony I was as dismal as a raven.

Lawrence Harding was in the church—he had been included with the Severne party in the invitations. What possessed him to come and witness a scene which could give him nothing but pain? His face looked like gray stone—as set and expressionless. Did he notice how pale Ethel was? Literally, she was like a marble woman; but I suppose it is right and proper that one should be pale on one's bridal day. She made her responses firmly enough, and the count's could be heard all over the crowded church. Lawrence was seated next the aisle, and as she turned from the altar—a countess—her eyes met his fully for a moment. I believe she is quite heartless. The heroine of a novel would have fallen then and there to the floor; but Ethel did nothing of the kind. She went on, without the smallest sign of agitation, entered her carriage, and rolled off from the church-door; well satisfied, to all appearances, with the bargain she had made.

I only hope that Lawrence will go straight and console himself with the love of Alice Bradford, who looked as pretty as a rose at the wedding. Everybody knows that she adores Larry. It would serve Ethel quite right.

The reception was superb. Baron Strozzi was there,

smiling and unharmed, evidently, by that swift descent of the staircase, at Miss Vann's German. When he offered his hand to Count Stahl, the latter would not deign to touch or notice it; and everybody saw this conspicuous snubbing, and now gossip is busy concerning the cause thereof. Strozzi grew white with wrath, but he had the prudence to avoid a scene and pocket the insult silently. I have always suspected some curious relation betwixt those two men. It is plain that they detest each other.

And now Ethel is gone, and I am desolate! We went with her to the steamer—by which "we" I mean a company of relatives and choice friends. How I wept and clung to her at parting! Count Stahl frowned like an ogre, but I did not care—he is no favorite of mine. Aunt Amelia was not in the least moved, save by pride and gratified ambition; no more was guardy—cold-blooded lot! No hotel in Paris, no castles in Saxony, none of the splendors promised to her abroad, can reconcile me to her loss.

Just before the steamer started, Baron Strozzi made his appearance in the group of friends that surrounded the distinguished pair. The count's face grew black, but he suffered the baron to take him by the arm and lead him aside, and the two conversed in French for several moments, greatly to the surprise of those who had witnessed the scene at the reception. I think it was an unpleasant matter of which they talked, for both got red as lobsters, and otherwise showed considerable agitation of mind.

I kissed Ethel for the last time.

"When—when shall we see you again?" I sobbed.

"Very soon, I hope," she answered, brightly; "you will come to visit me in Paris, with mamma. Dry your eyes, dear, and listen while I whisper a bit of parting advice to you—don't let mamma marry you to Baron Strozzi!"

"You think one title enough in the family?" said I. "Is not Strozzi a friend—or foe—of the count?"

She looked puzzled.

"One might naturally think so—I do not know, dear. Good-by—good-by! I shall write to you often."

And then the warning signal sounded, and somebody seized and hurried me off the steamer, back to the wharf. The great craft slipped away from her moorings; and oh! shall I ever forget Ethel, as she stood on the deck, waving an adieu to us; the wintry sunshine on her beautiful, pale face and wonderful hair, one gloved hand full of hot-house exotics that some one had brought her as a parting gift, the count, tall and fair, by her side. How radiant, how lovely she was! Farewell, darling Ethel! Aunt Amelia has triumphed. She can now lay her head on her pillow, and die in peace, saying, "Verily, I have not lived in vain!"

The baron drove home in our carriage, and dined with us. His manner to me was courteous, but nothing more. For once I was free from his odious attentions. *Brava!*

January 30th.—Arose to find the door of my chamber securely locked, and myself a prisoner! I shook the knob, I called aloud in high indignation, and finally Aunt Amelia appeared, cold, ominous, sarcastic.

"What does this mean?" I cried, wrathfully.

She has no more blood than a fish. She surveyed me in calm displeasure.

"It means, Beatrix, that you will remain in your own room until you are ready to obey my wishes. Now that Ethel's marriage is over, I feel that I must turn my attention to you. It is my command that you accept Baron Strozzi as your future husband; and until you do so, you will remain under lock and key, as at present."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that I could only stare at her, amazed, uncomprehending.

"Finette will bring your meals to you," she went on,

"and attend to your wants. Here, in seclusion, you will have plenty of time to meditate upon your own stubborn conduct, and the duty you owe to me and to your uncle."

"My uncle!" I burst out; "can he, will he allow you to treat me like this? It is simply infamous!"

"Your uncle has full confidence in my wisdom and judgment," replied Mrs. Sardis, calmly. "Any course which I may consider necessary to adopt with you will meet his approval. Hope nothing from him. When you make up your mind to marry the baron, say to Finette that you wish to see me, and I will visit you and talk the matter over. Until then, farewell."

She rustled out with a severe air, and locked the door behind her.

Half an hour after Finette came in with my breakfast. She gave me a long, curious look, and made some casual remark in French, which I did not deign to answer.

I am beside myself with wrath and perplexity. I am a prisoner, and must remain such till I consent to marry the baron. In that case I shall never breathe free air again, for the tortures of the rack would not wring such a promise from me!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEE'S REBELLION.



THE first week of Bee's imprisonment was a dreary, hopeless time indeed. She saw no member of the household save Finette, whom, as her aunt's maid, she naturally regarded with distrust and aversion. Now and then the brown French woman showed a desire to open conversation with her, but was sharply repulsed. Bee paid no heed to her searching glances, her little attentions, designed to promote a nearer acquaintance. Absorbed in her own bitter thoughts, she never dreamed that the help of which she stood in need was to be found in this stolid-faced servant.

One day Finette entered the chamber with a tray, on which a tempting lunch was spread—Mrs. Sardis did not deny her niece creature comforts. Bee sat at a table, turning the leaves of a book, outwardly calm, inwardly raging, the color gone from her pretty face, her girlish contours already wasted—for Bee was scarcely the one to bear her trying situation with equanimity.

Finette put down her tray, stole one curious look at the prisoner, retreated to the door, then turned suddenly back.

"Has mademoiselle any word to send madame to-day?" she said, in a low voice. Bee looked up in surprise.

"No. I thought you could not speak English?"

"That depends upon circumstances," replied Finette, calmly. "Has mademoiselle anything to say to me?"

"No."

"Think again! Mademoiselle is very unhappy. She is determined never to yield to her aunt's demands—good! But she needs help—is it not so?"

Bee started to her feet, her eager eyes shining like stars.

"Who will help me in this house?" she demanded.

"I will!" said Finette.

"Are you speaking in good faith, or is this only a part of the conspiracy against me?"

The woman's dark, unhandsome face grew earnest, even fervent.

"As God hears me, mademoiselle, I speak truly! I will aid you to escape. But hush! we must be cautious.

Madame's eyes are wide open—she sees everything; and the baron, he comes daily to consult with her—*curse him!*" These last words she muttered under her breath.

Bee started.

"So bad as that? Finette, if I write a letter to a friend outside of this house, will you promise to deliver it for me?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

That was all. The French maid departed, leaving the young prisoner unspeakably cheered and encouraged.

When the dinner-hour struck, she appeared again, but intimidated by signs that Mrs. Sardis was listening in the corridor; therefore further conversation was impossible.

Bee slipped into her hand a little, square envelope, addressed to Eric Saxe, and saw Finette transfer it silently to the bosom of her dress. Then the little heiress was alone again with her reflections.

She heard people moving about the house; the sound of voices on the stair, the shutting of doors filled her with exasperation. It was not strange that Bee should determine to escape at any cost from her guardian's roof—that she should cancel, then and there, every consideration of duty and obedience which she owed to him.

At the end of twenty-four hours Finette brought her a letter, dexterously folded in a napkin. As soon as she was alone, Bee tore open the precious message, and read a wild outbreak of love, wrath, pity and encouragement, which her trials and dangers had drawn from the passionate heart of Eric Saxe.

"Trust the woman, Finette," he said. "I feel sure that she is acting in good faith. Trust me, also; and believe that I love you with all my heart and soul and strength. Miss Vann will give you shelter and welcome at any time. My poor, persecuted darling, take courage!"

Bee kissed the sheet rapturously, vowed allegiance anew to the writer, and felt her spirits rise like thistle-down in the wind. She had just time to slip the letter out of sight when a key turned in the lock, and Mrs. Sardis entered.

She was in full evening dress; a rich opera cloak was thrown across her shoulders. She approached Bee with a great rustle, a displeased elevation of her mastic-darkened eyebrows.

"You foolish, obdurate child, how long do you mean to remain here?" she cried. "Are you not yet ready to listen to reason?"

"To reason—yes," answered Bee; "but not to any talk of a marriage with Baron Strozzi. I fear I shall have to remain here a long time—say a century, at least, before I can bring myself to that."

Mrs. Sardis's hard, dark eyes flashed angrily.

"Do not forget that your uncle has full control of your person and your property, Beatrix. Already your friends hear that you are ill—that you have retired from society, owing to a slight aberration of mind. Don't start!—it is the proper name to apply to your present malady. Your rejection of Baron Strozzi's hand, your infatuation for a penniless painter immeasurably your social inferior, bespeak incipient madness. If you do not soon manifest some sign of recovery, it is possible that we may be obliged to place you under further restraint."

The menace in these words struck a new fear to the girl's heart. She kept a bold front, however, and said, with a scornful smile:

"You mean, perhaps, that you will put me in a madhouse and confiscate my fortune? That is very dramatic, and quite worthy of your superior mind, my dear aunt; but is it not just possible that I may have a few friends who would require some stronger proof of my insanity than the two reasons which you have given?"

"Your guardian holds his authority over you quite independent of your friends," answered Mrs. Sardis, coldly. "Profit by the warning you have received, and do not exasperate me too far. I feel justified in adopting any measure, however severe, that will prevent you from disgracing yourself and your family by a low marriage. Let me also warn you to hold no conversation with my maid, Finette—Frenchwomen have a perfect passion for intrigue. I have instructed a second servant to keep constantly in the vicinity of your door, and watch the creature closely when she brings your meals. Baron Strozzi sends you his tender regards, and bids me say that he is inconsolable at your obstinacy. I can only hope that solitude and reflection may yet bring you to your right mind, Beatrix."

With a pale cheek and downcast eyes, Beatrix stood meditating.

"I wish to see my guardian," she said, at last; "I wish to talk with him."

"He declines to hold any communication with you," answered Mrs. Sardis, gathering her rich cloak about her shoulders with severe gravity, "until you conform to my wishes."

"I understand!" flashed Bee. "You will not allow him to see me, because you fear he may be moved to release me—to treat me with some show of justice! Aunt Amelia, you are a wicked, unprincipled woman, with no more heart or conscience than a mummy! You may put me in a madhouse, you may kill me by slow torture, but never will I marry the man you have chosen for me, never will I cease to love the man I have chosen for myself! Now go!—the sight of you is hateful to my eyes!"

This outburst was not wise, perhaps; but Bee was too angry to think of that.

Mrs. Sardis grew white.

"You will drive me to extreme measures, I fear," she said, dryly, and swept at once from the room.

No sleep visited Bee that night. Clearly, great dangers threatened her, and escape began to take the form of urgent necessity—yes, of self-preservation.

The next morning Finette appeared, with a second letter concealed in her bosom, and whispered, breathlessly, as she put down Bee's breakfast-tray:

"There's a footman stationed at the door—a detestable creature—madame's tool—hush! Be ready at any moment to leave the house. Madame keeps the key of your room. It is given to me only when I enter here, and then I am obliged to return it at once. However, I shall manage to open the door for you."

Bee slipped a bank-note into the speaker's hand. Finette gave her an odd look as she put it in her pocket. This blonde heiress, with her arbitrary guardians and her unhappy love-affairs, was nothing to the dark-faced Frenchwoman; but to prevent so rich a prize from falling into the hands of Strozzi, Finette stood ready to peril not only her situation in Mrs. Sardis's household, but her very life, if need be.

Several days passed. The obnoxious footman kept his station at Bee's door, and watched the French maid like a lynx. The unhappy captive was sustained only by her lover's letters, which reached her daily through the agency of Finette. She paced her rich prison in an agony of restlessness.

"Aunt Amelia is capable of anything," she said to herself. "She would as soon send me to a madhouse as not. The flesh is vanishing from my bones. I look like a pelican of the desert. I am sure to die of wrath and suspense if this state of affairs continues much longer."

One day Finette brought a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers to Bee's chamber, and delivered them to the cap-

tive with these words, spoken in French, loud enough to be heard by the footman in the corridor:

"With the ardent love of Baron Strozzi."

Bee set her small foot on the innocent blossoms, and crushed them straightway into the carpet. As she did so, Finette leaned over her and breathed this sentence in her ear:

"Madame dines out to-night—hold yourself ready!"

They exchanged one look; then Finette, with her finger on her lip, noiselessly retired.

Night fell, dark and dismal, and full of stabbing sleet. The Winter wind howled drearily along the avenue, the street-lamps winked drearily in the deep gloom. Bee put on a plain, thick dress, placed her outer garments in ready reach, filled a traveling-bag with her jewels and such articles of value as she most needed, and stood prepared for flight. With her watch in her hand, she counted the moments feverishly, and strained her ears to catch the first sound of Finette's approaching feet in the corridor. How dark the night was! How furiously the wind wailed across the richly draped windows! Ah, if Finette should fail her! And even as the fear tugged at her heart, the door flew open, and Finette stood before her, breathless and wild-eyed.

"Madame is gone. I stole the key from her room," she gasped. "The footman is below-stairs, drinking tea with the housemaids. Your hat and shawl, mademoiselle—quick!"

Swiftly Bee flung on her outer garments, and, noiseless as phantoms, the two stole along the corridor and down the grand stair. The hall was all ablaze with light, but profound silence reigned throughout the house—no living thing was in sight.

"Some one is waiting for you outside," whispered Finette, as she opened the great, carved door for Bee's exit; "you are saved, mademoiselle—thank God!"

Critical as the moment was, Bee stopped to answer:

"You will lose your place, Finette. Come to me, and I will find you another."

A strange expression flitted across the woman's dark face.

"Thanks, mademoiselle; but I like not this land. I will return to my own Paris by the next steamer. Farewell, and may you be happy."

The heavy door closed noiselessly—the footman, drinking tea below-stairs, did not hear it—and Bee flew like a bird down the grand steps, and gained the street. Joy! The free wind blew upon her, the sleet rattled against her; and she had not taken a dozen paces forward when her hand was seized and drawn through a strong arm, and Eric Saxe's voice—the most welcome sound her ears had ever heard—cried out, joyfully:

"My darling! my precious, blessed girl! This way—I am going to take you to Miss Vann."

And then, out of the darkness before them, a carriage appeared suddenly; she was lifted into it, and off it rolled toward Madison Avenue, while Bee sobbed out upon her lover's breast the whole story of her afflictions and trials.

"You poor, misused child!" was all that he said; but his tone spoke volumes.

He assisted her to alight at Miss Vann's door. A servant ushered the two into a warm, bright drawing-room, and the next moment Bee was in Miss Vann's arms, clinging to that lady's sallow neck and crying, with a burst of hysterical laughter:

"I have run away from Aunt Amelia and from the baron! Oh, Miss Vann, was ever anything so strange and absurd? I am like the abused heroine of a novel, am I not? And you must hide me—you must give me shelter. I will never go back to my guardian—never!"

Miss Vann's face beamed with genuine compassion. She took off Bee's outer garments with her own kind hands.

"My poor child!" she said. "I am confident that you have been treated shamefully. What can Mrs. Sardis mean by forcing you to become a baroness, when you are well content to be something far less pretentious? And the baron, too—I am amazed at him. Why, how pale and thin you have grown! I am greatly shocked with the whole matter. Now I shall leave Eric to tell you the plan by which he proposes to free you from your troubles—of course you will not go back."

Eric Saxe came forward in some agitation.

"The person whom I expected," he said, hurriedly, "has he arrived yet?"

"Yes," answered Charlotte Vann; "he is waiting in my library."

Saxe took Bee's hands in his own, and looked down with shining, resolute eyes into her face.

"I can think of but one sure way by which to save you, darling, and that is, immediate marriage with me. Your escape will soon be discovered—you will be pursued and carried back to your guardian's house. In the next room waits a clergyman—a friend of Miss Vann's—who will unite us at once. Cullen Sardis will take possession of his ward wherever he finds her, but not of my wife. My darling, have you courage to marry me to-night—*now*, and so cut the Gordian knot of your difficulties? Do you love me enough for this, Bee?"

"Eric has taken my judgment entirely by storm," said Miss Vann, "and left me quite incapable of an unbiased opinion upon the subject; but really, under present circumstances, Bee, I think it the most sensible step you can take—indeed, I do not know what else you can do."

Bee stood gazing from lover to friend.

"Think of everything," urged Eric Saxe; "I am poor,—I have little to offer you. You might do infinitely better. Your guardian will be furious; the world—*your* world—will blame you; but I love you, darling—I swear to devote my entire life to your happiness—I swear to cherish you tenderly till death!"

Bee's large eyes shone brightly through her tears. Her slim hands closed upon her lover's—eloquent little hands, that told her decision even before her brave lips spoke.

"I have courage for everything, Eric—I care for nothing but you. I will marry you whenever you wish."

"Bravo!" said Miss Vann; and she took the young face betwixt her jeweled hands, and kissed it with genuine affection.

No time was to be lost, for Cullen Sardis was likely, at any moment, to discover the flight of his ward. Saxe had already arranged the necessary preliminaries, and the three proceeded to Miss Vann's library, where the clergyman waited of whom Eric had spoken. The reverend gentleman had been made to understand that this hurried union was the climax of a romantic love-affair, and the responsibility of it Miss Vann herself fearlessly assumed.

An old gray housekeeper and Madame Vann, very hazy in intellect, and affectionately anxious to embrace everybody, were summoned as witnesses; and so, in secrecy and great haste, Bee was married. Rather a sad and sombre ceremony it seemed—no flowers, no toilets, no bridesmaids, no hilarity—a contrast, indeed, to all Bee's preconceived ideas on the subject, and to Ethel's imposing wedding. Nevertheless, Bee, holding to her bridegroom's strong hand, looking into his dark, Antinous face, felt no misgivings for the future. He loved her, she loved him. "Till death do ye part!" Blessed words which gave her for ever to Eric Saxe, and placed her for ever beyond the tyranny of her relatives and the power of Baron Strozzi.

After all was over, and the clergyman had taken his departure, the young couple sat down with their good friend to talk of the all-important future.

"You will be forced to do without your fortune for the present, Bee," said Miss Vann, smoothing the silken ears of her lap-dog. "Cullen Sardis will be too angry to give it up to you until the full expiration of his term of power. You must be content with love in a cottage for a while, my dear."

A soft wave of color swept into Bee's pale cheek. Paris toilets, luxurious living, the fashionable dissipations of society, had brought little pleasure thus far to this unspoiled, warm-hearted girl. The prospect of their loss gave her not so much as a pang,

"I will be content with anything—*now*," she answered, in a low voice.

Miss Vann nodded approval.

"Eric will not let you starve, dear—he may even be able to buy you a new dress occasionally; for, though too modest to mention it himself, he is daily growing in fame and worldly possessions. And I will come to see you often and bring him orders for portraits—it will be an unspeakable delight to have such a couple upon my visiting-list. I congratulate you both with all my heart!"

Eric Saxe took his bride's hand; looked quietly down into her uplifted blue eyes.

"I have made ready a little nest for you, darling—you see, I was quite sure you would not fear to marry me, to-night. It is small and humble, but not lacking in comfort. You do not fear to take up your abode in it, Bee—you are not afraid to face the world with me, darling?"

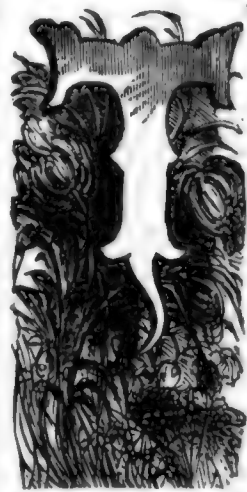
"Afraid!" she echoed. "No, Eric, a hundred times, no! I am glad to do it—I am proud to do it!"

Charlotte Vann looked wistfully at the young pair, so fully of beauty and youth, of hope and courage.

"All for love, and the world well lost!" she murmured, with a smile and a sigh.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO YEARS LATER.



TWO years have passed away—change—ful years to every one of the persons with whom this history has to deal.

It is a Spring morning, balmy and sweet. Down at Deepmoor Hall, in flat, fenny Lincolnshire, the primroses and violets are blooming, the leaves are all out in the great park, and the lawns and terraces are like living emeralds. In green places among the fern, the red deer browse; the high espaliered garden-walls, and clipped beechen alleys are steeped in hot sunshine; the larks sing in the blue overhead; and at a window of the great Elizabethan house, Sir Valentine Arbuckle stands in the morning light, looking out upon his goodly possessions.

He has not changed much since we saw him last. The hazel eyes that gleam under his rugged brows are Val Black's frank, honest eyes. His red hair, his loose-jointed figure, his square, strong mouth, are all as unhandsome as ever. His good fortune has wrought no material difference in the outer or inner man. Two or three big hounds frisk about his legs—Sir Godfrey's dogs. He pats their sleek heads absently, and keeps his eyes fixed on the sweep of park beyond the long window.

"It's a grand place, eh, laddie?" says a voice at his

elbow. He turns and sees Miss Affry Black standing there smiling up into his face.

A cap of the finest lace covers her gray hair. She wears a fashionably made morning-dress of some soft, rich material, and gold-rimmed glasses stuck into her defective eyes. Miss Black has assumed an air of importance, although the county families, remembering her antecedents, look down upon her somewhat disdainfully. She is the aunt of a baronet, and the mistress of Deepmoor Hall, and she is no longer a cripple, for the London doctors and the waters of the German spas delivered her long ago from her old foe—rheumatism.

"There's but one thing now wanted at Deepmoor, and that is—a bride," says Miss Black.

Sir Valentine shrugs his shoulders.

"What! harping still on that string, Aunt Affry?"

"Yes, and why not?" she answers, with irritation. "You will be twenty-eight in a few weeks, and you are the last male of your race. I am sure you can have your pick among the county families, Val. Then there are your Scotch cousins, the Misses Arbuckle, who visited us at Christmas—lovely girls as one could wish to see—either of them would be glad to be lady here. I was sure—absolutely sure, Val, that something would come of their stay with us; but, dear me! you scarcely showed them common civility. That pretty Elsie often said to me in secret that you were an incomprehensible American bear."

"Miss Elsie is a lady of penetration," smiles the baronet, serenely; "far be it from me to question her decision in any matter. I'm very grateful for your solicitude, Aunt Affry, but couldn't you turn your attention to a more profitable subject? It is not in the least probable that I shall ever marry."

"Never marry! Merciful heaven! And why not, pray?"

The baronet gnaws his bristling, red mustache.

"I am not matrimonially inclined, Aunt Affry, moreover, the present mistress of Deepmoor Hall gives me entire satisfaction—I prefer to keep her in her present position."

Miss Black eyes him keenly through her gold-bowed glasses.

"Laddie, laddie! you cannot deceive me!" she storms. "The secret of the whole matter is this: you have not yet forgotten that—that—girl!"

A moment of silence. The baronet stares steadily out of the long window.

"You forget, Aunt Affry, that you and I once agreed never to allude to certain passages in my past life, knowing that we should find it unprofitable business. I beg leave to remind you of that compact."

"A slip of the tongue, Val—forgive me," she answers, dryly. "Bah! I've no patience with you! You are not in the least like the Arbuckles. The late Sir Godfrey thought only of his rent-rolls and his family pride; you care for neither. Here you are, a baronet, with an income of twenty thousand pounds per year, and you seem no whit happier than was Val Black, drudging at a desk in Sardis's banking-house, and wearing threadbare coats and frayed linen. Of course you wish me to hold my tongue, but all the same I shall not. I am no fit mistress of Deepmoor, as both you and I know well. The landed gentry look down upon me, because my father was a gamekeeper and I was once a housemaid here. You want a wife who will be the equal of the best of them, and whom nobody will dare to snub. You want heirs to your wealth and title. You will never be happy—I shall never be happy, till you bring a bride to Deepmoor."

Sir Valentine turns from the window. This little gnat of a woman torments him greatly at times, especially upon this subject of matrimony—her particular manna—but he bears it with patience.

"Will you be so good as to ring for breakfast?" he says, serenely. "I am as hungry as a fox."

She obeys, with a sigh. The two sit down to a table glittering with old plate and china, and spread with generous English fare—delicate chops, rashers of home-cured bacon, buttered muffins and toast, eggs in a silver vessel, boiled by a spirit-lamp upon the board, with a minute glass to regulate the time; cold tongue, and a reserve of game pie and cold roast beef on the sideboard, and tea and coffee, rich with fresh cream from the dairy.

The walls of the room are paneled in oak; the antique furniture is of oak also, and heavily carved; the Cromwellian chairs are covered with morocco; Persian mats dot the glittering expanse of black oak floor; portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds hang on the walls. Do the two ever think of Seedy Court, and the old days of toil and privation? Yes, each has a good memory.

A servant in livery brings in the post-bag, and Sir Valentine opens it. He draws forth one letter for Miss Black and several for himself. His aunt's is postmarked London, and is written in a cramped, girlish hand. She deciphers it while Sir Valentine is running through his own correspondence, and she looks much elated as she reads.

"News from your cousin Elsie," she says, nodding at the baronet.

"Ah!" he answers, with no sign of interest whatever.

"She has been in London for the last six weeks, with the Countess of Heatherhill—her kinswoman, you know—and before returning to Scotland she wishes to make us a little visit. We may expect her in a day or two. For my part, I am delighted. I never saw a lovelier girl—you can't deny that she is lovely, Val?"

He smiles.

"Certainly not. Have I expressed any wish to do so? By all means give Miss Arbuckle a warm welcome, and make the Hall as pleasant for her as possible."

"Val, with her grand connections and her comfortable fortune, she is an excellent match for you—a most desirable match. Cannot you see it for yourself?"

"I regret to say that I cannot," he answers. "I shall not have the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Miss Arbuckle, for I start for Paris to-morrow. I am stagnating in this place—I need a change."

Miss Black understands this sudden determination only too well. He has no idea of remaining at Deepmoor to sustain the siege which his Scotch cousin, who knows the value of broad acres and long rent-rolls, is sure to lay to his obdurate heart. The baronet has a will of his own—one characteristic, at least, inherited from the Arbuckles.

"Do you think it exactly polite to run away from Elsie?" says Miss Black, dubiously.

"Elsie will not expect politeness," he lightly answers, "from an American boor like me."

And he goes. The next day Miss Arbuckle arrives from London, armed *cap-à-pie* for conquest, and filled with deep designs against the baronet's peace; but, alas! only to find the wary game flown—already Sir Valentine is on his way to Dover.

In his journey to the French capital the baronet finds a traveling companion in one of his Lincolnshire neighbors, a gentleman of birth, named Hallam.

Together the two cross the Channel, whisk away to Paris, and take up their abode at the same hotel, beneath the arches of the Rue de Rivoli. As Fate will have it, that rich Gothamite, Archie Van Dorn, is also a guest of the house. Being well known to Hallam, he is not slow to make the acquaintance of Hallam's titled friend—a small matter in itself, but destined to lead to unexpected results.

It is a balmy, cloudless night; stars twinkle above the

trees of the Champs Elysées, gaslights shine along the boulevards, and from all the cafés, and at the Grand Opera Patti is singing.

The house is crowded with rank, fashion and beauty. No empty seats can be found in pit or amphitheatre. Costly toilets, bright eyes and fair faces make the private boxes dazzling. The finest orchestra in the world is discoursing sweet music. The gorgeous proscenium boxes, and those of the various ministers, between the dividing columns of the house, are all occupied to-night. The known and the unknown, the peer and the shopkeeper, are come to hear the brilliant little prima donna.

A party of gentlemen, in faultless evening dress, enters a box in the aristocratic first tier. It is composed of Sir Valentine Arbuckle, Van Dorn the American, Hallam, and two or three friends connected with the British Embassy. Sir Valentine seats himself in a corner, under the crimson curtain, draws out his lorgnette and surveys the house. While doing this, his attention becomes fixed upon another box in full view of his own, and containing two persons—a lady and a gentleman.

The former is marvelously handsome, and dressed with the taste of a *Parisienne*, though the baronet decides at once that she is *not* one.

She looks listless and weary. One arm, faultless as a piece of sculpture, rests on the cushioned balustrade of her box. She pays no heed to her companion, a blonde, sleepy-eyed, bald man, who is ogling Patti through his glass.

Sir Valentine gazes at the fair, sad face till he is well-nigh ashamed of himself; then he speaks to an *attaché* who stands at his side.

"Who is that lady?"

His friend understands, for the person in question has no equal in the crowded house.

"You are a stranger in Paris," he answers, "and so your ignorance must be pardoned. That lady is a star in choice Parisian society. She is the Countess Stahl, an American by birth—the daughter of a rich New York banker, named Sardis. The man beside her is her husband, and a sad dog he is too, if report speaks truly."

Sir Valentine has a peculiar interest in Americans. He starts and stares.

"Sardis—Cullen Sardis's daughter!" he mutters. "Is it possible?"

By this time every glass in the box is leveled at the countess.

"By Jove!" says Archie Van Dorn, "it is she, and none other!—*belle* Ethel, handsome as ever, but as sad as a Niobe. I haven't seen her before since her marriage. Bless my soul! I hear that the count neglects her shamefully."

"That he does!" answers the *attaché*. "He's a bad lot altogether. For the last two years he's been going the pace. Gossip says that his beautiful wife had a dowry of a hundred thousand dollars, and that he squandered it all in twelve months. He spends amazing sums, and yet is up to his eyes in debt. The fortune of his first countess he flung to the winds in the most reckless fashion—the second one is likely to fare no better."

"Too bad, by Jove!" murmurs Van Dorn; "and such a girl, too! I myself was once an humble worshiper at her shrine—I don't mind owning it now. Hallam! you are the fellow who first made that pair acquainted, in a thunderstorm in the Black Forest. Remember?"

"Yes," replies Hallam, dryly. "Wonder if madame feels any particular gratitude for that service to-night? I knew the count years ago, in his first wife's time, and he was a profligate of the worst sort even then. He's looking uncommonly haggard. Bouillotte and lansquenet, and absinthe, and the actresses of the Variétés have written a good many

lines upon his heavy, pudding face since I saw it last. Bah!"

"Rumors of these very things had reached New York before I left it," says Van Dorn; "I heard them whispered among the countess's friends there. Does any one know how his dissipations affect *her*?"

"She's as proud as Lucifer," answers the *attaché*; "one of the kind that 'can suffer and be still,' like the Spartan boy in the story. She is greatly admired here, and much sought after by choice society. She gives elegant receptions and *récherché* dinners, wears amazing toilets and jewels, and turns a proud, unmoved face to the world. The count is not often seen with her in public; they rarely go out together. On what terms they live in private, Heaven only knows."

"But 'twas said at the time of his marriage that the titled bloke was rich," remarks Van Dorn. "Everybody in New York supposed that Miss Sardis had secured a modern Croesus."

The *attaché* shrugs his shoulders.

"Gossip says his American father-in-law is the person who keeps his purse replenished."

"The old story!" mutters Van Dorn; "a fascinating foreign nobleman, and a badly sold American heiress. So runs the world away."

An outbreak of song from Patti's silver throat keeps them all silent for a space. Sir Valentine has heard every word of the conversation. His eyes are still fixed upon the countess's box, and he seems absorbed in thoughts that have no reference to the Grand Opera of Paris. Presently he says to Van Dorn:

"Cannot you manage to present me to Madame the Countess. I am particularly anxious to make her acquaintance. I am more than half American myself. See! she is looking this way—she recognizes you."

The dark eyes of the countess wander to the group of gentlemen under the crimson curtains. At sight of Van Dorn's familiar countenance, her pale face lights up suddenly. She leans forward and bows.

A moment after he makes his way to her box.

He greets Count Stahl, and the count greets him with cold politeness. He colors and stammers as he takes Ethel's beautiful hand, and answers her cordial greeting. When did he arrive in Paris? What tidings does he bring of her dear friends in New York?

He looks at her closely, and sees that her face is full of languor and sadness, but that it is as fair, as perfect as ever. Count Stahl levels his glass at the stage, and gives no notice to the two as they talk. *He* is changed. The wrinkles are thick about his eyes, the blonde hair has vanished from his temples. He is bald and stout, and he has that unmistakable look which dissipation always stamps on the faces of its votaries.

Verily, the count *has* been "going the pace" since his marriage with the American heiress. For months scandal has taken uncommon liberties with his noble name.

"Can you tell me anything about Beatrix and Eric Saxe?" says the countess, in a low, eager voice. "Are they well and happy? Of course, Bee never goes into society now?"

"No," answers Van Dorn; "but I see them—occasionally. Saxe invited me to dine at his house a few days before I sailed. By Jove! it's a cozy little nest, and he and his charming wife are as happy as turtle doves. Love in a cottage is not a bad thing, after all. Mrs. Saxe can't claim her fortune, you know, for a year or two to come. It's hard lines, but she doesn't seem to mind it in the least—she thinks of nothing but her husband and the pretty year-old kid. She charged me, in case I should meet you anywhere abroad, to give you her fondest love. Sue is very anxious

to hear from you—said you had not answered her letters, nor sent her any news of yourself for ages."

A certain cold constraint appears in the countess's face.

"I write very few letters of late—I have no time. I must not forget to inquire for Charlotte Vann. Is it true that she is engaged, as mamma hinted in her latest budget of New York news?"

"Yes," replies Van Dorn, "to Baron Strozzi—that Roman fellow who tormented your cousin so outrageously. Of course you remember him?"

Yes. She remembers. Count Stahl lowers his glass, and though he does not turn or glance at the speaker, he remembers too.

"His engagement with Miss Vann was announced before I left New York," continues Van Dorn. "After his disappointment concerning your cousin, he vanished suddenly from society; but a few months ago he turned up again like a bad penny, and laid violent siege to Miss Vann's heart. The wedding is to be solemnized some time in midsummer."

The face of the countess expresses some scorn and much disapproval.

"I am sorry to hear this," she murmurs; "I earnestly hope that Miss Vann may be brought to her senses before it is too late. Strange that she should be so blind—at her age!"

"Love throws dust in the sharpest eyes," says Van Dorn, "and Miss Vann is undoubtedly in love with Strozzi. Do you see my friend, yonder in the box—the big, red-haired fellow, who is watching us so earnestly?"

"Yes," replies the countess; "who is he?"

"An English baronet—Sir Valentine Arbuckle. He is very anxious to make your acquaintance. Has American blood in his veins, or something of that sort, and is fond of everything pertaining to the nation. Will you kindly allow me to present him?"

She gives a gracious assent, and Van Dorn makes a signal which brings Sir Valentine straightway to the countess's box. He is not a man of society, and he has little to say for himself after he gets there. Ethel gives him her finger-tips, and thinks him very bashful and awkward, and Count Otto is tolerably polite.

Did the baronet ever cross the channel before? Never. He has been in possession of his estates little more than two years, and has passed his time exclusively upon them.

"He is not English-born?"

"No—American." Then all listen to Patti. She is

singing Venzani's waltz in *Linda*, trilling seventeen bars in one breath, as if it were child's play. The audience is entranced. Before the last act is finished, the countess rises from her seat, and leaves the house with her husband. Sir Valentine does not remain long after—he cares little for opera, good or bad. He goes to his hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and writes a letter to Miss Black, in which he says:

"I have, to-night, seen the daughter of my former employer, Cullen Sardis. She is the Countess Stahl, and is living here in Paris with her husband, who is a hopeless scoundrel and deserves to be shot at sight. A beautiful

woman—I would be glad to be of assistance to her."

Meanwhile the sumptuous carriage of madame the countess rolls away from the opera, and stops before an elegant house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. The count and his fair wife alight, pass the porte cochère, and ascend a wide, polished staircase, madame shivering under her rich opera cloak, as she enters her own home.

(To be continued.)

LOVE LITTLE CHILDREN.—Let us love little children; they are the delicate flowers of a soon-fading Eden.



POPE BONIFACE VIII.—"TIS HENCE YOU SPRING, TO THIS RETURN."—SEE PAGE 82.

POPE BONIFACE VIII. AT ANAGNI.

THERE are few stranger events in all modern history than the vicissitudes of the Papacy. One of the events of our time has been the rise of a petty Italian kingdom till it dominated the whole peninsula, and using in turn the influ-

and emperors have, from time to time, defeated, exiled, imprisoned Popes, and apparently put an end to the Papal power; but it was only for a succeeding generation to behold the Pope ruling again from Rome.

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the Pope a prisoner and Rome a minor city in the sway of France.



SCIARRA COLONNA COMMANDING POPE BONIFACE VIII. AT ANAGNI TO SURRENDER AND ABDICATE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MAIGNAN.

ence of France against Germany, and of Germany against France, deprived the Pope of all power outside the walls of the Vatican and St. Peter's.

Yet in these long annals the Popes have often been reduced to as helpless a position. The mob of Rome, the nobles of the Eternal City, captains of Free Lancers, kings
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Yet, before the close, it required all the military and diplomatic resources of Victor Emmanuel to get possession of Rome.

Art and poetry find in this eventful history themes wonderfully adapted for brilliant and effective treatment. The painter has chosen the scene where Sciarra Colonna

denounces Pope Boniface VIII, whom he had pursued to Anagni. This Pope, whose pontificate was one of the stormiest, was a native of Anagni. Before his elevation, he had been in England, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal, and thus possessed an unusual practical knowledge of the courts and nations of Europe. But the knowledge did not lead to harmony. With Philip the Fair, of France, he maintained a long and bitter struggle, in which the Pope excommunicated the King and the King declared the Pope a criminal and a heretic.

Philip made adherents, even in Rome, where the powerful Colonna family warmly espoused his cause; their old opponents, the Orsini, adhering as ardently to the Pope.

His predecessor, Celestine V., promoted from a hermit's cell to the throne of the Popes, had wearied of the burden and resigned, being the only one of the Sovereign Pontiffs of whom this is recorded.

The Colonnas, for that and other reasons, disputed the validity of Boniface's election. In turn, he deprived of the hat two cardinals belonging to the Colonnas, excommunicated the whole family, condemning their descendants to civil degradation to the fourth generation. He even went so far as to raze their castles and lay waste the town of Præneste, which belonged to them.

Struck down by so fierce a war, the Colonnas fled to France, burning to avenge their wrongs, and ready to aid Philip in any design against Pope Boniface.

The haughty bearing of the Pope toward nearly every sovereign in Europe, isolated him, and left him without a supporter, friend or sympathizer. He censured the King of Denmark, refused to recognize Frederick of Aragon as King of Sicily or Albert as Emperor of Germany, and with the utmost justice censured and rebuked Philip of France for his base and shameful treatment of Guy, Count of Flanders, whom he imprisoned to compel him to make his beautiful daughter a royal mistress.

When he issued the bull, *Unam Sanctam*, in 1302, and summoned a council at Rome, Philip issued a law to confiscate the property of any bishop who dared to attend it, and in turn summoned a council at Lyons to judge the Pope. To crown his triumph, he resolved to drag Boniface from Rome, as a prisoner, before the court he had thus constituted.

In 1303, Philip sent William de Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna to seize the Pope and convey him to Lyons. Boniface fled to his native city, whither Nogaret and Colonna pursued him. The little town was in no posture of defense, and the small but daring band forced the palace and seized the jewels and papers of the Pope. All fled from the Pontiff except a few cardinals; but Boniface, alone amid his enemies, lost none of his dignity. Rising from his throne, he denounced the personal crimes and treachery of Colonna and the heretical opinions of the Nogarets, while he renewed the thunders of the Church against Philip, their master. Colonna, in his anger, is said by some to have struck the Pope with his mailed hand, but this seems doubtful. In fact, his demeanor made them irresolute, and the people of Anagni, shamed to think that they had allowed a Pope from their own city to be insulted there by strangers, rallied, and on the third day expelled Colonna and Nogaret, with their men-at-arms, and took Boniface back in triumph to Rome, where the Orsini became his noble guard.

The excitement proved fatal to Boniface, who died soon after his restoration to Rome.

The strife between Boniface and Philip and the reverses of the Pope are the theme of many anecdotes and legends, and his active part in the civil dissensions drew on him the public wrath of Dante.

Among these incidents is one which is thus poetically given:

POPE BONIFACE with folded arms was pacing in the court.
With furrowed brow and knitted lip, and spirit steeped in thought;
He scarcely gave attention to the droning of the talk
Of prelate, prince and cardinal, accompanying his walk.
They told of bitter rivalry in politics and pelf,
Between the faction Ghibelline and faction of the Guelph—
How furiously the rancor seethed, how enmity was rife,
How one side egged the other on to overt acts of strife;
How bitter words of mockery were bandied to and fro,
And each was burning with desire to strike a mortal blow.
How night and day incessantly there sped some precious life,
Sent forth before God summoned it, by hired assassin's knife;
How, from the sacred judgment-hall, had justice taken flight,
For there was judgment only given by party, not by right.
A Cardinal Archbishop spake: "Pray Heaven from our land
Will root the traitorous Ghibelline, with all his murderous band,
And all his perjured judges too, and all his craft and stealth!"
"Out on thee!" roared a nobleman; "the traitor is the Guelph.
The Guelph is ever spattering with blood the Italian soil,
Is robbing honest peasants of the object of their toil;
Is violating sacred fane, is ruining all trade,
Save that of the stiletto, mind! and that is richly paid."
"Now, silence!" cried the cardinal, with fiercely kindling eye,
"Back in thy teeth, fell Ghibelline, I hurl the damned lie."
"A lie! ha, ha! his excellence! who falsehoods breeds himself!
If men would find rare liars, they must search the ranks of
Guelph."

"Now mark!" th' ecclesiastic raged, "the day will come, and must,
When Guelph shall break the Ghibelline, and stamp him in the
dust!

And beat his pride to powder——"

"So, well done, sir priest, his pride!"

Hurrah for Guelph humanity!" the scoffing noble cried.

"I scorn you!" raved the cardinal, "a base and beggar crew!"

"Please God," the noble answered him, "the Guelph shall have
his due."

"Please God," the blustering prelate cried, "you your insolence
shall rue."

Then sudden stooped Pope Boniface, and without speaking thrust
His hand along the pavement, and he scabbled up the dust.
Then, rising, turned on noble and archbishop, hot with ire—
His gray eyes flashing lightning-shafts—and spake these words
of fire:

"Fond partisans, so full of wrath, I pray you tell me whence
The Guelph and Ghibelline arose, and, when they journey hence,
To what must they return, I ask, both Ghibelline and Guelph?
See, Ghibelline, this handful, and thou other, see thyself!
'Tis hence you sprang, to this return, when all this strife is past!"
And in their faces Boniface the dusty handfuls cast.

HUNTED DOWN.

"GABRIELLE!" The tones were tones of passionate feeling, and the speaker's voice trembled with the depth of his emotion. "If I thought one thousandth part of the love I feel for you were reciprocated, I should be perfectly happy, Gabrielle."

The flash of joy that shone in the eyes of Gabrielle Las-cours was quenched as the white lids dropped suddenly with an affectation that was the perfection of art.

"I love you," she murmured, in a voice so low that Lloyd Eggleston bent his head to catch the faint reply, and she laid her white hand in his.

Lloyd pressed it to his lips rapturously.

"My happiness is so great I can scarcely realize it," he said, drawing her close in a fervent embrace. "When I have seen you, Gabrielle, so far above me, so infinitely superior to every other woman of my acquaintance, I have wondered if there existed in this world one who was worthy to win the priceless blessing of your love. I have stood afar off, worshiping with my heart and eyes, without daring to aspire to your love; and now, when I find your affection bestowed upon my unworthy self, I can scarcely realize

that a happiness so far beyond my deserts is really mine."

That rare smile, which made Gabrielle's beauty so dangerous to the hearts of men, parted her lips, and a flush, rosy as the dawn, crept into either delicate cheek.

"As if such a little thing as I am could make or mar your happiness," she said, with a happy laugh. "You will make me quite vain."

"Ah! Gabrielle, little Gabrielle, with your innocent eyes! I wonder if you women comprehend how much of power for good or evil lies in your weak hands? A pure woman's love has saved many a young man from ruin, and an evil heart, linked with a fair face, has wrecked and blighted the fairest hopes of manhood. I had a friend once, with as noble and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a human bosom. Lured on by the beauty of a vile woman, whom he so passionately loved that all advice and remonstrances were useless, he was entrapped into an unhappy marriage, when he learned the old story, so often and bitterly enforced—that beauty is often but a deceitful mask to cover the foulest corruption of which the human heart is capable. She disgraced him publicly by her shameless conduct; she ruined his worldly prospects by her lavish extravagance; she treated his remonstrances with contempt, his affection with ridicule and scorn, and added the last drop to the overflowing cup by the darkest sin known to the annals of crime—the sin of murder—"

"Murder!"

Gabrielle's voice, so hoarse and unnatural in its tones, drew Eggleston's attention.

Deathly pale, with her eyes dilated with horror, she could scarcely articulate the words that came in a hoarse whisper from her pallid lips.

"Good Heavens, Gabrielle! Have I frightened you so, then, my darling? Ah! if the mention of this terrible crime can affect you thus, think what the reality must have been to us, who loved him so!"

"But the horrible design was frustrated, thank God! He lives, an existence made wretched by the thoughts of his wasted and broken youth, and the doubts and suspicions he has learned from his sad experience to feel toward his fellow men.

"My faith in humanity is dead," he said to me once. 'I shall never love or trust again.'

"And now, good-by, darling, for I have lingered too long already."

With an effort, Gabrielle roused herself, to assume a composed and natural manner, to reply to his loving words, and return his parting smile.

When he was gone, she rose, and paced the room with a rapid and excited step.

"It is nothing but a coincidence," she whispered to herself—"a mere coincidence; and yet it affects me thus. I must be turning coward."

She paced the room in silence for a few moments, while a spasm of pain contracted her features.

"I hear his last words yet," she broke out, suddenly. "Will they ever haunt me thus?—'May you live, Gabrielle, to love as I have loved, and receive such a reward as mine.'"

As she repeated the words, a vision rose before her eyes—a vision of a woman sitting on a bed, whereon a form was stretched, already growing cold and rigid in the agonies of death. The face, becoming gray with the shadows of death, how indelibly is every feature written upon the memory! The room crowded with people, who talk excitedly in a foreign language—their angry whispers, and suspicious glances.

Then a secret flight by the light of the stars, leaving the

unburied corpse behind; the long and tedious sea voyage, under an assumed name, with a forged passport; the shipwreck on a foreign coast, and finally, the brilliant *début* under the name of Gabrielle Lascours, in that society where she first met Lloyd Eggleston.

Here the train of thought grew brighter, for the brilliant and beautiful Lascours had been the star of beauty and of fashion in the circle wherein she moved. To the magic of her smile, and the bewildering light of her magnificent eyes, proud men had bent in acknowledgment, delighted to do homage to such beauty.

Her toilet was at once the delight and envy of her feminine rivals, and what she wore or did not wear, was approved or vetoed accordingly.

Here, for the first time, she had learned to love.

Cold and haughty as an empress outwardly, she owned in her secret heart the magnetic power of Lloyd Eggleston's influence.

To captivate this man, she had displayed every art and charm and accomplishment of which she was mistress, and when at last he laid his heart and fortune at her feet, it needed all her tact to conceal the triumphant joy she felt at her success.

But she was not happy. There was a skeleton at the feast, and, turn which way she would, its ghastly presence mocked her vision.

"If I only dared to tell him all!" she cried, as she wrung her hands, with sobs of anguish. "But his scorn would kill me. If his love is like mine, he would cling to me though my soul were blackened by the perpetration of every crime in the calendar. But why do I talk like this? I have exerted every art to win him, and it will go hard if the cunning brain of Gabrielle Lascours cannot work my way clear."

But even as the thought found utterance, a white, dead face rose before her, and a ghostly whisper was in her ear: "May you live, Gabrielle, to love as I have loved, and receive such a reward as mine."

"Avaunt, demons!" and she snapped her fingers defiantly. "He is mine; and with the knowledge of that blissful fact, I can defy all the demons of this upper air!"

Her spirits rose at the thought.

"What could possibly happen?" she asked herself. "There were sudden disclosures, appalling *contretemps*, overwhelming evidence—in plays and novels. It was only in fiction that virtue received its reward, and secret sins were dragged to light and punished. In fact," she argued, "the reverse of this is so often the case in real life, that one's experience is enough to disgust one with virtue."

And she showed her dazzling teeth in a brilliant smile at the originality of the idea.

As the reaction progressed, she grew merry, and gayly hummed a lively air heard years ago, as she floated down the streets of Venice one moonlight night, the mellow voice of the boatman keeping time to the dip of the oars of the gondola.

"Virtue rewarded! Bah!" with a contemptuous shrug of her white shoulders. "Why, here is poor Gabrielle, the innkeeper's daughter, the idol of a crowd of aristocrats, the foreign female adventuress, flaunting in silks and diamonds that are worth a king's ransom. Can the dead rise again? Manifestly not. Then why trouble your pretty head, my Gabrielle, in regard to future consequences? There is a special providence which watches over fools and women."

THE curtain had not yet risen upon the second act, and the vast crowd were waiting anxiously the reappearance of their favorite singer, and adorning the stage with bouquets

in honor of her unusually brilliant performance, which had this evening outshone all her previous efforts.

A gentleman in one of the balcony boxes sat gazing listlessly about, not sharing in the general enthusiasm, or paying the slightest heed to what was passing around him.

His companion—a handsome young officer of somewhat effeminate appearance—leaned toward him, and touched him, eager enthusiasm shining in his handsome eyes.

"By Jove, Earl! the little warbler is divine, is she not?"

"As divine as rouge, diamonds and a tolerable voice, with a thorough knowledge of stage clap-trap, can make any woman. At your age, my boy, they are all angels. At mine, you will be willing to swear that the great enemy of souls is not more crafty and treacherous."

"Satan rebuking sin," laughed Captain Malvern. "What a horrible cynic you are, to be sure. I say, Gifford, why can't you allow one to enjoy a little of life, without perpetually tearing off the mask you have learned to penetrate? For the prince of disagreeable fellows, commend me to the man who is sure to discover that your copies of the old masters are daubs, your silver plate and the delicate complexion of your *fiancée* is a skillful combination of rouge and *email de Paris*. In short, the man who has a mission for going about the world, scratching the varnish

off everything, and discovering all sorts of shams. Such a man—Good God, Gifford! what is it?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Gifford spoke, his voice cool and even in its tones, though his face was blanched to the pallor of death, and his blue eyes scintillated like polished steel.

"I am subject to sudden attacks of faintness—heart disease, my physician tells me."

He raised his lorgnette, and swept a glance over the sea of faces before him.

"Who is that lady yonder?"

Malvern glanced at the box toward which his glass was leveled.

"That one in blue satin and pearls?"

"No, in the next box. The one with the magnificent eyes and amber hair."

"That is Lloyd Eggleston's wife, the acknowledged leader

of society. She is said to be the most beautiful woman in the city."

"Her diamonds are unusually fine. I would like to see them closer. I have a passion for gems, you know. I think I will go over and see Eggleston. I have not met him since my return from Europe. If I am not back at the close of the performance, do not wait for me."

He rose and left the box.

"Heart disease," said Captain Mark Malvern, as his eyes followed the retreating form of his friend. "Perhaps; but if so, it will not trouble you long, my friend. I never saw that look in a man's eyes unless the great enemy, Death, lurked near. When soldiers go into battle with that expression in their faces, they never come out alive."

"Gabrielle, my love, this is my friend, Earl Gifford."

Not a muscle of that well-trained face betrayed the agony of the wretched woman as she turned to Gifford with her sunniest smile.

"I am most happy to meet one of whom my husband has so often spoken." And she made room for him beside her.

Gifford took the proffered seat, and as he did so, his eyes met hers with a look that made her heart sink.

It was the look of a crouching panther ere he springs upon his prey. But no sign of her perturbation showed itself in her face. The beholder who might have glanced that way would

have seen a haughty, cynical-looking man, and a magnificently beautiful woman, with amber hair, that looked as if a shaft of sunbeams were imprisoned in its meshes, innocent, childish eyes, and a smile of rare beauty on her perfect mouth.

The curtain rose; all eyes were turned upon the stage, and a suppressed murmur of applause greeted the singer, whose thrilling voice rose in a torrent of jubilant melody, fresh and sparkling as the brilliant notes of the mocking-bird.

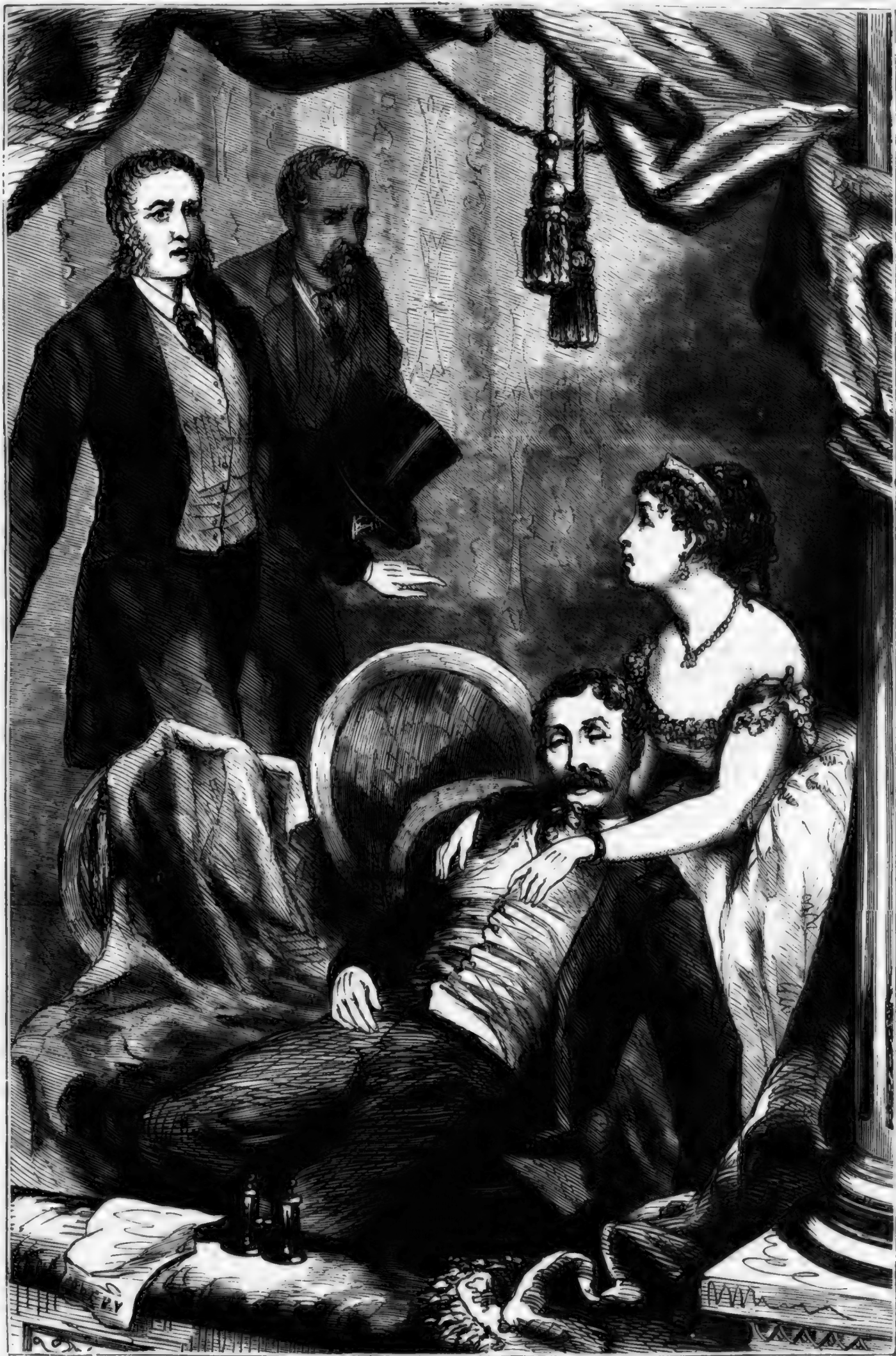
Then Gifford turned to Mrs. Eggleston, with a cold glitter in his steel-blue eyes, and a sardonic smile wreathing his thin lips.

"So, I have found you at last."

He leaned toward her as he spoke, and a looker-on would have fancied he was paying a compliment, or discussing the music.



A FOUR-FOOTED THIEF.—SEE PAGE 86.



HUNTED DOWN. — "WHEN MALVERN LOOKED AGAIN, A MOMENT AFTER, MRS. EGGLESTON WAS STANDING BESIDE GIFFORD, SUPPORTING HIS HEAD IN HER ARMS, WITH A FACE FROM WHICH EVERY PARTICLE OF COLOR HAD DIED OUT." — SEE PAGE 82.

"You will not expose me to him?"

There was an intonation of passionate entreaty in her voice that might have touched a heart of stone.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gabrielle shuddered at the triumphant mockery in his suppressed laugh, and clasped her white hands with an imploring gesture: then, suddenly recollecting herself, looked round with a careless smile.

"Have you no mercy, then?"

"Mercy! ha, ha! Did *you* have mercy when you took advantage of my illness to drug the wine the physician had ordered? Did *you* feel any compunctions when you hovered round my bed with tender words and wifely caresses, and watched my strength slowly ebb away in the slow poison your hands administered daily? When you left me, dead, as you supposed, and sought to avoid by flight the consequences of your crime, what, think you, fanned the feeble spark of life left me, and cheered the slow hours of my convalescence? It was the thought of revenge. It has inspired me to seek you in every land or clime where fate or fear might carry you. It has lent the only interest to life which I am capable of feeling. And think you I will forego its rapture now? Your time has come. A gallows, surrounded by a vulgar, gaping crowd, a rope in place of this"—he touched the glittering necklace of diamonds which clasped her snowy throat—"how does the picture please you, Gabrielle?"

There was a fiendish glare in his eyes, a horrible earnestness in his voice, which showed her how useless any appeal must be. Her brain reeled, a choking sense of suffocation was in her throat, as she whispered:

"How long a time will you give me?"

"Not an hour—not a moment. I will never lose sight of you till you are in the hands of the law. Think you I would work for this hour so patiently through the slowly crawling hours and days, only to let vengeance slip through my fingers at last? When the play is ended I shall accompany you home, and there, in the presence of the man you love, I will establish the identity of Gabrielle Eggleston, the idolized belle of society, and Gabrielle Gifford, the *murderess*! I had thought that your cold, selfish heart was incapable of love; but how will it add zest to my revenge, to know that I can thus add the deepest pang to your agony—the scorn of one you love."

A roar like the rush of mighty waves sounded in her ears; the lights danced before her eyes; she scarcely heard the voice from the stage, to whose wailing, sobbing sounds the crowd listened almost breathlessly.

She touched her husband, and whispered a word, which he obeyed, rising quietly and leaving the box.

Had Earl Gifford been observing her, he would have feared the radiant sparkle in her eye, the glow that tinted lip and cheek, in the mad desperation of that moment; but a significant gesture from Malvern, sitting opposite, caught his attention just then.

When Malvern looked again, a moment after, Mrs. Eggleston was standing beside Gifford, supporting his head in her arms, with a face from which every particle of color had died out.

"Mr Gifford has fainted, I think," she said to her husband and Captain Malvern, who entered the box together. "Perhaps you had better call our carriage and take him home with us."

But Malvern, who had seen death on many a hardly-contested field, knew the unmistakable seal of the destroyer only too well.

"He is dead," he said, sadly. "His physician warned him some time since, that death might occur at any moment, from disease of the heart."

They stooped to raise the lifeless form, already growing rigid in the coldness of death.

As Eggleston, assisted by two others, bore the body from the box to the carriage, Malvern turned suddenly to Mrs. Eggleston.

"What is this?"

And as he spoke he held up a long, needle-like stiletto, glistening with blood.

She uttered a sharp cry, and sprang forward to snatch it from his grasp.

At that moment she saw her husband approaching, and looked at Malvern with appealing eyes.

"We have taken poor Gifford to the hotel," said Eggleston, to his wife, "and now we will go home. This has been a terrible shock to you, Gabrielle. You look frightened and pale."

"Captain Malvern will accompany us," replied Gabrielle. "I have an explanation to make, and the sooner it is done, the better."

Captain Malvern, obeying the gesture with which she motioned him forward, followed them to the carriage.

In silence they entered it, and in silence drove through the streets, until they reached the residence of Eggleston.

"Come, Gabrielle," said her husband.

But there was no response from the muffled figure in the corner.

"Poor child! she has fallen asleep with fatigue," he said.

And he leaned forward and attempted to lift her from the carriage in his arms; but as he did so his hand touched her cheek, and he staggered back with a loud cry.

Gabrielle was dead.

Her husband supposed that she died from the shock caused by the exciting and fearful events of the night; and Malvern never undeceived him.

He, however, in examining the corpse of Gifford, found a small, livid blue spot directly under his left ear, which was evidently caused by a puncture from some small, sharp instrument.

This mark, which the physicians, in their examination, had overlooked, he had no doubt was caused by the slender stiletto he had picked up from the floor; and this belief was confirmed by the fact subsequently ascertained—that the lady and accomplished wife of Lloyd Eggleston was none other than the notorious Gabrielle Gifford.

A FOUR-FOOTED THIEF.

THE *Paris Figaro* says: "On Friday a new kind of robber was arrested not far from a hatter's, and holding a hat between his teeth. When efforts were made to take the hat away, he stood on the defensive, and there was a fight, which ended very badly for the hat. The thief was a dog. His master, who has not yet been found, had taught him to bring home goods to him for sale, and the hatter accuses him of having carried off no less than six hats within a week."

TRAVELER'S TREE.

NATURE seems always to struggle against the adverse circumstances of soil and climate, giving from the sandy soil the most juicy plants. A singular instance of this kindly intervention of our great mother, is seen in our illustration of the *Urania Speciosa*, or, as it has been not inaptly called, from the boon it confers on the wearied wayfarer, the Traveler's Tree. Ellis, in his travels in Madagascar, gives the fullest account.

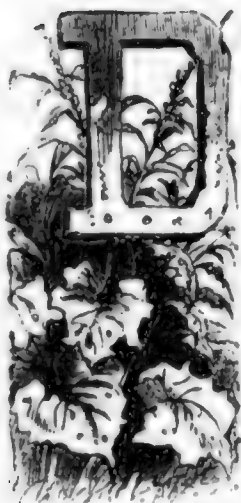
The tree resembles the plantain of the West Indies, or

the larger strelitzia, in its thick, succulent stem. This often rises to the height of thirty feet before it leafs out; branches it has none. These leaves, magnificent in their size, less fragile than the plantain, rise in lines on opposite sides, and spread out to the length of six or eight feet, with a breadth near the trunk of four or six feet. With such leaves, nature is, of course, economical, and counting the leaves upon a tree, generally synonymous with impossibility, and so used by Anacreon in the ode where he replies to the question how many fair maids he loved, here becomes a matter of easy calculation. There are generally twenty or twenty-four on a tree. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup in which gathers a sweet, cool, refreshing water, for the nourishment of the tree, and the relief of man, but the traveler need not ascend to drain this cup. The native takes his spear, and plunges it a few inches into the thick stem of the leaf about half a foot from the trunk, and holding a pitcher under it, receives a quart of the precious liquid, cheered and refreshed by which, he pursues his way.

DOLLY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.



DON'T forget to run over to Lee's in the morning, Dolly; I must have cream for the butter this week."

"I'll remember it, mother; you shall have your cream by seven, at the latest;" and a pair of beautiful lips touched the wrinkled cheeks of Dame Baxter, as the young girl gave the good-night kiss. The elder woman sat rocking to and fro in the chair, long after the girl had left her, placid and smiling.

"Where's Dolly?" asked the farmer, coming in from town-meeting, just as the clock in the corner was striking ten.

"Gone to bed, David. She looked tired, as well she might—at the ironing-board half the day. She's a dear, good child, and, David, I've been thinking to-night we brought a blessing on the house when we took her."

"Well, yes; the gal's a good gal," responded the hard-handed old farmer, laboriously divesting himself of his boots; "a leetle too Frenchified, perhaps, for a gal in her station, but—well, I'd hate mightily to miss her pretty face, that's a fact."

"Frenchified! I think you're hard on her, David. I'm sure we can't complain at the way she has of fixing things. Don't this old living-room look prettier than many a parlor in the town? The child has made the windows like bowers, with her birds and hanging-baskets, and the pretty things she knits in red and white wool. The very frames of the pictures, the little comforts and fancies all about, tell of her dear, warm love for home and us. It's glad I am that she takes to such things, and, for all her work and busy ways from morning till night, keeps herself like a lady. Look what little expense she's been to us! What she'll do with a bit of calico! It grows under her fingers as bright and tasteful as if it was the choicest silk. And what if she has a liking for studying French? Isn't her butter just as sweet? One don't see her dawdling round with a novel in her hand. The minister says he never saw such a one for study. 'She knows more now, Mrs. Baxter,' says he, 'than

many a girl whose life has been spent in boarding-schools.' What she learns she learns thorough; 'tain't many that has such gifts would knuckle down to hard work."

All this time, while the good dame was talking herself hoarse, the farmer had been deliberately filling his pipe. He stooped for a coal, and his eyes twinkled as he said, lighting the brown, powdery particles:

"Well, ye've had it out now, haven't ye, Becky? But, bless my soul! I don't complain of the lass—not I. It only seems odd-like that she should have such tastes and notions so far above we farmer people. Don't think I'm finding fault with Dolly. The lass's a'most as dear as my own—quite, maybe, as, having had no girl, I can't say—and as handsome as a pieter in the bargain. Sometimes I think we may be spoiling her a bit. There's none here now 'mong the men folks but ordinar', hard-working people, and it seems as if Dolly should have a minister or a lawyer, or some such. Now, you know the doctor is fifty odd, and though he has an eye on her, Dolly mustn't marry her grandfather. I'm sort o' puzzled, sometimes, to know what sort of a match the gal will make. She won't do for a poor man's wife, with her French and Latin and embroidery, and nice tastes and ways. She's a deal too delicate for that."

"I don't believe the child will marry anybody," spoke up Mrs. Baxter.

"Nonsense!" laughed her husband.

"But she's not a bit silly, like other girls—you know that, David; a bright, pretty child, without any odd, foolish notions. I'd be loath to part with her to anybody."

The farmer sat and smoked and thought. The one great disappointment of his life had been the loss of his only child—a boy; a loss that no girl, be she ever so beautiful and wise, could make up to him, he often said.

And while the little foundling had won an instantaneous victory over the comely wife of Farmer Baxter, the hard-featured man had shaken his head, and long withstood the gentle pleadings of the motherly heart.

"I'm sure, David, she will bring a blessing," was dinned into his patient ears so often that, at last, he said:

"Take her, Becky, for the Lord's sake, whether the blessing come or no!"

The memory of those words stung him, sometimes, as the little creature went about the house like a ray of sunshine, singing, working, in her baby willingness; loving everything, everybody that ministered to her; talking or moving with quaint, old-fashioned grace; always brightening what she touched; even creeping into David's locked-up heart, wherever she could find a crevice. And yet he prided himself on keeping the innermost shrine of that heart sacred to the one great love of his life—not love, so much as worship, had it been; and so sometimes his words and manner seemed cold to the beautiful girl.

Beautiful she was, as a sculptor's dream: her complexion pale, yet warm; her eyes dark and bright, with a sort of veiled splendor; the contour of her figure perfect.

"Not in the least like a country girl," said the Graftons; while strangers wondered if that delicate, *spirituelle* creature could possibly belong to those old-fashioned people.

Dolly—that was her home-name, her real name was Estelle—possessed one other attraction—a rich, musical, contralto voice, which had been trained a little by the village authority in musical matters. It was a voice capable of great things, and often brought tears to the eyes of the home folks when she sang for the church concerts that were given sometimes during the Winter.

So Dolly was a general favorite. Everybody loved her—even the young girls, who looked up to her as a superior being. And woe to that jealous or narrow soul who dared

to hint that, after all, she was only a foundling—that her mother had died in the poorhouse, and nobody could tell who her father was.

All of which was quite true. A stranger, footsore, ill and penniless, had come to the quiet village twelve years before. No one ever could learn who she was, or whence she had come; but it was evident, by her manners and appearance, that she had been accustomed to refinement. Nor would she give any clue to her identity, or speak of her antecedents. When they asked her the child's name, she only answered them, "Call her Estelle"; and soon after, she died.

The name suited neither the farmer nor his wife, and so they called her Dolly from the first.

She was a very happy creature, was Dolly—always stirring and singing, and very careful and tender of her adopted mother, whom she loved devotedly.

Of the farmer she had been, from the first, a trifle afraid—perhaps more on account of a certain austerity of manner which had become engrafted upon his real kindness of nature, than because she felt herself a foreign scion on the family tree.

Still, she knew he loved her, if he did not fully appreciate her efforts to make of herself the most that was possible in all attainments of learning that were accessible to her, and in the accomplishments of the day.

Music was a passion with her.

"Perhaps I shall have a piano when I am married," she said, sometimes, with a little sigh; "and I shall never be too old to learn."

CHAPTER II.

DOLLY rose joyously in the dawn of the early morning, ever after to be so memorable, to go over to Ham Lee's farm for cream. A shower of dew came in as she raised the window and shook a cluster of sweetbriar-roses that crowded against the casements. How fragrant and beautiful they were, their tendril fingers clinging to the pane!

as beautiful, Dolly thought, as if they had been just created, and God had poured into their veins for the first time the subtle perfume that makes them sweeter than all other flowers.

The sun was slowly reddening the east as she stepped out, with a light heart; a warm, mild breeze heralded its rising. The fields were glorious in their early shadows; softer for the tender, pearly mist that draped the hedges and the trees.

Dolly sang to herself a pretty little air as she walked. In the distance sounded a prolonged, clear whistle, to the left. Dolly was nearing the track, which lay between the great farm of Ham Lee and the rough little depot. The gleaming lines of steel,

from where she stood, looked like threads of rivers; all manner of vines clung to the opposite banks, which were very steep and bright, where they could be seen for the greenery, with streaks of yellow and crimson, where gullies were worn by the dashing Spring rains.

Fully six feet below was the track. Flights of steps led from the meadow to the farm opposite. This was the short cut to the great farm, and Dolly always experienced a



TRAVELER'S TREE.—SEE PAGE 86.



DOLLY. — "SHE OFFERED HIM THE DRINK HE REQUIRED WITH ALACRITY. 'I FIND YOU MUST STEADY MY HEAD FOR ME; I CANNOT RISE WITHOUT,' SAID THE INVALID." — SEE PAGE 87.

pleasurable and curious excitement in going this way, especially when the trains were expected from east or west. She paused now, leaning against the rail and looking thoughtfully down.

The motion of the ground beneath her feet gave indication of the nearing engine. A low, thundering sound trembled in the air. It had never seemed so continuous before—appearing to the girl to come from all points of the compass at once.

Still she watched and waited. She loved to see the long train rush by, with its wonderful human freight. To be sure, the faces and the forms were all blended indistinctly; but then it pleased the girl to think of them—to wonder where they were going—to fancy the motives, wishes, employments, friendships, loves, but seldom the sorrows, of the flying multitudes.

They were coming now. Such a roar smote her ears as made her involuntarily put up her hands to shield them. The air was hot, and full of smoke; a sort of red glare pervaded the atmosphere. Had heaven and earth come together? for suddenly the day was darkened, and, before she could move, cry, or even think, two mighty engines rushed into each other, rearing and snorting: one, with a leap like that of some furious beast, plunged through the opposite train, scattering death and fire, and the fragments of many a quivering frame.

There was a mingling of hissing steam, shouts, shrieks, and crashings—all the awful accompaniments of a collision; and Dolly, with death-white face and staring eye-balls, glaring wildly at the scene—at the outpouring of those who had not been injured—at the chaos of ruin to life, limb and machinery—stood gasping and choking, holding to the rail like one clutching at safety in the midst of threatening peril.

The blinding glare of fire confused her senses. She was dimly conscious of persons coming up the steps on her side; of some one speaking, who, she presently observed, was no other than old Doctor Ingalls, who was trying to explain how the accident came to pass.

Gradually the mist seemed to clear from her brain; the terrible sounds died away. She became conscious that several men stood near, holding a rudely extemporized stretcher, on which laid the body of a man.

"My dear Miss Baxter! So astonished to see you here! Terrible sight!—fearful shock, this accident! And here's a poor fellow badly injured—quite insensible. I suppose we must send him to the poorhouse—almost too far off, too—but Farmer Lee is full—"

"Oh, take him home!" cried Dolly, as soon as she could speak. "Lose no time! I am sure mother would say yes. He shall have my room. Don't take him to the poorhouse, doctor!" she added, with a shudder; "we will all do our best for him—we will, indeed!"

The tears were falling slowly over her pale cheeks, her hands were clasped.

"Pretty creature!" thought the doctor, with a glance of admiration; and maybe he wished himself younger.

"Are any killed?" asked Dolly.

"I am sorry to say yes—five or six lie down there by the depot, dead. More than a score are wounded. It was deplorable carelessness—criminal inattention. But you had better not stay, Miss Baxter; you look faint and ill."

By this time the men were on their way to Farmer Baxter's, and the doctor went back to the scene of the accident.

CHAPTER III.

It was very quiet now, after the terror and confusion of the day were over. People had been going and coming at

the Cut since early morning, and many a gossip had called in at Farmer Baxter's to talk about the accident.

The wounded man had been tenderly cared for, and now slept the sleep of utter exhaustion on Dolly's snow-white bed. It had been found necessary to amputate the left hand; beyond that, and the shock to his system, it was thought no further injuries had been received.

No one was in the sick-room now but Dolly. Twilight had faded into dusk; the moon shone brightly, making the light of the lamp in the far corner quite superfluous. The girl had been for some time intently studying the face before her—a face more striking for its intellectual expression than for regularity of feature. The prominent forehead, so clear and pale by contrast with the heavy brown locks that were pushed carelessly away from it; the straight brows, shapely outlines of the features, graceful beard and finely, firmly curved lips, were suggestive of a new kind of manly beauty, very different from what she had been accustomed to see in the men who composed the society of Grafton.

At times she fancied she could trace a likeness to some one she had known or met in the past; but that was unlikely. Could she have dreamed of meeting his counterpart?

A tender pity filled her heart as she watched him and noted the brows contracted as with sharp pain, and thought of the anguish of those who loved him.

Mother Baxter came in, her honest face aglow with sympathy.

"Asleep, ain't he, poor boy? How pale he is! I'r'aps he'll be able to talk to-morrow, and tell us who he is. Not used to hard work," she added, keenly inspecting the hand that lay outside the coverlet, upon whose third finger sparkled an amethyst-ring. "What white fingers, eh, Dolly darling! just like a girl's, only larger. He's some gentleman's son, you be sure—handsome, too!"

Dolly flushed a little, and withdrew her eyes from the stranger's face, fastening them with intent and curious scrutiny upon the face of Mrs. Baxter. All at once the conviction flashed upon her that there was the likeness in the woman's rather massive features, the same broad forehead, well-cut lips, high nose and square chin.

"Oh, how my heart goes out to one like him!" said the woman, in a lower voice. "Didn't we dream, both of us, that we'd live to see our boy something like that—something to be proud of? A happy woman must his mother be—a happy, happy woman, only to have him spared to her."

She drew her hand over her eyes. She could not speak even now, of that lost without emotion. Dolly rose and went to her, and flung her arms over her neck.

"Don't grieve, mother," she said, softly; "let me comfort you."

"You do—you always have been a great comfort to me, Dolly darling. You've been like an angel in the old house. God sent you to make up for his loss—and yet it all seems so mysterious. See, Dolly, he's stirring. Poor lad! with his hand gone. It couldn't be helped; but, Dolly, I felt as if I'd give my own—my right one, too, to save his."

Dolly sat down again as her mother left the room, to muse and dream, and now and then gaze on the face so white and noble.

Then she moved from the foot to the side of the bed, thrilled with this her first ministration in the sick-room, and feeling her capability to her fingers' ends. At her side was a small, square table, on which stood some vials and a goblet.

A pair of crumpled linen cuffs attracted her attention. In them, intact, was a pair of broad gold sleeve-studs. Dolly

removed the studs, and carried them to the light, which revealed upon their surface the initials, D. H. B.

Dolly started; an expression of incredulity passed over her features. Again she examined them. Yes, there were the letters so familiar to her. She had seen them every day in the week in fact, for were they not worked in old-fashioned sampler-stitch on every piece of household linen in the possession of David Baxter; the good woman was one of those primitive housewives, whose ambition it was to keep up the simple practices and accomplishments of the times of her youth; hence the often-recurring letters in tent-stitch, over which Dolly's iron passed once every week.

"How odd! What a strange coincidence! D. H. B.—David Hadley Baxter—what could it mean?" queried Dolly, wonderingly.

Suddenly her visionary thoughts took flight, as, looking up, she encountered the gaze of her patient. It was with some embarrassment that she stepped back to her old position, under the scrutiny of those earnest eyes, and glad that his voice broke the spell at last.

"Some water, please."

She offered him the drink he required with alacrity.

"I find you must steady my head for me; I cannot rise without."

She passed an arm back of his shoulders, and he drank, as, with her assistance, he lifted himself.

"Thank you. I hope it has not inconvenienced you. Will you kindly tell me where I am?"

"With Mr. Baxter—a farmer in the town of Grafton."

"Grafton?—I don't know the name," he murmured, drowsily. "Was anything saved—my books, my valise—do you know?"

"We have seen nothing of either books or valise," she answered.

"Then they are gone; it don't matter. Would you do me a little service?"

Dolly testified her willingness.

"I should like a message sent to N——, if it is not too much trouble."

Dolly wrote hastily after his dictation.

"The direction is 'Armitage & Co., Water Street, S. E.'" he said, after the message had been prepared.

Then she heard him murmur, as he turned his face to the wall:

"A cripple for life—for life!"

The hot tears stood in her eyes as she hastened downstairs to send the telegram to the nearest station.

For two days Dolly kept her post at his bedside, nursed him, read to him—her rich tones filling his ear, her beauty a continual wonder to him, her gentle touch, and thoughtful, womanly ways, soothing and delighting him.

CHAPTER IV.

IN due course of time an answer came to the message. One day the old station-carriage drove up to the door, and Pete White, the superannuated coachman, let down the steps with unusual alacrity and much obsequiousness of manner.

The portly, well-dressed woman who entered announced herself as the mother of the wounded man.

Dolly, wondering at her quiet demeanor, led her to the door of the sick-room, and softly retraced her steps to where Dame Baxter sat, picking up the stitches she had dropped in her agitation. Seating herself on her own particular footstool, she watched the trembling fingers.

"A queer mother, she," said the dame. "I should have rushed in; I couldn't a-spoken, my heart would be that

flutterin'. Why, my dear, what kind o' bodies be these city folk?"

"They are more quiet—it's their fashion," said Dolly. "She has a kind face, though not in the least like his," and she looked curiously and critically at the lovely dark eyes of gentle Mrs. Baxter. "Mother," she said, softly, after a moment of silence, "I want you to tell me a story."

"Me! tell you a story! My senses! what is the child thinking of! I never knew a story to tell in all my life—not even out of 'Mother Goose.'"

"Ah! but there is a story. Once before I asked you for it, and you said, 'Some time I will tell you.' Do you remember?"

The dame's hands fell to her lap, and the great ball of yarn traveled to the door with lightning speed.

"Ah! yes, yes—I know," she said, softly, and then shook her head.

"But indeed you must, mother. I claim your promise. I have a reason for it. And, besides, it happened so many years ago."

"Many weary years—yes, child; but the sorrow is as fresh to-day, almost, as it ever was. The sight of the poor lad up-stairs"—her lips quivered, but she controlled the rising emotion. "Almost twenty years," she said, with a far-off look—"yes, almost twenty years. We were so happy with him! He came within a twelvemonth, and things went prosperous with us, and then David's mother left him a little money. Sometimes I think that was the beginning of the trouble. Then came the quarrel—our first quarrel. Yes, yes"—her eyes grew dim—"and such a terrible judgment it brought! We've never dared to differ since. I was most to blame, no doubt, though he says not."

She dallied with her needles, while Dolly pulled the yarn-ball slowly back.

"We were seven years married then, you see, and Davy was six years old. Oh, I can't tell you what he was to me—to us—for his father justly worshiped him! We'd sold the mother's farm, and got a goodish bit of money; and then, as David's brother wrote him to come to America, we made up our minds to go. I haven't told you that I was a Manchester lass. I never love to think of the old town now. It be ever associated with the memory of *that*—but we came from Manchester, and it was on our way to Liverpool that we had the quarrel.

"Sure, it bore bitter fruit. David was a hot temper, and I wasn't far behind him, so he took one part of the car with the boy, and I another. After that the seats filled up, and there I sat, too proud even to look around, nursing that beastly anger, and almost hating the man who was taking me from home and all I loved, though I started with him willingly. Well, darling, I fell to sleep at last, and the day wore on, and the cars stopped, and by that time my heart was hungry enough for my man and boy.

"'I'll forgive it all, and own up,' I said, peering about in the noise and confusion of the great, smoky station. And then David came for me, sort o' stupid like, and when he asked, 'Where's the boy?' I thought my feet would go from under me, for all my strength gave out. Our boy! our six-year-old Davy! Great Heaven! will I ever forget the feeling that came over me?"

"You took him with you, David," said I, thinking he might be trying to frighten me for my wickedness.

"'But I sent him back to you when I got out at a place, three hours ago,' says he.

"Then I cried out for God to have mercy on me. I'd gone to sleep before that, and never laid eyes on the bairn. The dear boy must a-followed his father, or maybe some woman he thought was me, and in the crowd and confusion—for a-many got in and out o' that place, Davy said—he

was lost sight of. And, besides that, Davy owned that he'd drunk a bit—he that never could bear the smallest sip o' liquor.

"Ah, my dear, it was a sad business all around! Well, Dolly, it's no use trying to tell you what happened after. If you could have seen us, going like wild things through the long train in hopes to find him somewhere; begging of everybody, gentle and simple, to give us tidings; then out into the great station, frantic with the terror, at times seeing a little child and finding its face so strange!

"They pitied us, even the rough stokers and the engine-men, and they telegraphed all along the station. Oh, God! I'll never forget that anguish. It was burned into my brain, it turned my hair white, and David's too.

"Well, there's nothing more to tell, you see;" and two hot tears fell on Dolly's hands. "We found a shelter for that night, but there was no sleep for us. David went back in the morning; all along the line he went, and, though it was a fast train, 'twas all the same to him as though he rode behind a hearse. Still no tidings—and tidings we never had!

"We spent enough money in telegraphing and advertising to buy a good farm in this country, and that's what kept David poor. David has been very tender o' me since then, and me of him; for how could one reproach the other? But, oh, hasn't my heart been hungry for my poor boy! Dear lass, sometimes the sweet face, the great, dark eyes, the tangled curls of yellow hair—not tow-like, but pure golden—come in my dreams, and it do seem like heaven till the waking comes; then I'm miserable, and my pillow is fair wet wi' my tears."

She had taken up the knitting again, and the tremulous mouth and heavy lashes went to Dolly's heart.

"And did you ever think you should find him again?" whispered Dolly, falteringly.

"Yes, dear; I'm always thinking of that. I've never given over hoping—I never shall. There's been no prayer offered, night or morning, for over twenty years, that hasn't had his name in it. Even if David and I live to the three score allotted to man, it seems to me that then, afore I die,

God'll bring him to me in some way. I never will give up thinking that—I will believe in His mercy. I'll never let go the promise. Yes, it comes to me often and often that I'll see my laddie again, some time."

Dolly rose and laid the palms of her cool hands over the dame's forehead, then she stooped and kissed her; but she could scarcely say good-night as she left the room. She wanted to get away by herself and think. In the then excited state of her mother, she dared not whisper her surmises—her great hopes. If it should be, then Dolly wanted no greater happiness; for had she not brought him here?

CHAPTER V.

"Why, bless your heart, no! he's not our own son, though that makes no difference in our feelings; certainly not. We adopted him, and we're very proud of him. Poor boy! it might have been worse, though; but, dear me, it's very sad! He will have to go through life with only one hand. What will Ida say, I wonder?"

These were the rather commonplace remarks of Mrs. Armitage. She had yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Baxter to take a cup of tea, to which were added delicious honey and bread of the whitest.

"That's a very pretty

daughter of yours," she added; "a very refined and sweet little body—and a dear, old-fashioned name, Dolly."

"That was my mother's name—English, you know."

"What! you came from England? So did I; my father was one of the oldest Perthshire merchants. We were on our way to this country when we found our boy. It was in forty-nine."

"Forty-nine!" gasped Dame Baxter, a singular pallor overspreading her face.

"Yes; I might have known you were English, and——"

"But the child—the boy!" interrupted Dame Baxter.

"Well, we found him in the station, or, rather, while we were waiting for a carriage; for we had got off near one of the country towns, and expected my sister, who lived there, to send a carriage for us. My husband thought the boy must have been left behind some way, through accident,



ANY SACRIFICE FOR THE SAKE OF STYLE.

BROTHER CHARLIE.—"Maria wants you to kill an' stuff Major, an' send him home to trim her hat with."

but, bless you! I never did. He was put off, probably, from some second or third-class carriage; for, though we advertised, no one ever claimed him, and my sister had no sooner set eyes on the child than she wanted him. He was very pretty, with bright hair and eyes. He came into my possession through the death of my sister, and we were very glad to take him, being well enough off, and having no children. Still, he knows he don't belong to us, of course; and do you believe that, since he has learned the initials that were marked on his clothing, he will have no others! Yes, it's exceedingly curious of him. And it is one of his dearest hopes that he shall go to England some day, and search for his parents. I tell him that is simply preposterous, and even if he should find them, he may be ashamed of them. Better let well enough alone—they might be poor, miserable

"What did you say, dear?" she asked, pale with watching and grief, as she held her ear to the trembling lips.

"My little Davy!—tell father I have found him. I knew Heaven would send him to me some time. Pray for me that my faith fail not. I want to bless my boy!"

"Mother, is it—is it the man up-stairs?" whispered Dolly, awe-struck.

"Yes, darling. I heard the whole story yesterday, and the joy had like to kill me! But, please God, I won't die yet. And to think you brought him! 'David,' I said to father, 'didn't I tell you she'd bring a blessing to the house?' My pretty little Davy, with his golden hair!"

"But, mother, dear, are you wandering? He is not little Davy; he is a man grown," said Dolly, clasping her hands tightly, as if to quiet the too rapid pulses.



SEAL-HUNTING.—SEE PAGE 95.

creatures; but he doesn't seem to care, only laughs, and asks us if he looks as if he came of such stock. We have always called him Davy, but—good heavens! madame, what is the matter? The woman is in a fit."

Dame Baxter's head had dropped forward, her eyes seemed fixed, her features rigid.

Mrs. Armitage looked round for a bell, but finding none, she flew to the foot of the staircase, and called Dolly with all her might.

That night Dame Baxter was very ill, lying in a state of coma; it was only with the dawning of the day that she became conscious.

Dolly was bending over her when, for the first time, she opened her eyes consciously.

"It don't matter, Dolly; he's my little Davy to me." Then, in a fainter voice: "I wonder what he would say if he knew it?"

"He will say he is very glad," said Dolly, in a whisper. "I know he will, for he has been telling me his history. We have become very well acquainted, and he has always been anxious to find his parents, and give the love of his loyal heart to them. It is loyal—it is good. You may be proud of him!"

"So he has been telling you about himself?"

"Yes—how he had been cared for and blessed with loving friends, and"—her voice trembled a little—"he is engaged to be married, to a very rich and beautiful girl—a proud girl, who, perhaps—but no, I will not think it of

her," she added, her soft eyes shining with unwonted fire. "Suppose he does come of humble lineage, while she boasts of patrician blood; he still has the same noble manhood." She paused till her voice grew steady. "Mother, she is coming here to-morrow. Please God, you will see your son's future bride to-morrow."

The rich voice faltered, and she turned suddenly from the searching eyes that seemed reading her soul.

"Well, mother!" cried Dolly, the next day, as Dame Baxter came down-stairs in all the glory of her gray silk dress and best cap, with white ribbons that fluttered at every step.

"Oh, my darling, I'm so happy!" and the overjoyed woman leaned on the protecting arm held out for her guidance. "He is my own Davy! He loves us both, already. And father, he couldn't stand it—to hear his voice calling him *that* name! for he hadn't any hope—I held him up with mine. It's almost too much joy! And to think he remembered the little blue box full of geraniums, and the window in the old cottage that opened like a door, and the speckled hen—think of that! Such a strong, handsome lad, too—so cheerful and winsome. Learned, too," she continued. "Ah, we'd never 'a' done that much for him, maybe. It's God's hand; it's all His love and mercy. And now, he says, he's got two mothers. I'm not a bit jealous, Dolly—not a bit, no, no! I won't be selfish in this great mercy, though she's had him and loved him so long."

An interruption came, in the shape of the old depot-carriage, and Dolly herself went to the door to do the honors.

A graceful, sylph-like figure, dressed in soft, rich fabrics, with a face that could not be looked at without a thrill of admiration, was just alighting. Daintily she held her train from the unpaved walk. She was accompanied by a young man whose face was very like her own—her cousin, in fact. He stood at the door as she reached it.

"You won't mind sitting in the carriage, Harry? as you don't want to squire me in," she said, laughing. "Mercy me! what a primitive spot! What sort of people do you suppose live here? How uncomfortable the poor fellow must be, in this dreary place. Ah!"

She glanced up in some surprise.

Harry as instantaneously lifted his hat, as he caught sight of the lovely home-vision in the vine-covered porch.

"You are Miss Ida Palfrey? We have been expecting you," said Dolly, as she ushered the high-bred young lady into the simply furnished living room.

Miss Palfrey graciously smiled; seemed a little taken aback by the pleasant interior, where books, birds and flowers had their appropriate places; and, with quickened breath, was led up-stairs into the cool, pleasant front room.

"Oh, mother, isn't she lovely!" Dolly exclaimed; "so tall and grand-looking! I felt like a pygmy beside her. Everything she has on is so exquisitely finished. And her manner, too!"

"Just what didn't please me, darling. I didn't like her way of looking round. Believe me, she's no wife for my Davy—I feel it in my bones. When she knows all—and he's not the lad to hide aught—"

"Never mind, mother dear; if only she loves him—you should have seen his face as she went in—she cannot, she will not, fail him."

Then followed a long silence. Dolly was putting hard questions to herself. She sat with bowed head and closely clasped fingers; while Harry, sitting in the crazy old carriage, stood on tiptoe to get another glance at her, and wished he had gone in.

"Yes," she mused, "she is certainly very beautiful and

graceful and fashionable. She will be my sister; she will be his wife—*his* wife."

The girl turned away, as coming footsteps denoted that the interview was over.

Miss Palfrey came slowly into the room. She seemed agitated, and through the gauzy veil which she had drawn down, her eyes looked red and troubled.

She scarcely spoke as she passed Dolly and her mother—only bowed, with a movement of the lips that might have meant good-by, or anything.

Dolly and her mother sat gazing at each other.

"There's something wrong," said Mrs. Baxter, shaking her head as she spoke. "The lass that marries my boy must respect me more than that. There's *his* bell, Dolly, darling; go up and see, for I couldn't."

Dolly went up with slower steps than usual.

David was looking eagerly at the door as she entered, and so little like a disappointed man that Dolly said to herself:

"It is all right."

And yet, as she drew nearer, she could see that his face was paler, and a certain forced composure made his voice sound strange.

"My little friend and sister," he said, "this has been a wonderful day. I find myself suddenly thrown upon myself—all props taken away—my whole life changed, in a measure. I find my parents honest, upright people, and I am proud of them. I find in my sister a lovable, beautiful girl—has no one ever told you that before, little one? And something else I have learned"—his tones grew harsh—"happily, before it is too late—the falseness and hollowness of the heart I thought refined and noble and true. I spoke to you yesterday, as a brother to a sister, of my engagement. I tell you to-day, in the same brotherly confidence, that the engagement is broken. She cannot unite her fate with one who has fallen from the high estate of riches and worldly honor, as she deems it. What do you think she asked of me? To renounce these dear people—to renounce you all. I laughed in her face. Nature is not so niggard of faith and honor and love. She stood before me as a tempter, bribing me to be false to myself. I gave her back the ring I wore, she gave me one I put upon her finger a few days ago. Do you like diamonds, Dolly? You shall wear this. Hold out your finger."

"No, no! I cannot—you must not," faltered Dolly, feeling like a criminal, not knowing what to say.

"You are right—diamonds for such as she," he laughed; "the pearls of sweet affection and duty for such as you. Now read to me, darling."

His caressing voice made her heart leap. As she sat there, that quiet Summer day, not caring to analyze her feelings—he listening, with closed eyes, to the rich voice which was such a rare delight—she felt strangely happy. It was, after all, very sweet to be a sister to him.

"Never mind, mother," he said, some days later, as, sitting at the window, framed in with sweet-brier roses, the good woman was condoling with him; "don't fancy it makes me unhappy to give up what, after all, was really not mine by right. I shall get on famously, and make a better lawyer, having only my good right hand to depend upon. I think as much again of it, now it has no mate. And with you, and such a sister as Dolly darling! Why, mother," he added, with sudden enthusiasm, "my sister is the loveliest girl I ever saw, and sweet and innocent as beautiful! Her voice is music itself!"

"We have always called her Dolly," said Dame Baxter, with slower speech, "but her real name is Stella—her father thought that too fanciful."

A slight pause, then she spoke again.

"And Dolly is *not* your sister, my dear."

"Not my sister!" He half rises, the red glow in his cheeks creeping to his forehead. "For Heaven's sake, mother, what do you mean?"

And then, in a low, murmurous voice, his mother tells her second story—she who had none to tell, not even out of "Mother Goose." And he listened, his far-off glance resting on the opposite hills, and a sweetness and tenderness distilling into his soul, thrilling all his pulses, such as he had never felt before.

"I shall always call her Dolly," he murmured, so softly that his mother did not catch the words.

So he told Dolly himself, that very evening, with such thrills of happiness, such tenderness of emotion, that his voice trembled and his eyes were full of joyful tears. And she—ah! she had never looked for such an avowal from those lips.

His low-whispered "I love you, Dolly, I love you. At last I know what true love is, thank God!" gave a delicacy to her silent acquiescence that eclipsed all the graces of Miss Ida Palfrey.

So Dolly darling found the blessing she had vaguely wished for—the love of a true and noble man, the blessing she had brought to the house.

SEAL-HUNTING.

THE Greenland Esquimaux, whose icebound fatherland affords no food but berries, is obliged to look to the sea for his subsistence; and the seal plays as important a part in his humble existence as the reindeer among the Laplanders or the camel among the Bedouins of the desert. Its flesh and fat form his principal food; from its skin he makes his boat, his tent, his dress; from its sinews and bones, his thread and needles, his fishing-line and his bow-strings. Thus on the frozen confines of the Polar Sea, as in many other parts of the world, we find the existence of man almost entirely depending upon that of a single class of animals.

But the Bedouin who tends the patient dromedary, or the Laplander who feeds on the flesh and milk of the domesticated reindeer, enjoys an easy life when compared to the Esquimaux, who, to satisfy the cravings of his sharp appetite, is, in all seasons, obliged to brave all the perils of the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he waits patiently for hours in the cold fog until a seal rises to the surface, or else he warily approaches a herd basking or sleeping on the ice-blocks—for the least noise awakens the watchful animals. Sometimes he has recourse to stratagem, covers himself with a sealskin, and, imitating the movements and gestures of the deceived phocæ, introduces himself into the midst of the unsuspecting troop.

We read in the "Odyssey" how the "dark-featured hero," Menelaus, deigned to conceal his royal limbs under a fresh sealskin in order to surprise Proteus, the infallible seer; and what sufferings his olfactory organs underwent from the

"Unsavory stench of oil and brackish ooze,"

until the fair sea-nymph Eidothea, whom the gallant chief implored in his distress,

"With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restored."

Fortunately for the Esquimaux, his nose is less sensitive than that of the son of Atreus, and, without ambrosia, he willingly dons a disguise which affords his unsophisticated taste the pleasure of a theatrical entertainment combined with the profit of a savory prize.

Physical strength, dexterity, caution, quickness of eye and acuteness of hearing, are the indispensable qualities of the Esquimaux, and require to be exercised and developed from his tenderest years. The boy of fifteen must be as perfect a seal-catcher as his father, and be able to make all the instruments necessary for the chase. In these inhospitable regions every one is obliged to rely upon himself alone; there, where all the powers of the body and mind are tasked to the utmost for the mere sustenance of life, weakness and want of dexterity must inevitably succumb.

Besides the savages of the North, the civilized nations also give chase to the seals, or, rather wage a barbarous war of extermination against these helpless creatures. On the Labrador coast and some parts of the Pacific, there are spots well known as resorts of the seal, and seal-shooting here partakes more of the nature of genuine sport.

The seal-hunter must be well and warmly clad, and have no part of his dress liable to flutter in the wind, as the seals have grown very shy, and easily take alarm. The hunters prostrate themselves on the beach, within range of the rocks frequented by the seals, and wait patiently for them to appear and present a fair shot.

When the weather is cold and the air from the sea keen, it requires nerve, patience, and endurance; but the game is worth it. When a good shot can be had, the rifle does the work, and the light boat kept close at hand is at once pushed out to secure the prize. Then that spot is left for a time, till the frightened creatures, reassured by the silence around, return to their haunt and again offer a mark to man's destructive missiles.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

THE latest story of horse intelligence comes from Bangor, and is told as follows: Mr. W. H. Pritchard has in his stable a grain-chest which locks with a spring. The boy who takes care of the horse always pounds the spring to raise the lid. One morning recently Mr. Pritchard heard a loud thumping in the stable, and, on going out, found the horse imitating the boy by pounding with his fore-foot the top of the grain-chest lid, endeavoring to get it open.

The knowing animal was returned to his stall, and received an extra quantity of oats for his endeavors.

THE BUFFALO FERRY ON THE TIGRIS.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF TRAVEL BY AUGUST LOCHER.

THE common or domestic buffalo (*Bos Bubalus*), also known as water-buffalo, is an animal of the ox tribe, originally indigenous to the East Indies only, but thence early introduced in Persia, Egypt, North Africa, and, about the end of the sixth century of the Christian Era, even in Greece and Italy, in which latter country it thrives now best in the pestilential Pontine marshes (the southern portion of the well-known "Campagna di Roma"), and the still more notorious swamps of the "Maremma," in the province of Tuscany, on account of its peculiar predilection for stagnant water and the rank, coarse herbage of marshy soil.

The buffalo, though not as high in stature as the domestic ox, is considerably heavier built and clumsier than the latter. Its legs are shorter and stouter, its head is larger in proportion, its back much broader—in fact, its entire form more angular and unsightly than that of the ox, and its homely outlines are by no means enhanced by the thick,

black, india-rubber-like hide, which is tightly stretched over its body, and, like that of the elephant, very sparsely covered with coarse, black or dark-brown hair, rather bristly and tufty on the forehead, ears and knees, but less coarse along the back, dewlap and belly.

The horns, generally of a dirty black color, grow very long, are somewhat compressed and faintly knotty, gently tapering and curving, first downward and backward along the neck, and then upward and backward.

The head, though larger, is not near as broad across the forehead as that of the ox, but it is much longer, and its forehead, instead of being flat like that of the latter animal, is elevated or convex.

The female buffalo, or cow, is smaller than our bull, and yields a greater quantity of milk than our domestic cow, although it has a comparatively small udder, which, like the animal's hide, is of a very unsightly dark color, and covered with long, silky hair.

The milk is good, yet rather too rich to be drank without being diluted with water, but it makes excellent table-butter. The natives of India, however, turn it chiefly into a sort of liquid butter called "ghee," used exclusively for culinary purposes, and by confectioners. It forms an important article of commerce throughout Western Asia, by reason of its being the only animal fat a Hindoo or a Moslem is permitted (by his religion) to use in cookery, on account of its being derived from the living animal.

The buffalo is a much more powerful brute than the ox, and, therefore, still better suited for hard work, such as plowing, dragging heavy weights, etc.

Though its habitual gait and movements are very slow and slothful, it can run and turn with astonishing agility when it is excited or angry. It is usually of a very quiet, inoffensive disposition, but some of the bulls are ugly, dangerous customers to deal with, and can only be kept under control by means of a strong metal ring passed through the cartilage of the nose, to which a rope or chain is attached.

In standing quiet, walking or running, the buffalo invariably projects the head and nose straight forward, so that the forehead and nose are almost on a level with each other, and the horns laid back on the shoulders.

In this position large herds of buffaloes may be seen in

India and Lower Mesopotamia, standing for hours perfectly motionless in the broiling sun, gazing drowsily straight ahead of them; while sparrows, blackbirds and crows hop about upon their broad backs, with the utmost unconcern, hunting after insects, thereby producing an agreeable tickling sensation upon the buffaloes, evidently much coveted by the slothful brutes, as they will not move a muscle until the impudence or curiosity of the birds goes so far as to induce the latter to insert their bills or claws into the ears, eyes or nostrils of the buffaloes, when, of course, the sensation becomes extreme, and compels the phlegmatic brutes to involuntarily shake or toss their heads.

The buffalo seldom lies down upon dry ground, but is excessively fond of wallowing in mud and pools of stagnant water, where it will stay for hours. Where there is an ample depth of water, the animal will wade in just far

enough to keep, standing, its nostrils above water, and remain in that position for hours at a time, especially during the hottest part of the day.

When the buffalo emerges from the water, its skin, while moist, shines in the sun with a peculiar, unpleasant lustre similar to stove-polish.

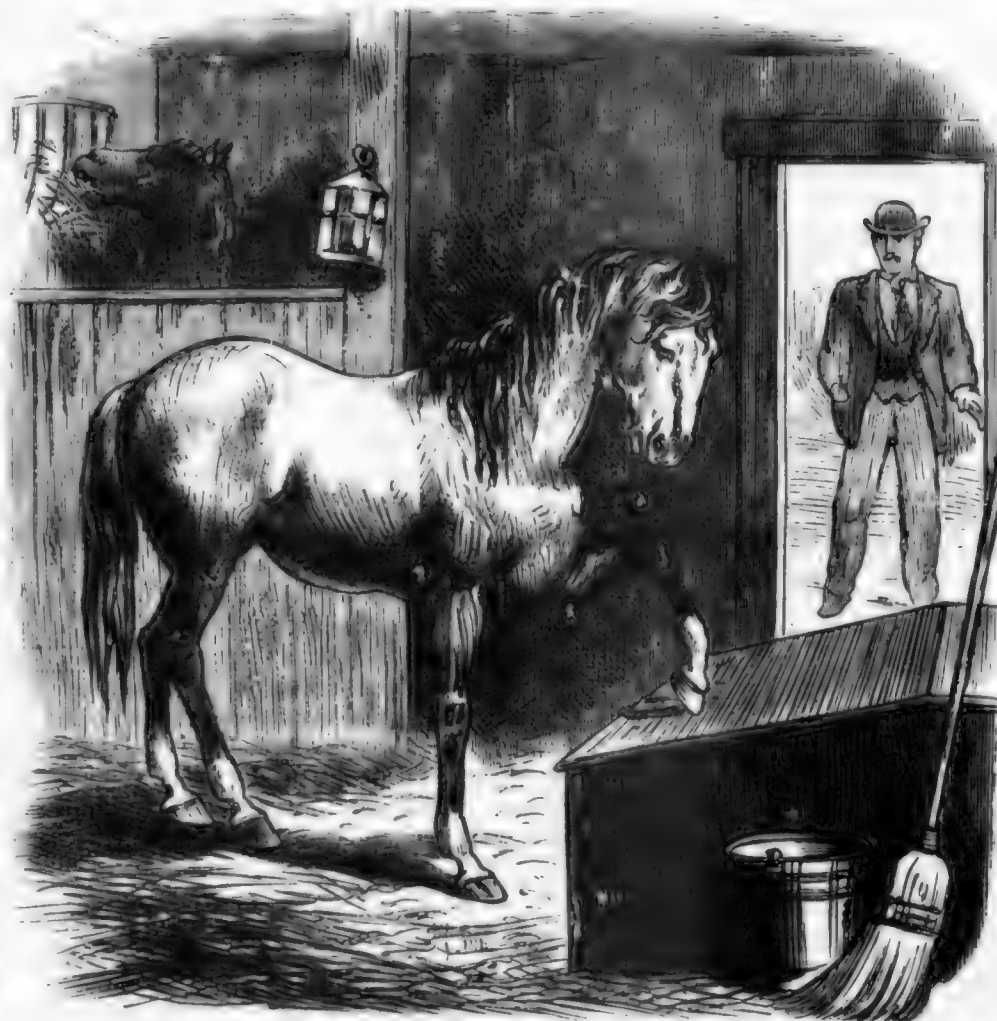
In Lower Mesopotamia I have often seen large herds of buffaloes floating with the slow current of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates, a distance of many miles down these streams, with absolutely nothing but

their nostrils visible above the water. The natives of that region make it, therefore, a habit to always drive their buffaloes a considerable distance up the river to graze, well knowing that the animals will always keep near, and only go astray in the direction of, the current of the river.

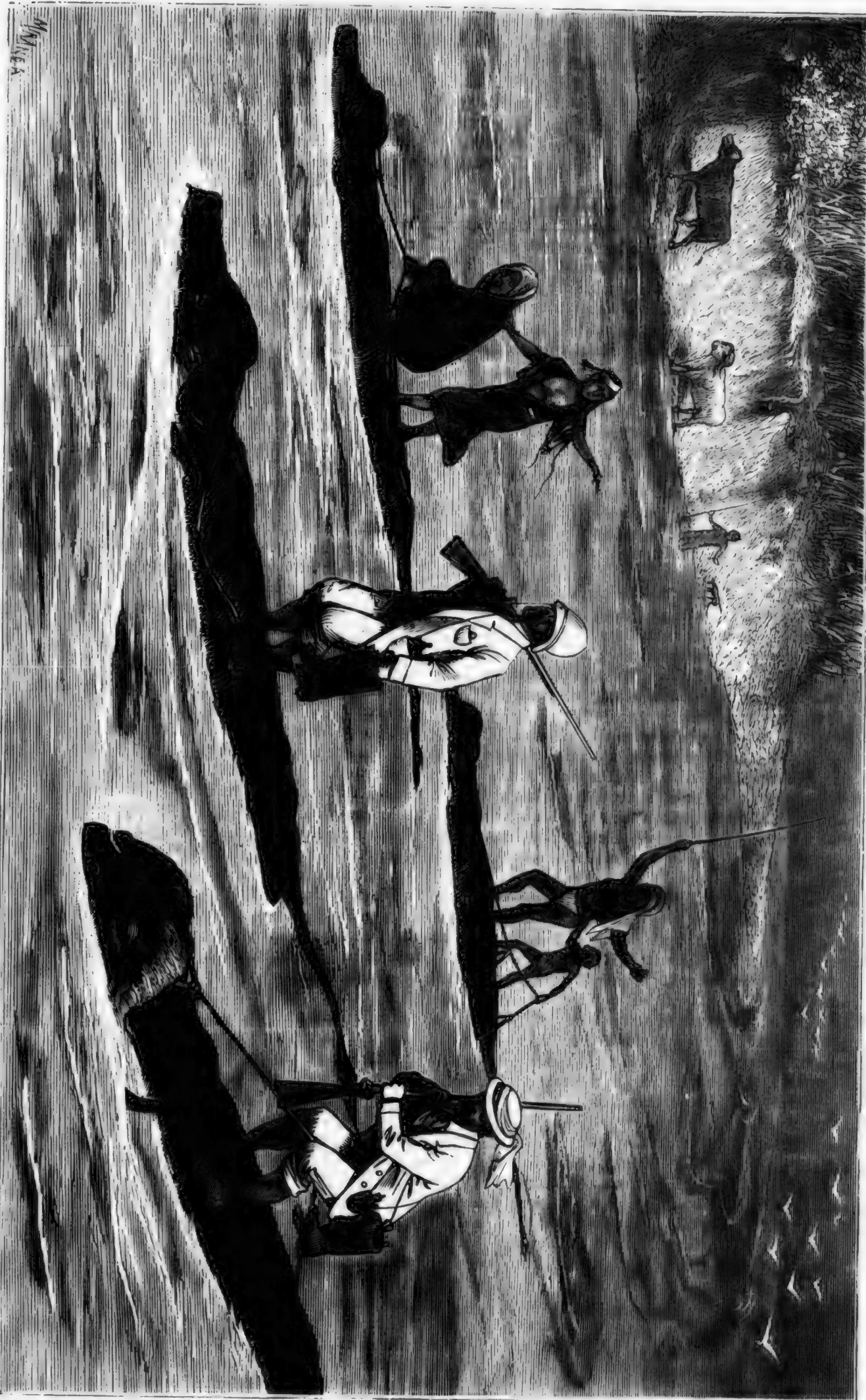
On account of this animal's remarkable fondness of the water (it will not thrive where water is not plentiful), it is popularly called "water-buffalo," and probably the only domestic quadruped that will thrive in swampy malarial districts.

In India, Egypt, Lower Mesopotamia and Italy it is generally used as a beast of burden, for carrying or dragging heavy weights, for plowing, raising water out of wells and rivers for irrigating purposes, as a motive power for crushing and stamping machines, mills, etc.

For transporting goods that are liable to be damaged by water it is, however, a most unreliable beast of burden



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THE BUFFALO FERRY ON THE TIGONIS.—SEE PAGE 95.

by reason of its already mentioned irrepressible propensity to wade into, lie down and wallow in any swamp or pool of water near the road, and when once snugly squatted in its favorite element, it is almost impossible to dislodge it.

The buffalo is unquestionably the most expert and at the same time the most powerful swimmer of all domestic quadrupeds; indeed, the enormously stout, barrel-shaped trunk of the animal will cause it to float almost without any exertion of its own—an advantage that enables the buffalo to keep afloat for hours with perfect ease.

In some parts of India and Lower Mesopotamia, where bridges and boats are scarcely known, the natives make good use of this quality by training buffaloes to be used *quasi* as living ferry-boats, and cross and recross mighty streams like the Ganges, Godavery, Indus, Tigris and Euphrates on the broad backs of these semi-amphibious brutes with ease and comparative safety; nay, they even transport in the same manner goods of every description across these rivers.

All they have to do in the latter case is to secure goods liable to be damaged by water in such a manner on the back of the animal as to prevent their getting wet, which is accomplished by means of a sort of platform or flat saddle (similar to the flat saddles used by circus-riders), which is adjusted on the animal's back.

If an object be too heavy for one buffalo to float it, two or more of them are lashed together so that they cannot separate, and the object is then floated across on their joined backs.

In various parts of Asia, buffaloes are trained to be serviceable to sportsman in shooting water-fowl and other shy game. The buffalo used in this sport is trained to stand fire, *i. e.*, to allow any person firing shots in its immediate vicinity, or even across its back, without its getting frightened, and to go at its habitual slow pace in any direction the sportsman may desire.

The buffalo is, of course, merely used as a blind; in other words, it is only employed to screen the sportsman (who keeps well concealed behind the bulky animal) from being seen by the game, which, accustomed to the familiar sight of a buffalo, will thus allow the concealed sportsman to approach within easy shot-range. Buffaloes well trained to this sport command high prices, and hire out readily to sportsmen.

The buffalo is longeval like the elephant, parrot, turtle, etc., and as its flesh is not very palatable, and its horns and hide have but an inferior commercial value, it is usually allowed to live until it dies a natural death.

The accompanying sketch represents the writer and his friend in the act of crossing the River Tigris in the vicinity of Kût-el-Hamâra, a wretched village on the left bank of that river, seventy miles due east of the famous ruins of Babylon, in Lower Mesopotamia.

Bridges are extremely scarce along the entire course of the River Euphrates, which is fully one thousand six hundred miles long; and the River Tigris, which has a length of about one thousand miles, is only bridged over at Diarbekir, Tezirehebn-Omar, and Mossul, (three towns of Upper Mesopotamia, distant about eighty miles from each other), and at Bagdad (capital of Mesopotamia). At Birehjik, Rakka, Abu-Saraf, Hit, Musseyeb, Hilla (on the site of ancient Babylon), Divanieh, and a few other towns on the Euphrates, that river can be crossed on clumsy wooden ferry-boats, propelled and stemmed against the current by means of long poles; but these ferries are from thirty to two hundred miles apart, and along the entire course of the Tigris between Bagdad and Korna (a little town at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates) there is not a single boat-ferry.

It is therefore just in those intermediate localities where the buffalo comes in so very handy as the only means available by which to cross those streams with comparative safety; for both rivers, though of rather sluggish current, are of considerable depth, varying between ten and forty feet, and have a width of from fifty to two hundred yards, so that they would, but for some few obstructions in the shape of sandbanks and rocks, be navigable for several hundred miles to vessels of considerable carrying capacity.

These buffalo ferries are therefore not only very handy on account of their availableness in almost any locality where you wish to cross either of these streams, but also on account of their cheapness; the fare, even for a "Feringhee" (Frank or European), who is popularly supposed by the natives of that region to be rich, and consequently a fit subject to be fleeced, amounting only to five paras (a trifle more than half a cent American money), while natives pay only one para.

"Feringhees," however, are rare birds in that country to be plucked; one of those ferry-masters, has therefore, to transport nearly one hundred natives to make ten cents, and if he earns that amount in a day in that sparsely populated region, he may actually consider that he is making money "hand over fist."

At any rate, he makes literally more money than he can stuff into his pockets, for, as the reader will observe by looking at the accompanying sketch, these ferry-masters do not invest very largely in clothing, and would, indeed, be puzzled to find their own pockets, wherefore they are all in the habit of stowing away their meagre earnings in a knot tied in one of the corners of the "keffieh" (the coarse woolen handkerchief which serves them as head-cover), the most available place of deposit under the circumstances.

Buffalo-ferries are always to be found in localities where the river-banks are low or slope gently down into the stream.

The buffaloes trained to the ferry service are carefully selected from among the strongest, most docile and gentle of their species, for it won't do to employ kicking, butting, or otherwise vicious brutes for this purpose.

When "on duty," the buffalo is "rigged out" in the following simple manner: A rope is fastened around the base of the animal's horns, and passing along its back or spine, the other end of this rope, in the shape of a loop, is made to encircle the base or root of the tail, while a second rope girds the rump of the buffalo just in front of its hind legs, and is run diagonally through Rope 1 on the back of the animal. A third rope, fastened to Rope 2 underneath the buffalo's belly, is passed through between the hind legs and connects with the tail-loop of Rope 1. Each rope is stretched rather slack, especially Rope 1, so as not to interfere with the movements of the animal.

This simple contrivance, somewhat resembling a harness, is merely intended to serve as a safeguard or hold for the passengers, in case the latter accidentally lose their foothold or equilibrium and slide or tumble into the water. All they have to do in case of such an accident is to hold on to the ropes, and even if they should not succeed in climbing back upon the buffalo, if they will but hold on to any of the above-mentioned three ropes they may rely upon being safely towed to the other side by the powerful animal.

Absolutely nothing is required in such a dilemma save a little presence of mind, for the animal is harmless, and swims, or, rather, floats, with scarcely any effort on the part of its legs or body; some specimens, indeed, are so well trained that they will actually slacken their speed, and thereby facilitate the recovery of one's position upon their backs.

The worst thing that can happen to anybody that "goes

overboard," is to get an involuntary ducking in tepid water; for, even if you should let go your hold on the ropes, the ferry-master or man in charge of the buffaloes, who, of course, accompanies them on every trip they make, is a most expert swimmer, and will come to your assistance as soon as you are in the water.

Drowning accidents are of rare occurrence on such occasions, chiefly because all the natives who live along the banks of those rivers can swim like otters—males as well as females, young and old.

It is, however, not at all difficult to maintain, barefooted, one's foothold upon the broad back of the burly animal, the thick, tough, all but bald hide of which affords a foothold almost as secure as india-rubber; moreover, the animal glides gently and evenly through the stream, and exposes, at all times, enough of its back above the water to allow you to sit down upon it, if you don't mind a stray splash of water that may dampen your saddle; or you may ride astraddle, if you don't object to having your legs, from the knees downward, dragging through the water.

The natives, male as well as female, accustomed from childhood to these living ferry-boats, move about on them with perfect equanimity, and can scarcely understand why we strangers should hesitate, even for an instant, to do so likewise.

Innocent little creatures! they quite forget that they have the advantage of us in not being embarrassed by too much clothing—the males especially—while the females have only a long, loose shirt of coarse dark-brown or dark-blue woolen fabric, and perhaps, though rarely, an *esar* (large sheet or shawl which shrouds the wearer from the crown of the head to the ankles) to take care of and preserve from moisture.

They would probably be, like the writer, at a loss to advise one of our fashionably-dressed ladies how to stow away her precious self, or how to dispose of her manifold wearing apparel on the back of a floating buffalo. Imagine the fuss and flutter it would create here, if our ferry-boats were suddenly given a few days' rest, and supplanted by buffaloes, establishing the only communication between New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City.

When the writer and his friend, who were out hunting, arrived at the river-bank near Kûtt-el-Hamâra, to be ferried across the stream, we were advised by the ferry-master to take off our boots, as we would have a much better foothold on the buffalo's back if we were barefoot. We complied with his wishes, and immediately stepped on board of our respective craft, accomplished by placing the left foot upon the ferry-master's thigh and vaulting thence upon the buffalo's back, just as if we were to mount a horse.

Then we were told by "the engineer of the concern" to keep well "aft," i. e., about the region of the living ferry-boat's kidneys, so as to keep the "bow" (head) of the craft well out of water.

This admonition caused me to suspect that we would have rather a rough passage: I, therefore, rolled up my pants to the knees, and my friend, who grew slightly nervous as soon as he found himself upon the "deck" of his craft and saw my precautionary measures, did likewise.

Thereupon the "commodore" offered to relieve us of our boots and armament; but I was reluctant to part with either, believing I was fully able to take care of them myself; and my companion, though at a loss how to dispose of them on board of his craft, followed suit, notwithstanding the commodore's buxom daughter, who, with her mother, had in the meantime, quietly "rigged out" and "boarded" a craft of their own, gallantly offered to stow my friend's embarrassing cargo on board of her own craft—a mild insinuation at which my friend felt insulted.

A moment after the fourth craft was brought into requisition and boarded by the commodore of the fleet, accompanied by his promising son and heir, a stark-naked little shaver of about six Summers.

The next instant our flotilla glided slowly into deep water, but my own as well as my friend's craft drew considerably more water than either of us expected, and discovering to our consternation that it nearly reached the decks, we hastily rose to our feet.

Luckily for us, there was little or no wind at the time, and we sailed, or, rather, drifted, in an oblique direction across the current.

About half way over, I saw the commodore's daughter, "bold like the Corsair's bride," start to her feet, and, with a majestic wave of her left hand, point in the direction of my friend, who brought up the rear of our squadron.

Expecting nothing less than to see my companion's craft thrown on her beam-ends, or water-logged, I mustered pluck enough to turn half round on the uneven deck upon which I stood, and had the satisfaction of beholding my friend sailing along at the rate of about three miles an hour, but standing, to my surprise, on the quarter-deck in a decidedly inelegant and unmanly posture, his eyes riveted upon "the bow" of his craft as if he was afraid that it might at any moment dive out of sight and the deck dodge from under his feet.

Tightly clutching "the hawser" between his trembling knees, and nervously balancing the gun in his hands, in the manner of a tight-rope performer handling his balancing-pole, the poor fellow presented a downright pitiful picture, a sort of absurd personation of "Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on the tight-rope," which elicited a smile even on the stern features of the young Amazon who led the van, and I verily believe that, had the commodore of our fleet not instantly stopped his infernal yelling and violent brandishing of the sword (whip), my friend, together with his boots and entire armament, would have "gone overboard" from sheer fright.

Luckily, our craft touched bottom shortly afterward, and much to my friend's relief, landed us high and dry on the opposite bank.

THE STORY OF THE EYES.

CHAPTER I.

ALL that is here written happened many years ago, but I still remember every incident of the dreadful scene as though it had occurred but yesterday.

I had been mainly instrumental in rescuing from death a poor, wretched and desperate woman who, sick of life, and lacking strength any longer to battle with its miseries, had wildly flung herself, one Winter's night, from the parapet of the bridge above, down into the murky waters creeping sluggishly along beneath, black and silent.

Another woman passing at the time had seen the mad act of this hopeless outcast, and her piercing shriek, and the loud splash in the water below apprised me of the nature of the occurrence, although I had not seen the deed committed, and judging from the sound whereabouts the body had fallen, I plunged into the river at once and swam out to the spot, happily in time to save her.

I had been wandering about purposelessly upon the deserted quays on the Thames bank, close to the foot of the bridge. I often wander about alone, and I usually choose lonely and deserted spots, such as these. It is my fancy, and I indulge it without fear of opposition, for I am a friendless bachelor, and there is no one in the wide world likely to trouble their heads about my comings and goings.



THE PERI.—FROM A STATUE BY THE SCULPTOR TABACCHI.



THE STORY OF THE EYES.—THE ARTIST PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD LADY.—SEE PAGE 98.

until I go for good upon the long journey, and the charwomen at my chamber fight and scramble over the contents of my lockers.

Upon this particular night, chancing to be at hand when she made the rash attempt, I was able to save this woman's life; an act for which, with her first returning breath, she cursed me heartily, and I was able to make the acquaintance of the strange being who is the hero of this strange story.

I see nothing much to admire in my conduct upon the occasion. I did, it appears to me, only what any other man who was not a heartless brute, and who happened to be a good swimmer, would have done under like circumstances; but the person of whom I speak was so profuse in his praises, and hung about and complimented me so perseveringly, that I thought he wanted to pick my pocket. There was something odd, too, in his manners. He was well-dressed, but he wore his hair long, and looked wild. I thought he was either cracked or tipsy.

When I had helped to carry the half-drowned woman into the nearest public-house, and was standing warming myself before the fire, in a suit of dry clothes the landlord had lent me, the stranger and I got into conversation.

"That wouldn't make a bad picture," said I, pointing out the group clustered round the table, on which the woman was lying wrapped up in blankets, with the yellow light upon their terrified faces.

The stranger had been acting as the doctor's assistant, and was, with myself, one of the privileged few allowed to be in the room.

"Are you an artist?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes; a bit of one I should be, if I could live by it."

"Do you take portraits?"

"That's my line."

"Then will you"—he inquired with an appearance of great excitement, which astonished me—"will you take one for me?"

"Take yours!" said I.

"No, not mine," he replied, in some confusion. "Not mine—a lady's. How much would you charge?"

"That depends upon the nature of the work. Is it to be in oil?"

"No, that would be too long a process. You would require more than one sitting."

"Yes. I ought to have several to do it well."

"That would not do, then. I would rather have a slight sketch. Could you do it in chalk or crayons?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"At one sitting?"

"I will try."

"We will conclude the bargain, then. What are your terms? Will five guineas be sufficient?"

I nodded.

"Then I will give ten, willingly, if you will agree to do what I desire."

"I will take the lady's portrait, if that is what you mean."

"Yes. But you do not know all. You are a man of nerve. I know that well enough from what I have seen you do to-night. I will tell you, then, at once—she is dead!"

I was at first somewhat startled by this announcement. I suppose, though, that I did not look much terrified, because he squeezed my hand eagerly, and said, in a joyful tone:

"I see you will do it. Do you promise?"

I was so hard-up at the time, that I would willingly have done what he required for a tenth part of the amount.

"When shall I do it?" I asked. "Now?"

"No. I must make some preparations first. I will provide the materials. Besides, you cannot see her to-night."

"To-morrow morning, then?"

"No; it must be at night when it is done."

"Very well; give me your address, and I will come to-morrow evening."

"No, no. You cannot call, and I can give you no address. I must call on you and fetch you, for I don't know where she will be."

"What!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "You know where she is now, don't you?"

"Yes; but you cannot see her there."

"When shall I see you, then?" I asked, when I had given him my address.

"In three days' time."

"But," said I, doubtfully, "won't she—won't you—when is she going to be buried?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"But you said in three days?"

"Yes. You must wait after that—after she has been in her grave."

CHAPTER II.

I MUST own that the next three days I passed in some excitement, feverishly wishing for the time to come, and wondering over and over again whether the strange man would really keep his word and call upon me.

Upon the night that he had appointed, I sat waiting for him in my solitary room in Lyon's Inn, and when I heard a neighboring clock strike three-quarters past nine, I had quite given him up, although the time he had fixed had not yet arrived.

I could not help thinking, when I came to think the matter over, that my friend was undoubtedly a madman—that he had been raving at the time, and that the deceased lady was but a freak of his disordered brain.

He had given me neither name nor address as a security for his reappearance, and the more I thought of the affair the more unlikely did it appear to me that I should ever clap eyes on him again.

The most improbable part of the business was, that she should have to be buried and taken out of the grave again before I could see her. This happened in the days of body-snatching, and if he had desired to rob a grave, or had required help, it was very easily procurable. I knew that well enough. But, then, why should he wish to do so? Why need the woman be buried before he could show her to me? Who was she? What was she to him?

For the life of me I could not solve the mystery; and whilst I was puzzling my head for the fiftieth time upon the same subject, the clock struck ten. Simultaneously with the last stroke, a single blow fell suddenly upon my door.

I sprang from my seat and ran forward to admit my visitor. He wore a kind of cloak, or cape, and a large wrapper round his neck, as though he would have concealed his face to some extent. What I saw of it was very pale. He talked rationally enough, and his eyes did not look at all wild. Once I fancied I caught a glimpse of something shining in his breast-pocket, which I took to be a dagger-knife.

I scarcely liked the job, but I was hard up.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come, then."

We descended the stairs without further conversation, crossed the courtyard, and got into a cab that was waiting for us in the street without.

"I want the blinds down," said he; "do you object?"

I did, strongly; but I said "No," and we journeyed on rapidly in the dark obscurity. I, by-the-way, keeping a sharp lookout upon the movements of my companion.

We continued to ride on in silence for more than an hour, and though I could tell, every now and then, by the lights and the noise without, that we were passing through some crowded thoroughfare, I could form no notion in what direction we were going.

Only one clue had I, and that was, that we at one part of our journey crossed a bridge, where a toll was taken; but then we had left Lyon's Inn in a northerly direction. How was that? Were we taking a circuitous route, for the purpose of mystifying me?

At last I said:

"Have we much further to go?"

"No," he answered; "we must be close to the spot."

"Have you procured the drawing materials?"

"Yes."

We then continued in silence until the end of our journey, which did not last more than five or ten minutes, and as we descended from the cab I looked eagerly round, in the hope of being able to recognize the locality, but I was unable to obtain more than a very limited notion of the objects surrounding us, so very dark was it.

We had stopped at the gate of what seemed to be a mean-looking cottage, standing by itself in a plot of waste land. We were in a lonely country lane, as well as I could make out; for I could see no signs of other houses near us, and there was a sweet freshness about the air which spoke of green fields and pasture land hard-by. Only this much could I make out, and then I followed my strange companion across the deserted, weed-grown garden-path into the cottage.

It was a whitewashed building, one story high, and there were two rooms upon the ground floor; into the front one my companion led the way.

He held the door open for me to pass in, then closed it noiselessly behind me.

I looked round the room, though not without some slight tremor, I confess. There were two long wax candles burning, one upon either side of a bed, or couch, upon which lay a dead woman, the light falling full upon her white and up-turned face. By the side of the bed there stood an easel and a small table holding the drawing materials, crayons, charcoal, water-colors, water, pallet, etc. By the easel stood a chair. The room was otherwise unfurnished and the floor was bare.

"Have you all you want?" asked my companion.

"All," I replied.

"I will leave you, then," he said, after a pause, in which he had been silently and eagerly contemplating the still face of the dead; "my presence, perhaps, disturbs you."

"Not at all," I replied, hastily; for I thought upon this occasion, in spite of the proverb, that three were company.

I continued to draw, while he stood silently at the foot of the couch; a half-stifled and convulsive sob from time to time breaking the otherwise oppressive silence.

As I glanced at him, furtively, I noticed that grief, or some other cause, had wrought a great and dreadful change in his face since I last saw him; his cheeks were pinched and hollow, his eyes dull and haggard, his face altogether wore a leaden and unearthly hue, strongly resembling the face of the dead woman before us.

It was evident that since I saw him last he had suffered intensely—he was suffering intensely now. I found before long that it was necessary that I should make some alteration in the arrangement of the body. It was habited in a shroud, and the jaws were bound up in the customary manner with a linen bandage. This latter I proposed that I should remove, and for that purpose I approached the couch.

But before I could effect my purpose, he sprang before me and wildly waved me back, his eyes glittering with an awful excitement which was little short of madness.

"No, no!" he cried, fiercely, pushing me away with his left hand; "no one but me—no one but me!"

As he spoke he loosened the bandage, and then the linen down by the side of her. Then her jet-black hair, thick and glossy, fell about her pallid face.

She looked very beautiful as she lay there, so calm and still. I involuntarily said as much; but the next moment I regretted having spoken, for my words called forth a burst of passionate ravings from my companion, which were terrific in their utterance.

"Yes!" he screamed, rather than cried, as he fell upon his knees by the bedside, and kissed and sobbed over one of the cold, white hands. "Oh, yes, she is beautiful—an angel as she is! Oh, just Heaven, why was I robbed of her? What have I done that I should suffer so? Oh, God, give me strength to bear the sight of her, whom I have loved more than my immortal soul, lying here stark and dead before me! But what is there in her death that I should grieve for?" he continued, in quite an altered tone, at the same time tearing his hair and grinding his teeth in impotent fury. "I would rather see her dead than in the arms of the black-hearted wretch who robbed me of her. Ha, ha! She is dead! and I rejoice, for the bitterness of my grief is shared by him. I can console myself by the thought that every pang I suffer rends his heart as it does mine."

"She was not, then, your wife?"

"My wife!" he answered, savagely. "No, she was another's wife. We were separated by his lying calumnies. She was led, and I was deceived, and she married him. That is why I have had to do what I have done to obtain her portrait. I would have her portrait though the grave robbed me of her dear self. I am determined to have something by which I may preserve her loved features in my memory. I gave her my portrait once—once, when we plighted our troth. But they have robbed her of it, I suppose, as they robbed me of her."

"What is that?" said I, pointing to the woman's neck, upon which, it seemed to me, something glistened brightly. "It is a chain, I think."

He uttered a low cry and sprang at it. Next moment he held in his hand a gold locket to which the chain had been attached.

"It is mine!" he cried, in a transport of delight. "It is the portrait I gave her! God bless her! God bless her! I thank thee, Heaven, for thy infinite mercy!" and stooping over her, he kissed the cold lips of his dead love with frenzied eagerness, babbling incoherent words of endearment as he did so. Then springing to his feet, and heeding not an effort which I made to detain him, he caught up one of the candles, and clasping the locket to his heart, hastily quitted the apartment.

I called after him loudly, but he made no reply. Doubtless, he wanted to be alone to open the locket. I hesitated a moment, and then decided upon going on with the picture as quickly as I could, and to put an end to this unpleasant business. He had shut himself up in the next room, and was perfectly still.

The house was silent as a tomb, and I almost fancied for a moment that I was in a tomb, and buried alive with a corpse.

CHAPTER III.

I AM not quite so sure that a fellow inclined to be nervous at that sort of thing might not have been seized with a panic at the idea of being thus left alone to draw a dead woman's portrait. For myself, though, I must own I rather prefer

the company of the corpse to that of the maniac lover. I was not quite sure that he might not suddenly take it into his head that I had in some manner injured him, and plunge that dagger into me, the handle of which I had caught a glimpse of.

I applied myself now seriously to the work before me, and drew with all my might. Very soon I had sketched in the face and finished the hair. The picture was a tolerable likeness, and I have it now at home, where the curious can see it upon application; but it is very corpse-like. Without being told, one might have supposed that it was a posthumous portrait.

It was to relieve this ghastliness that I slightly tinted the lips and cheeks; but as I wanted to paint the eyes I required to know what color the eyes really were. The lover was not at hand to interrogate upon the subject. The only way left to me was to gently raise one of the eyelids and look at the pupil.

I scarcely liked the job, though. In the first place, I did not relish the notion of touching the dead flesh. In the second, I was fearful lest my passionate friend should return and find me in the act. Thirdly, I was afraid that he might find out afterward that the body had been touched, even if he did not surprise me.

I thought, with a shudder, that I might not, perhaps, be able to close the lid again when once I had raised it. I waited, therefore, a long time, until the irksomeness of the delay became absolutely unbearable, hoping that the stranger would return.

Then I rose and drew near to the face. I stretched forth my hand with the intention of touching one of the eyes, and the next moment started back, struck dumb with horror. For, as I stretched out my fingers, one of the eyes, without my having touched it, opened slowly under my hand and stared straight at me; while I, in my turn, stared straight back at the eye, my hand still spread out in the air, as though I had been suddenly petrified into stone. As I was endeavoring to reconcile the horrible occurrence with any law of nature I could call to mind, the second eye slowly opened in like manner, and stared at me also.

Upon my soul, in all my life, I never remember to have felt such a nervous shock as at that moment. I was so startled—so taken aback—so utterly prostrated with terror, that for an instant I verily believe my heart ceased to beat and my blood to circulate. It was only for an instant, though, and then reason came to my aid. I saw that the eyes were not glazed. I knew that the woman was alive. I understood that she had been in a trance, and had been so buried.

Without being in the least able to account for so doing, or to restrain the strange impulse which tempted me, I fell back into my chair and burst out laughing hysterically.

Then, aroused by the sound, the woman heaved a deep-drawn sigh, raised herself upon her couch, and sat shivering and looking round her with a scared, white face.

I scarcely knew what I ought to do, though what I dreaded most was the man's return, for I felt certain that the effect of this unexpected sight upon him would be terrible. No; I must see him first, and, to the best of my power, prepare him for what was to come.

Bidding the lady then not to stir, for Heaven's sake, and assuring her that she was safe and among friends, and that there was no cause for alarm, I left the room in search of the lover.

He had gone into the adjoining apartment, I thought; but I found the door locked. I could see a light through the keyhole; but, although I hammered loudly and shouted to him, he made no reply.

After waiting a while, I went out to the front and called

to the cabman dozing upon the box. Had he seen the gentleman? No, the gentleman had not come out of the cottage. Then he must be in the back room.

upon the floor, and he lay in a pool of blood. He was stone dead; and when we raised him we found that he had stabbed himself to the heart with his dagger-knife. In wondering



THE PICNIC.—SEE PAGE 106.

I called to him again, louder than before; then, with the assistance of the cabman, burst open the door. The candle stood upon the mantelpiece. The man lay upon his face

he had left and driven him to self-destruction.

I was never paid for the portrait, either by the lady herself or her husband, to whom I restored her.

horror I cast my eyes around for some object that might act as a clue to the solution of this strange mystery. Presently my eyes lighted on the locket lying on the ground at the furthest corner of the room. He had probably dashed it from him in a rage, for the glass was broken; but I could see the portrait it contained. It was not the portrait of the unfortunate man.

In a moment the meaning of the scene occurred to me. He had hoped to find that she loved him still—that she had been buried with his portrait next to her heart. The mortification of finding that she had removed his effigy from the locket and placed her husband's in its stead had turned what little brains

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE NOSE.

By J. SIMMS, M.D.

THE nose, which appears as the central feature in every human face, has two important functions. It is the channel by which the external air is carried to the lungs for the purification of the blood, so necessary for the support of animal life; and it is the organ of smell, by which the system is guarded against receiving injurious food or unwholesome exhalations.

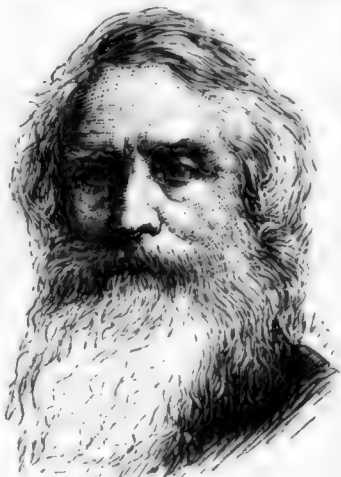
Happily, the mouth furnishes a supplementary passage for the supply of air in case of any stoppage in the nasal orifices; but, when possible, all breathing, and also sneezing, ought to be done through the nose as the proper channel; and, as the amount of life-energy in every individual depends on the amount of air received into his system, so all those talents and dispositions that make up what we call energy of character are revealed in the size and form of the nose.



MR. TOM HARRIS,
An indiscreet and imitative man, half
Negro and half Indian.

speedily mold the soft nose and other facial features than the hard bones of the skull; and every change of mind will affect the fleshy sooner than the bony parts; causing them to keep pace more closely with variations of character, and thus to become a truer index to the inward workings of the mind.

The most casual observer need not be told that noses are to be seen in every variety of size and form, to say nothing of color. They are long and short, thick and thin, round and square, crooked and straight, bent up and bent down, red and white,



PROFESSOR MORSE,
Inventor of Electric Telegraphy. His
nose denotes great reasoning power.

The head and nose exhibit signs of thought, and those signs are more obvious and reliable in the nose than in the head—first, because the head, being covered with hair, is less easily scanned; and second, because the skull is so much less flexible, that it does not readily alter its size or form, as the consequence of changes which take place in the mental character.

As the rays of the sun can soften and change a snowbank more readily than a rock, so can the rays of thought from the mental sun within more



A NOSE INDICATING LITTLE OR NO
REASON.

spotted and plain; presenting a greater number of obvious and namable characteristics than any other feature. And each of these means something to the physiognomist. As the mouth indicates chiefly the supplying powers, and the eye the social affections, so does the nose the mental energies, and all that has a tendency either to sustain or deteriorate them.

As a general principle, then, large, long noses are indicative of active, energetic characters, apt to be proud, pompous, impatient, desirous to be leaders and commanders, and often overbearing and tyrannical. Alexander the Great and Napoleon I. are notable examples.

On the other hand, persons with small, low noses are weak characters, deficient in government, even of themselves, and prone to follow their appetites, desires, loves and hates, rather than their reason and judgment.

Large-nosed persons, in a critical position, or under circumstances of excitement, will be more self-possessed and competent to judge and act wisely than the small-nosed. Large noses are found chiefly among the inhabitants of mountainous regions or their descendants. Small ones originate in low, level lands.

When the nose is long in proportion to its general size, the individual is discreet, careful, timid and thoughtful. Noses that are relatively short from the forehead to the point, belong to rash, careless, self-willed people. Noses

that reach far away from the face, denote persons discontented with their present lot, aspiring and anxious. But if the point of the nose seems clinging to the upper lip, we infer a tendency to the miserly, and a love of earthly things.

When a nose is thin as well as generally small, the constitution is poor as well as the character weak; there is tendency to consumption, and such may die early. On the other hand, if the nose is thick where it joins the face, there is a strong constitution, strong passions, too, and reason to hope for long life if proper care be taken.

Sharp-pointed noses accompany intense, keen,



EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
A very benevolent, careful, and pro-
gressive English gentleman.



REV. MORLEY PUNSHON,
A talented and eloquent author and
preacher. He refuses all kinds of
fruit.



ISAAC PITTMAN, ESQ.,
Author of phonetic shorthand. He has
been a vegetarian for 37 years.

penetrative persons, with quick tempers. Those that are thick and nearly square at the point, denote a taste for invention and progress. A prominent nose, nearly or quite straight, and that seems to have two points formed by a vertical depression down through the end, denotes a meditative and logical mind.

This may be observed in the busts of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, St. Vincent and Auguste Comte.

A man with a nose reaching toward the mouth, will be cautious, and his bodily wants his first consideration. Noses that reach in a straight line forward at the base, indicate quiet persons, and of regular habits, especially in middle life. Round noses belong to the musical, the speculative, and those possessed of retentive memories. The small, low, round nose, generally known as the pug, turning up a little at the point, belongs to a forward, conceited and saucy individual.

The nose that shows a large amount of bone in proportion to its size, denotes a stable character, slow of judgment, but firm and reliable; but the soft, fleshy or gristly nose leads us to fear we have a sly, deceptive, cunning, treacherous character. The former originates for the most part in temperate climates, the latter in the torrid zone. Examples of the gristly nose may be seen in the cat, and all the feline species.

The straight nose inclines to science, art, polite literature and political economy, if educated accordingly. But that which shows a convex form from forehead to point, inclines to commercial enterprise. A nose very broad at the base, evinces a dull, obtuse intellect, with much physical courage, animal power and destructive inclination.

When the lower portion of the nose forms an obtuse angle with the face, and the point is elevated about forty-five degrees, we have a person inclined to snobbery and fashion. When the septum or partition between the nostrils is longer than the sides, we infer an original, fertile, suggestive mind.

A nose standing out high and thin in its upper part, bespeaks moral courage, love of argument, a quick apprehension, capacity to make the best use of what they know at the time being. Widespread nostrils are indicative of strong lungs; but the closing of them evinces pulmonary weakness. Wrinkles lying across the top of the nose are signs of thoroughness. A fiery red, warty and enlarged nose, betrays a diminution of energy through disease or strong drink.

Long, sharp and well-formed noses possess acute scent, provided they are not subject to catarrh, or that running of mucus which arises from great susceptibility of cold in this organ, and which is detrimental to the special sense of smell.

As a general rule, square noses indicate a masculine, and round ones a feminine, character. Animals, as well as human beings, with long noses, are uneasy, watchful, and desire to travel. Those with short ones are slow of movement, as the sloth. If the bridge of the nose is high, it evinces a disposition to assail those who are considered to be doing wrong.

Another rule which holds good among the lower animals, as well as the human species, is that those with wide faces, and noses wide where they join the face, are fond of flesh meat, while those with long, narrow faces prefer vegetables, fruits and nuts. The tiger and other feline quadrupeds furnish good examples of the former; the horse, ox, camel, giraffe, deer, sheep and goat exemplify the latter.

Those human faces that are largest in the upper portion, are naturally herbivorous; but if the lower part is relatively large, there is a disposition to eat flesh. The same applies to the nose.

The Rev. Morley Punshon, President of the British

Wesleyan Conference in 1874-5, has the wide, full face indicating the appetite for meat diet, and it is said he always declines eating fruit of any kind; and being once offered a sovereign to eat an apple, he still refused. Mrs. Hannah Stocks, a lady who lived in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, but who has passed away, was another example. Her face was wide, and her nose broad at its junction with the face. Her daughter informed me that this lady lived principally on meat and beer; she rarely used either bread or vegetables, and as for fruit, she seemed utterly unable to eat it. She had been known to try it, but the taste of an orange seemed utterly repulsive and offensive.

If enough has been said here to cause the reader to observe noses, there is at least the first step taken in the course to which I earnestly desire to lead all who read or hear my remarks. The remainder must be left to himself; my great hope being that these observations may lead to showers of blessings on future generations, by helping to emancipate the human family from the thralldom of materialistic theories and humiliating imitations.

In conclusion, let me say to the reader of these lines: If you have a badly formed nose, one that is thick at the base and hugs down toward the face in a manner too truly indicating a low and selfish nature, do not settle down in this character, assuming that you were so formed by nature and cannot help it. But rouse yourself to commence living to higher and nobler purposes; deny yourself all indulgence of envy and revenge; refuse yourself all gratifications that are merely selfish; and, however contrary to your inclinations, compel yourself to make sacrifices of time, ease, and money for the good of others.

The love of such actions will grow with the practice; through time you will find pleasure in what was at first against your nature; the more good you do, the more you will love to do it; the oftener you deny yourself, the easier self-denial will become. Now, smile not with incredulous contempt when I add that your nose, with nature's wonted truthfulness, will publish to the world the fact that you have become nobler and better.

Continue thus to improve throughout life; and when you pass to another and better state of being, you will be happy to find that your time on earth was not spent in the indulgence of selfish and debasing passions; but your powers of mind and body were, like clay in the hands of a skillful potter, controlled, worked, improved, and rendered at once beautiful and useful; adapted for usefulness in that future state of existence prepared through the illimitable kindness and wisdom of the Creator.

THE PICNIC.

THERE are very few, among the young at least, who do not possess a little of the gypsy in their nature. Tied down as we are by the thousand fetters with which civilization binds us, we long at times to cast all restraint behind us, and take up the careless, wandering life of the Bohemian. While in this mood, we think that man was foolish to have ever sought a better protection than the spreading foliage of the trees; that the grass affords the only proper couch, and that all culinary utensils, save a single pot, are sheer superfluities.

Of course we never put these thoughts to the test of practice; we know that they are foolish and insane, and are well aware that the first rain-storm would convert us from our heresy. At the same time, we all feel a secret sympathy and admiration for the lawless vagabonds who have the courage to ignore civilization, with all its modern improvements, and idle their lives away beneath the shadow of the greenwood tree.

It is to this drop of gypsy blood within our veins that we owe the picnic. Its delightful informality offers us an escape from the many restraints which hamper almost every other form of entertainment, and its enjoyment is enhanced by the feeling that, for the nonce, we are in revolt against civilization and its thousand petty tyrannies.

The figures in our picture are evidently enjoying their gypsying expedition, and the *al fresco* luncheon they are now sharing will doubtless linger in their memories long after the sparkle of their champagne and the echo of their laughter have died away.

THE SEE-SAW.

ONE of the first and simplest sports of childhood! Johnny has been enticed to try the experiment by cunning Lucy. Her winning smile, her coaxing words, have overcome his fears, for he recollects past treachery.

"Now, you won't go hard, Lucy?" he pleads.

"Oh, no! I will go ever so slow, and I will put this apple in the middle, and I will just go so sweet that it won't even roll off."

She can coax, this same little witch, and John yields; but, after one or two gentle curves, Lucy throws all her strength into it. Up goes Johnny in sad dismay. Ah, my boy, you'll never make a rider, I fear. You grasp your board with every fibre strung tense by fear. Your hat flies off, your eyes are wild with fear.

"Don't, Lucy, don't go so hard! You know what you promised!"

But Lucy, like all her sex, loves power. She has poor Johnny completely at her mercy, and she uses her advantage unmercifully.

Each time Johnny touches ground he endeavors to cling there, but up he rises again, his cries only increasing her merriment. He is bounced up awfully; he is afraid to hold on, afraid to let go; but, at last, nature can stand no more.

Full of vexation, injured pride and actual pain, he drops off, rolls over on the ground, shrieking, with no consolation except that, as he rolled off with the descending board, Lucy flew off the other end, and received some punishment for her love of mischief.

Both rose sadder and wiser; Lucy with a resolution not to tease Johnny any more, and Johnny sternly determined to be a man the next time and not cry.

THE STEWARD'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

THE Marquis of Lavigne belonged to a family distinguished for its loyalty and gallantry. He had served with distinction in the army, but at the commencement of the French Revolution had been some years in retirement, a widower, and devoted to the education of his only child, Clementine.

His hotel was a stranger to the gayeties of Paris, as his honorable yet benevolent life was to the almost universal corruption of manners. He sympathized with many of the revolutionists at first, though too devoted a friend to the altar and the throne to raise a hand against the reigning monarch.

When terror seized upon the hearts of the loyalists, and they began their memorable exodus, the marquis remained in Paris, hoping for better times; and even after the execution of Louis, he lingered, still hoping for a revulsion of

popular sentiment; and, besides, feeling that in the course of nature he had not many years to live, he did not wish to see his property, the sole provision for his daughter, utterly sacrificed.

For his chances of security, he reckoned on a name never associated with any oppression of his fellow-men, but, rather, connected with deeds of arms that shed glory on the oriflamme of France, on the modest retirement in which he lived, and on the devotion of a few humble friends. These friends, who now became important to the fallen noble, were, firstly, his steward, Baptiste, an old man, devoted, body and soul, to the service of his master; secondly, the steward's son, Ferdinand, a carriage-smith, a popular man in his quarter, and under deep obligations to the marquis, who had stood between him and the anger of his father, had paid his debts, which he had contracted by gambling, enabled him to marry the girl he loved, and set him up in business.

Another fast friend of the old nobleman was a young artist named Raphael de Courcy, who, being a revolutionist from principle, continued to act with the dominant faction long after it had commenced to disgrace itself by sanguinary excesses at which his soul revolted, because he saw in this line of conduct the only means of saving the lives of such men as his benefactor, to whom his devotion was rendered more ardent by a secret attachment to his daughter.

From what trifling accidents spring the most important events of our lives! Another humble, but now powerful, friend of the marquis was Monsieur Volage, an artist's model, who had married a *blanchisseuse*, or washerwoman, who reckoned among her clients no less a personage than the terrible Maximilian Robespierre, the dread and ruthless wielder of the destinies of thousands. No one who has read Lamartine's "Girondists," or any of the memoirs of that period, can plead ignorance of the habits of this terrific character. Unlike the sordid *sans-culottes*, his associates, Maximilian went to his work of death the best dressed man in Paris, his linen gotten up with extraordinary care, his white vest spotless, his bouquet ever fresh and fragrant.

Now, it happened that Madame Volage, in turning out the lining of Robespierre's vest pockets, preparatory to immersing the garment in the washtub, discovered a paper forgotten by the wearer. With some little apprehension, for the autograph of Robespierre was fate, the poor woman read the paper, and found it a list of the persons Robespierre was preparing to denounce, and the list was headed by the name of the Marquis of Lavigne.

She instantly informed her husband, who hastened to De Courcy, and the latter hurried to his benefactor with the necessary passports. The family carriage was wheeled into the courtyard of the marquis's hotel, and there, at dead of night, Ferdinand and his father assisted the marquis in stowing away the *rouleaux* of gold and the caskets of jewels, after which they retired, having taken a cordial leave of the fugitive noble. The marquis stood in his ancestral hall, that he was soon to leave for ever; his daughter was beside him in a traveling dress. A single lamp burned on the table.

"Farewell," said the marquis, pressing the hand of his young friend De Courcy. "Good days will come. I shall return to France, to Paris, and you shall never have reason to repent the benefits you have conferred on me," he continued, in a tone that trembled with emotion. "Now put out the light; I can find the way in the dark."

The lamp was extinguished, and the fugitives moved toward the door. Suddenly it opened, and a glare of light flashed on the eyes of the astonished group. A municipal officer, ragged and ruffianly, with the fatal revolutionary

cockade in his hat, and followed by a file of savage, armed men, advanced, and in a harsh voice exclaimed:

"In the name of the law, I arrest the ex-Marquis of Lavigne."

With a piercing cry, that rang through the vaulted hall, Clementine fell motionless at her father's feet.

In a lower hall of the Palace of the Luxembourg, which

the name of the villain who denounced you! I am old, but I have a brave son, and at least you shall not die unavenged. And there is Captain de Courcy——"

"Do not breathe his name!" cried the marquis, angrily. "Speak not of him, but of my child. It is not death I fear. I have confronted it too often in the service of France. But my poor Clementine—be a father to her, Baptiste, when I am no more."



THE SEE-SAW.—SEE PAGE 107.

was then used as a prison, stood two men; one of them was the Marquis of Lavigne, the other, the old steward, Baptiste, who had awaited there his master's return from the Revolutionary tribunal. The attitude of the noble was erect and soldierly. The steward stood before him, bowed less by years than by grief and apprehension.

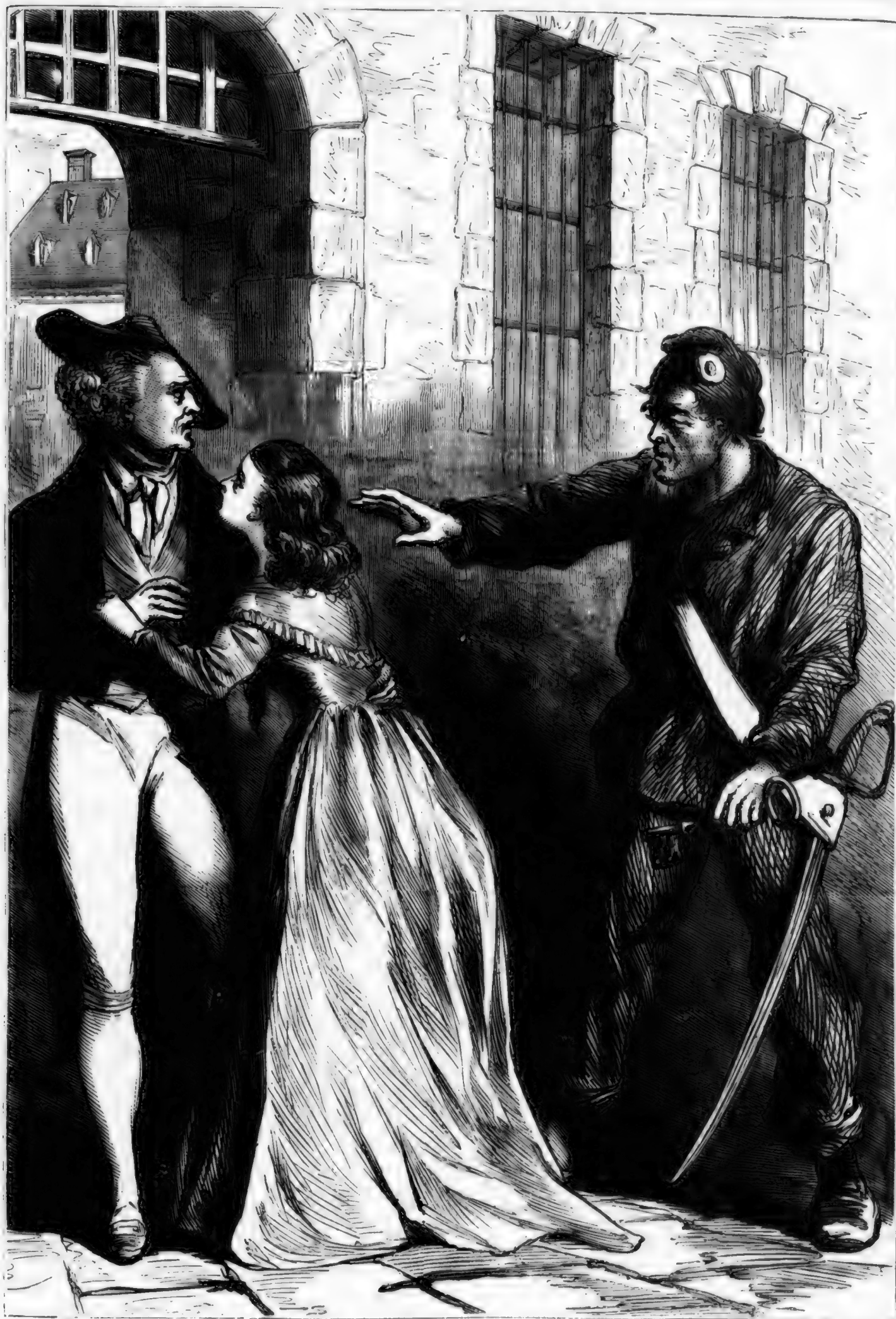
"My faithful friend," said the marquis, "it is all over. My arrest was my sentence."

"Condemned!" cried the steward. "Oh, if I only knew

"I swear it," said the old man, solemnly; "but it cannot be possible that your suspicions fasten on De Courcy as the author of your arrest?"

"Whom can we trust in these evil days?" answered the marquis, with a melancholy shake of his head. "Have you obeyed my instructions? Have you brought my old uniform?"

"It is there in your room," replied the steward; "but if Heaven were just——"



THE STEWARD'S DEVOTION. — "THERE'S YOUR FATHER: TAKE HIM AWAY WITH YOU, AND MAKE HASTE!" — SEE PAGE 107.

"Hush, Baptiste; do not murmur against Providence. But time passes; and since I cannot once more press my daughter to my heart, I wish at least to write to her, to bequeath to her my last blessing. Stay here, for I must see you again before they take me to the guillotine."

The old man was left alone to mourn over the fate of the marquis, and to rack his brain with conjectures as to the author of this calamity. His solitude was intruded on by the entrance of a young man, who came from one of the inner rooms.

"I wonder where the Marquis of Lavigne is confined?" he half muttered to himself. "Poor old gentleman! He is doomed to the fate from which I have escaped."

"And who are you, sir, pray?" inquired the steward, looking on the stranger with some interest; "and how did you learn the fate of the marquis?"

"My name is Geoffrin, and I am a portrait-painter by profession. I was once the favorite of the nobility, but since the *sans-culottes* have come to taking heads, my occupation is gone. They do it by the wholesale. I was only a retail trader. While I was examined before the Committee of the Section, a man, pale, haggard, panting, his brow covered with sweat, came in, and declared that the Marquis of Lavigne was about to leave France."

"His name? his name?" cried the steward, clinching his hands.

"My dear sir," said the painter, "when a man is about to commit an unparalleled act of scoundrelism, he always does it anonymously. But his features are impressed upon my memory—his cowering figure, his false look, his trembling hands and constrained smile. Here you have the fellow," he added, as he hastily sketched on an old envelope which he drew from his pocket, a hard, rough face. "A study for Judas Iscariot."

The old man gazed upon the sketch, as if there were a strange and fatal fascination in the lines. His brow contracted, the muscles of his face quivered, he sank upon a seat, still holding the paper that trembled in his hands, close to his eyes.

"You recognize a likeness?" said the artist.

"I do," replied the steward, in a hollow voice.

It was the portrait of his son, Ferdinand, the man whom the Marquis of Lavigne had saved from ruin. He had only apparently reformed. All his earnings, all his borrowings, were lost at cards and dice. Utter ruin stared him in the face. While he was assisting his father in concealing the marquis's money in his carriage, a hideous thought flashed through his mind. If the marquis was prevented from flying, might he not seize upon the gold? He fled from the presence of his father and his benefactor, to denounce the latter to the Revolutionary tribunal.

The motive for his treason now flashed upon the mind of his wretched father. The painter would have inquired the cause of the effect produced by the sketch, but he was at that moment summoned by the jailer, and was too glad to leave the prison to permit his thoughts to dwell on a subject of mere curiosity.

"Ferdinand, my son, an assassin!" groaned the old man, "and I the author of his being! I should have prayed Heaven to strike him dead. I should have strangled him in his cradle. But hark! I hear the clash of arms. They come to seek him, and I cannot shield him with my poor body."

Rushing to the marquis's room, he opened the door, and saw him buried in a profound and tranquil sleep.

"He sleeps calmly," thought the steward. "Wretched Ferdinand, you will never more know sleep like this! His uniform lies upon the chair. What if I— Heaven be thanked for the thought. At least there is hope."

The old man entered the room precipitately, and closed the door, just as Ferdinand, furnished with a permit, came into the hall with the jailer.

He came to inquire after his father, whom he described as an infirm old man, and a young woman, his own wife, whom he expected to find there.

In a few moments the escort came to conduct the marquis to the scaffold. The old steward, disguised in his master's uniform, and concealed in his military cloak, came forth and surrendered himself.

Ferdinand shrunk away from the sight of the benefactor he had destroyed, and concealed himself till the mournful procession had gone forth.

Then, as he stole into the light once more, the voice of the marquis calling for his steward broke upon his ear. The truth flashed at once upon his mind, and, uttering a wild cry, he fled from the prison.

A moment afterward the marquis emerged into the gloom of the hall, and was about to call for the jailer to ask after his steward, when the voice of his daughter struck upon his ear. She had learned the fatal truth, had broken away from her friends, and rushed to the Luxembourg, to embrace her father and die with him. But it was not so ordained. The jailer mistook her for the young woman Ferdinand had inquired after, and supposed the marquis to be the old man he had described as his father. So he admitted her sullenly, for he was sleepy, and worn out, and said, in a drowsy tone:

"There's your father; take him away with you, and make haste. Your husband has just been here."

"Take him away! My husband?" cried Clementine, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, your husband. He gave me the permit. Now, be off with you! Do you suppose I want a heap of useless people here! And now the Citizen Lavigne has gone to be shortened, I must arrange his room for a new-comer."

At this moment the air vibrated to the strokes of a heavy bell.

"That's the signal!" cried the jailer. "Good-night to the ex-marquis."

"Gone!" muttered Lavigne, as the truth flashed upon his mind. "And my uniform disappeared! Oh, Baptiste! Baptiste! I must see him instantly!"

"For pity's sake, dear father," whispered Clementine, "not a word, for your poor child's sake. You cannot save him, and I should lose my all!"

"Yes, go along with you," said the surly jailer. "It is as hard to get you out, old fellow, as to get the other in." So saying, he pushed them along before him till they were out of the prison, and the gates locked behind them.

FERDINAND had fled from the prison to his home, where, calling on one or two men with whom he was acquainted, he went to the Hotel Lavigne, and thence dragged the marquis's traveling-carriage into his own yard. Then he dismissed his assistants, locked his gate, and went into his sitting-room, from the windows of which he could contemplate his ill-gotten treasures.

A hand upon the door-lock made him tremble like an aspen-leaf.

"Who goes there?" he almost shrieked.

"It's only me," said Ferdinand's wife, as she came in. His appearance startled her. "Great Heavens! what is the matter with you, Ferdinand?" said she. "You are deadly pale. Are you unwell?"

"No," replied the wretch. "Leave me. Isn't it bed-time?"

"Bed-time!" cried the wife, in astonishment. "Why, we haven't had supper yet!"

"Yes, supper-time," muttered Ferdinand; "that's what I meant to say. But, look here, I've got a carriage to repair. In a word, I want to be alone. Do you hear?"

Henrietta glanced out of the window, and her eyes fell upon the traveling carriage.

"That carriage!" she exclaimed. "How came it in our yard? There's gold concealed in it. You told me there was to be, when you were making it;" and then, as a suspicion crossed her mind, she added, "A traitor denounced the marquis, and the carriage is in our yard! Explain it! I insist upon an explanation. Prove that my husband is not a traitor and an assassin!"

"Silence!" cried Ferdinand.

"Silence!" said the wife. "No! let your father come and assure me you are innocent, and I shall believe him."

"Curse you!" cried Ferdinand, rushing upon her; "my fury——"

She was saved from violence by a thundering knock at the door.

"Who goes there?" cried Ferdinand, with an alarm of guilt.

"Citizen Ferdinand!" shouted a voice.

"It is the voice of Volage. Now," said he to his wife, "dry your eyes—let not a word escape you."

"Do you fear that I shall denounce you?" said his wife. "I have too great a horror of traitors."

As Ferdinand opened the door, in stalked the six feet-eight of the famous artist's model, Monsieur Volage, in his gorgeous uniform of drum-major of the battalion of the Louvre.

"Stop outside there with the horses," said Volage to the person he left in the street. "Confound it!" said he, fretfully, addressing Ferdinand, "I thought you were asleep. I come on behalf of the Committee of Public Safety."

"What does all this mean?" asked Ferdinand, surlily.

"It means that I am sent on an extraordinary mission—that is to say, we are sent—that is to say, Captain Raphael de Courcy is sent as envoy extraordinary to the Army of the Rhine, and, since I accompany him, it amounts to the same thing. He must be on the road in five minutes. You must furnish us with your best carriage."

"But you cannot force me."

"Excuse me, my dear boy; if you resist the requisition, I shall be under the painful necessity of denouncing you to the revolutionary tribunal."

"Curses!" muttered Ferdinand, as he led the way into the carriage-yard.

The carriage-smith pointed out every vehicle but that of the marquis. The drum-major made objections to each.

"But don't be discouraged," said Monsieur Volage, with an affable smile. "I've had one in my eye from the very first;" and he laid his hand on a wheel of the marquis's carriage. "I'll take this."

"You can't have it. The carriage is promised."

"Citizen Ferdinand, I take it in the name of the Committee of Public Safety, and the French Republic, one and indivisible."

He threw open the gate of the yard as he spoke, and a postillion led in four horses, all harnessed, which Volage assisted him to attach to the carriage.

"But, Monsieur Volage," stammered Ferdinand, as the drum-major took his seat in the carriage.

"No more!" said Volage, sternly. "Mount, postillion!"

"Malediction!" cried the baffled traitor, dashing his head against the wall, as the carriage drove out of the courtyard at full speed.

One hour afterward it passed the barrier safely, with the

marquis and his daughter, De Courcy and Volage, safely stowed inside.

For some days they traveled together, but when they approached the French army, Raphael and the drum-major left their friends, to join the troops, and the marquis pursued his way to Germany, which he reached, at last, in safety.

Let us return to Paris, and go back a little, to the point where Baptiste left the Palace of the Luxembourg, to enter the fatal cart that was to convey him to the place of execution.

As he carefully concealed his face in his military cloak, a ruffianly fellow approached the cart, and climbed upon the wheel.

"Who is this aristocrat," said he, "who is ashamed to show his face to an honest citizen? Let's see if we know him." And he tore away the cloak that shrouded the features of Baptiste. "How is this?" he cried. "This is Citizen Baptiste, the father of Ferdinand, the carriage-smith, as good a '*sans-culotte*' as any in the section. Here's some foul play, citizens! They've dressed up a good republican in the uniform of an aristocrat, and are going to murder him!"

The crowd began to murmur, and a determined band followed the cart to the place of execution, insisting that Baptiste should be remanded to the revolutionary tribunal.

By one of those strange caprices, or, rather, by one of those momentary impulses of feeling which swayed, sometimes, even the revolutionary assemblies, when Baptiste had confessed his noble scheme of self-sacrifice, and gloried in the act, his life was spared, and, with a severe rebuke from Robespierre, he was set at liberty, while the most vigilant search was made for the marquis. We have seen how the latter escaped.

Ferdinand soon learned that his father was alive, but not from his own lips—he never saw him more.

After passing a few wretched days in Paris, he joined a body of recruits on their march to the Army of the Rhine, where he met a better fate than he deserved, for he was shot in the first engagement that occurred after he joined the army. His wife sought and found protection of the old steward.

Baptiste lived to witness the return of his beloved master, when peace was restored to his country, and to rejoice at the wedding of Colonel Raphael de Courcy and Clementine Lavigne—misfortunes having softened the prejudices of the lady's father, and taught him that a gallant French officer, though a '*parvenu*,' was a fitting mate even for the daughter of a French noble.

JOCK A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS.

Jock came to us a very small pup, but grew to be a very beautiful little fellow. He did not grow very much, though, for when he had finished his growth he was the smallest dog I ever had. I don't think he was more than eight inches high, but he was enormously powerful for his size, and, except to his friends, was by far the fiercest little dog of his inches, or ounces, that I ever saw.

He was a great beauty, and of a very distinguished family, his father and mother being both of pure Skye breed. He was light gray in color, with long hair, which, had he been born in his own cold country, would have been much longer, and nearly trailed on the ground. He soon learnt all I liked to teach him, and in one day learned to beg and speak, the inducement being a lump of sugar.

As in all characters, even in those nearest approaching to perfection, there are some blemishes, so, I am sorry to say,

Jock was not exempt from failings; his chief one being inordinate greediness. He was the greediest little dog that ever lived. He would eat almost anything, and at all times. On one occasion he devoured a whole candle; and on another, mamma found him demolishing a vegetable marrow.

We had a lovely little parrot, which was so tame that it never was in a cage, and used to creep up mamma's dress and

food. He was very fond of getting on the table at dessert, and would sit, begging, at the very edge, with his tail hanging over. He would "trust" when told to do so, and, greedy as he was, would stop in the middle of a mouthful, which he had been assured was "paid for," if the word "trust" was whispered to him in the lowest tone. He would sit up, too, with a fork in his mouth and a piece of meat at the end of it, and even with a lighted candle be-

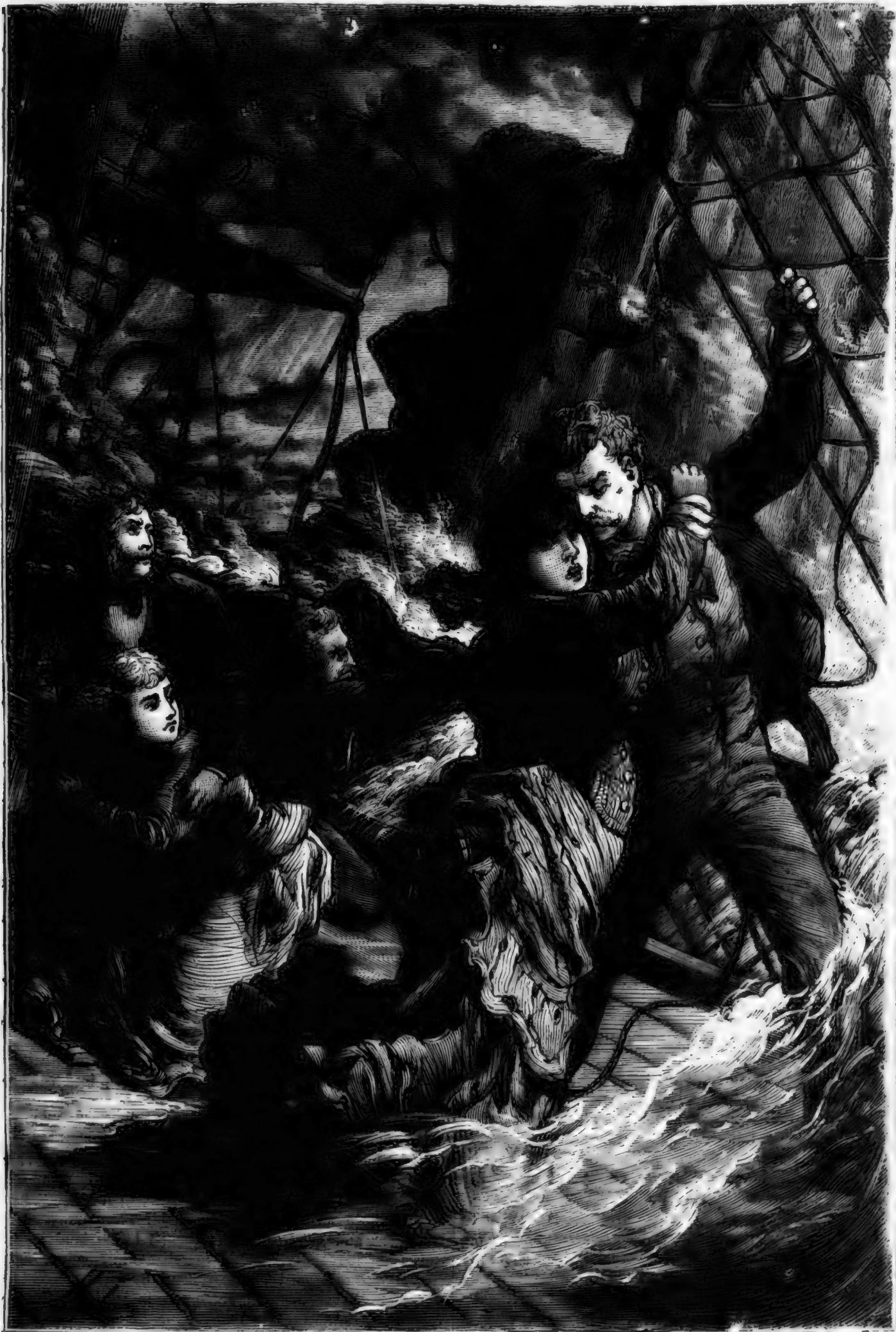


JOCK A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS.—SEE PAGE 111.

nestle in her lap. Generally, it sat on a perch in the dining-room, and we constantly found Mr. Jock sitting up before it, begging for its food. Indeed, if you want to know what Jock was like, you have only to look at the print of Landseer's picture, "The Queen's Pets," in your schoolroom, in which the dog is begging from the macaw. It is a perfect portrait of little Jock in one of his favorite attitudes. But after begging for some time without any result, Jock would upset perch and parrot, and help himself to the scattered

tween his teeth; but once he burnt his whiskers, and after that he would never have anything more to do with fire.

He was a funny little dog, and really enjoyed his tricks. If I said, "Take a chair, Jock," he would jump up on the chair nearest to him, and sit begging, putting out his little, fat paws, or "speaking," just as he was told. I used to spread a napkin on a stool, and put his dinner on it. Then tying a handkerchief round him, like a pinafore, I would



THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "YCONDE."—"IF WE HAD LIVED, YOUR RICHES WOULD HAVE PARTED US; BUT IN DEATH AND DEADLY DANGER I MAY TELL YOU HOW MADLY I LOVE YOU, ROSE—MY OWN SWEET ROSE!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

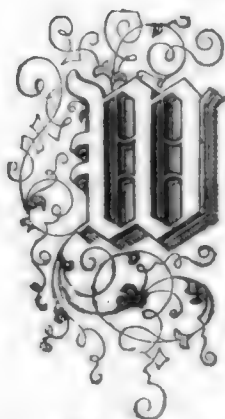
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make him beg by the side of the stool, and he would eat his food quite happily.

He soon noticed that great attention was paid to the baby, and especially when it cried and did not seem well. All the petting of baby, Jock thought thrown away, and became very jealous. I had to take him up and put a gown on him, and treat him like a sick baby. This would satisfy his vanity, and he would trot off contentedly.

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "YGONDE."

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.



WHEN Harry Macomber proposed to marry Milly Vasover, she replied, very simply, "Why, yes, Harry, if you will marry Di and Sue and Baby as well. We can't be separated."

Harry looked foolish, hesitated, and finally said: "They're all splendid girls, every one of them, Milly, and I love them for their own sakes as well as yours; but I have only a thousand a year, you know, and I don't believe old Tompkins means to increase my salary now, if ever."

"I see. Well, then, we'd better not talk any more about it, Harry. I don't mind if you don't."

"My darling! I do mind very much, and I won't give up the idea of marrying in the least; but five people need a good deal of bread and butter, my child; and four girls need a good deal of muslin and—"

"We have five hundred a year among us, and that will help. We were going to try to keep house on it if you hadn't proposed this."

"Very well, my darling. Let us set up on our joint stock of fifteen hundred per annum, and see how far this side of starvation it will keep us."

In a year the experiment produced an ample fund of merriment and content, not much food, fuel or clothes, and a good deal of hard work. Then the Insurance Company, wherein was vested all the little fortune of the Misses Vasover failed, and left them penniless.

The girls quietly took in such sewing as they could obtain, and Macomber undertook some extra work to occupy his evening hours, already too short for repose. Three months of this was cause enough for the nervous fever that then overtook him, and for which the physician glibly prescribed:

"Complete change of scene and occupation, generous living and plenty of rest. If possible, a long voyage."

"Do you happen to have Fortunatus's purse in your pocket, sir, and will you leave it along with your prescription, which is rather useless without it?" inquired Diana Vasover, the oldest, tallest, and, as many persons thought, the handsomest of the four.

The doctor stared, laughed a little, murmured something about "very sorry, but"—and went away.

Sue and Baby, whose real name was Rosalie, began to cry; Milly sat down, with white despair for the first time settling over her sonsy face, and Di raged up and down the room like a lioness.

Two weeks later came the day when the four women stared into each other's meagre faces, mutely asking whence should come the food for the next meal, the last one having been, perforce, omitted.

"Every cent had to go to the landlord yesterday," said Milly, opening her empty purse.

"And the man says there will be no more work for several weeks," murmured Sue.

"And Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Baxter have gone to the seashore," added Baby.

"And we wouldn't ask help from them, or any one else, if we died of starvation!" said Diana, with a degree of menace in her voice that made poor Baby cry and shiver.

"And poor, darling Harry says that he thinks he could eat a bit of steak," whispered Milly, adding her sobs to Baby's.

"There is nothing left to sell, is there?" asked Sue, glancing forlornly round the room.

"Nothing but ourselves; if any surgeon would like a finely-articulated skeleton or two," suggested Diana, baring her arm, where, in fact, the white skin clung to the bones with very little flesh between.

The door-bell rang.

"There is a man with a bill. Who shall face him? I met the grocer, and Sue the milkman," laughed Milly, hysterically. "Di, it's your turn."

Without reply, Miss Vasover caught up a light shawl, flung it round her ragged dress with the grace and dignity of a queen's mantle, and went to open the door.

The listening sisters heard the refined and courteous tones of a gentleman's voice, inquiring:

"Does Mrs. Henry Macomber live here, madame?"

"Yes, sir."

"And her sisters—the Misses Vasover?"

"Yes, sir. I am Miss Vasover."

"Thanks. May I see your sisters?"

Diana hesitated for a moment. To display the poverty of the land to a stranger, a gentleman whose dress and manner suggested such a different experience of life, was a struggle at which her pride rebelled very sorely, and yet she must submit, as a second thought plainly told her.

"Will you walk in?" said she, opening the door a little wider, and then the door of the uncarpeted, badly-furnished room where the sisters still sat.

"My sisters—Mrs. Macomber, Miss Susan Vasover, Miss Rosalie Vasover," announced Di, presenting the stranger, who bowed courteously, and, laying a card upon the table, said:

"My name is Murray, of the firm of Monroe & Murray, solicitors, London, England."

The four sisters bowed their astonishment, and Mr. Murray, taking some papers from his pocket, and opening them upon the table, continued:

"May I ask if you have ever heard the name of Philidor Cochrane?"

"There were some letters among our mother's papers signed with that name," replied Diana.

"Very good. They will be valuable proofs of identity. They are safe and in your possession?" inquired the lawyer, anxiously.

"Oh, yes. Milly, you have mamma's desk?"

"Yes; just as she left it."

"Very well, ladies. You are probably aware that Mr. Cochrane, while on a tour through this country some fifty years ago, saw and loved your mother, then Miss Bastow, and no doubt a very lovely young lady. They were secretly betrothed, and Mr. Cochrane returned to England to ask consent of his family, wealthy merchants in London. The consent was refused, the engagement by some means broken, and Philidor Cochrane was sent to India, in the service of the East India Company.

"His father died, leaving him a fortune; his uncle died, leaving him another; his only brother died, leaving him a

third; and his own exertions in shaking the pagoda-tree obtained for him the most colossal fortune of the four.

"Six months ago Mr. Cochrane arrived in London, and within the week dispatched a special messenger to America to ascertain the fate and history of Miss Virginia Bastow, and convey to her a letter written by his own hand.

"The messenger returned, bringing the letter and news that Miss Bastow, having married Mr. Vasover, and become the mother of four daughters, was dead, leaving them orphans.

"In two months more Mr. Cochrane himself died, leaving a will wherein he first provides for his body being brought to this country and interred close beside that of your late mother; then for the erection of a magnificent monument over the late Mrs. Vasover, and finally bequeathing the remainder of his magnificent property to the four daughters of Mrs. Virginia Vasover, *née* Virginia Bastow. Ladies, allow me to congratulate you upon inheriting one of the largest private fortunes in England."

"What is the amount of the whole, Mr. Murray?" inquired Diana, the first to recover her breath.

"It is hard to say, as much of the property is still in trade and much in real estate," replied the lawyer. "But I am not afraid to promise one hundred millions of dollars when the whole shall be settled."

"And Harry is dying for need of a beefsteak and a glass of wine!" cried Milly, in anguish too great for control.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, his handsome face flushing scarlet. "I had no idea—but you will allow me—"

He was already opening his pocketbook, when Diana haughtily interfered.

"Certainly not, Mr. Murray. Whatever our necessities we have never yet received alms, nor can we now begin to do so."

"Oh, Di! Mr. Murray had no idea!" exclaimed a sweeter voice, and the young lawyer, for the first time, noticed what lovely violet eyes Miss Sue Vasover possessed, and how sweet an expression.

He bowed admiringly to her, and respectfully to Diana, as he replied to both:

"I certainly had no idea of offering alms, or even a personal loan, but I am instructed by my partner to offer any advance upon the estate required by the heirs, and I have here a blank draft upon a prominent banking-house in this city, which I shall be happy to fill out at your order, Miss Vasover."

"Without favor or obligation, Mr. Murray?"

"Absolutely. The money is your own, and will be placed to your account with our firm."

"Fill it out for a hundred thousand dollars, if you please," said Miss Vasover, with a chilly smile, while the sisters glanced at each other, terror-stricken at such audacity, and Mr. Murray, bowing slightly, filled up the draft, and pushed it across the table for Diana's signature.

"That looks real, and yet it seems exactly like a fairy story," murmured Baby, as the paper was handed round for inspection.

With true gentlemanly instinct, Mr. Murray now withdrew, leaving the bewildered family to arrange, in their own fashion, the first steps of realization of their sudden prosperity.

Diana was the first to speak, and she, slowly unpinning a little needlebook from her pocket, produced a dollar bill, which she put into Milly's hand, saying:

"I saved it for the very last emergency, when we should be actually starving, but it is safe now to spend it for Harry. Go get the steak, dear, while I go down-town and bring home—how much?"

"A hundred dollars—twenty-five apiece!" cried Sue, eagerly. "I want a ruffle, and a ribbon for my hair."

"You can have twenty-five thousand as well as twenty-five units, if you choose," said Diana. "But I don't see the pressing need of finery."

"Sue does, though," suggested Baby, pertly. "She sees it in Mr. Murray's eyes."

And Sue blushed "celestial rosy-red," while Diana curled her handsome mouth in a scornful smile, and Milly flew back to Harry's bedside.

A week later the family sat in conclave. The inheritance and its amount had become fixed facts, and the hundred thousand dollars of advance, which had at first appeared so prodigious a fortune in itself, had wofully diminished, now that four eager hands drew from it as freely and as often as they would.

"That is the very idea," said Diana, decidedly. "The doctor recommended change of scene, sea-air, and lively society, with generous living for Harry; and it will be a good regimen for all of us girls also. Let us buy this steam-yacht, 'with its crew, master and stores complete,' as the advertisement says, and start for the Mediterranean next Monday."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money," remarked Harry, feebly, from his couch beside the little Spring fire.

"Not for persons possessing a hundred millions," corrected Diana, magnificently; and Milly added:

"Not if it can do you good, my own love."

"But we must invite some people to go with us. The *Ygonde* has eight staterooms, and we only need three," suggested Susan; and Baby good-naturedly helped her out by proposing:

"Let us offer to carry Mr. Murray home, for one."

"And Charlie Bays and Ned Winchester, if they will leave college before class-day," added Sue, returning the compliment.

"I dare say Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery P. Apthorpe would like to go," suggested Diana.

"My goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Baby; "we sha'n't need to carry any ice, if you only let them sleep next to the store-room."

"Maybe the Spanish ambassador and the Russian archduke would go along, too, to make it pleasant for Di," suggested Harry; and Sue prophesied:

"If she once gets abroad, she'll buy up some German principality, with prince attached, and start in life as a royal dignitary."

"No; she'll come home and marry a good, honest American," said Milly, tucking her hand into Harry's. "They are the men for husbands."

"If you have all finished, we will go on with our rational plans and arrangements," said Diana, who hated to be teased, but had learned that it was quite useless to resist, except by stony silence.

And so the yacht *Ygonde* was bought and provisioned with all the luxury four active minds and unlimited means could bring together; and, one bright day in June, steamed out of Boston Harbor, with the stars and stripes flying at her main, and a private pennon, embroidered with the Vasover arms, at her fore.

The eight staterooms were all filled: Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Apthorpe gladly ensconcing their dignity in one, and Mr. Murray, the two collegians, two other young gentlemen, and Tot and Birdie Banks, the chosen bosom-friends of Sue and Baby Vasover, completing the list; with Captain Weston, the sailing-master, "bought with the yacht," as Baby chose to phrase it.

Every one was content, every one was well after the third

day out; the weather was fine, the table excellent, novels and poems abundant, the moon at its full, the young men all inclined to do their duty in the way of falling in love with all the young ladies; and there being but four of the divinities to five of the adorers, the former were enabled to keep their devotees in that constant condition of uncertainty and excitement so essential to the pleasure of a game at coquetry. And here it was that Baby Vasover especially distinguished herself, keeping Messrs. Bays, Winchester and Jewell—all of whom were openly and honestly in love with her—in a constant fever of doubt and distress; and alternating between them and Randolph, who really preferred Miss Banks, but would have sold himself to Baby's fortune, and Mr. Murray, who spasmodically avoided Sue—who, in turn, flirted furiously with every one but him, and in her heart of hearts cared for no one else.

As for Di, she received homage from every one and pre-

fellow of six-and-twenty, with eyes as cold and clear as an eagle's, and plenty of fair hair, which he tossed impatiently off his forehead with a hand "quite too white and well-shapen for that sort of person," as Mrs. M. P. A. one day observed.

"Dear me! I never looked at him enough to know whether he has hands or not," lisped Baby, to whom this remark was made, and who happened to be in a naughty mood, having quarreled with young Banks and turned her back upon her other three admirers, because Mr. Murray was reading poetry to Sue instead of playing *béziq*ue with her.

"Excuse me, Miss Vasover; but the men are about to haul the rope you are sitting upon," said a voice close beside her; and Baby, with a start, became conscious that Captain Weston was at her elbow, and must have heard her last remark.



A DRINK BY THE WAYSIDE.

ferred no one, unless it was Mrs. M. P. A., from whom she quietly and covertly gleaned such items of conventionality and fashionable intelligence as she thought might be useful in the position she had determined to assume upon her return home.

As for Milly, she was a wife; and beyond that she was a sweet and attentive hostess, and a ready *confidante* and sympathizer with every one who had a grievance. And Harry, recovering his health, was beginning to moodily contemplate a future of idle dependence upon his wife's fortune; and in trying to hide his brooding discontent from his wife's clear eyes was bringing the first little cloud over her happy, married life.

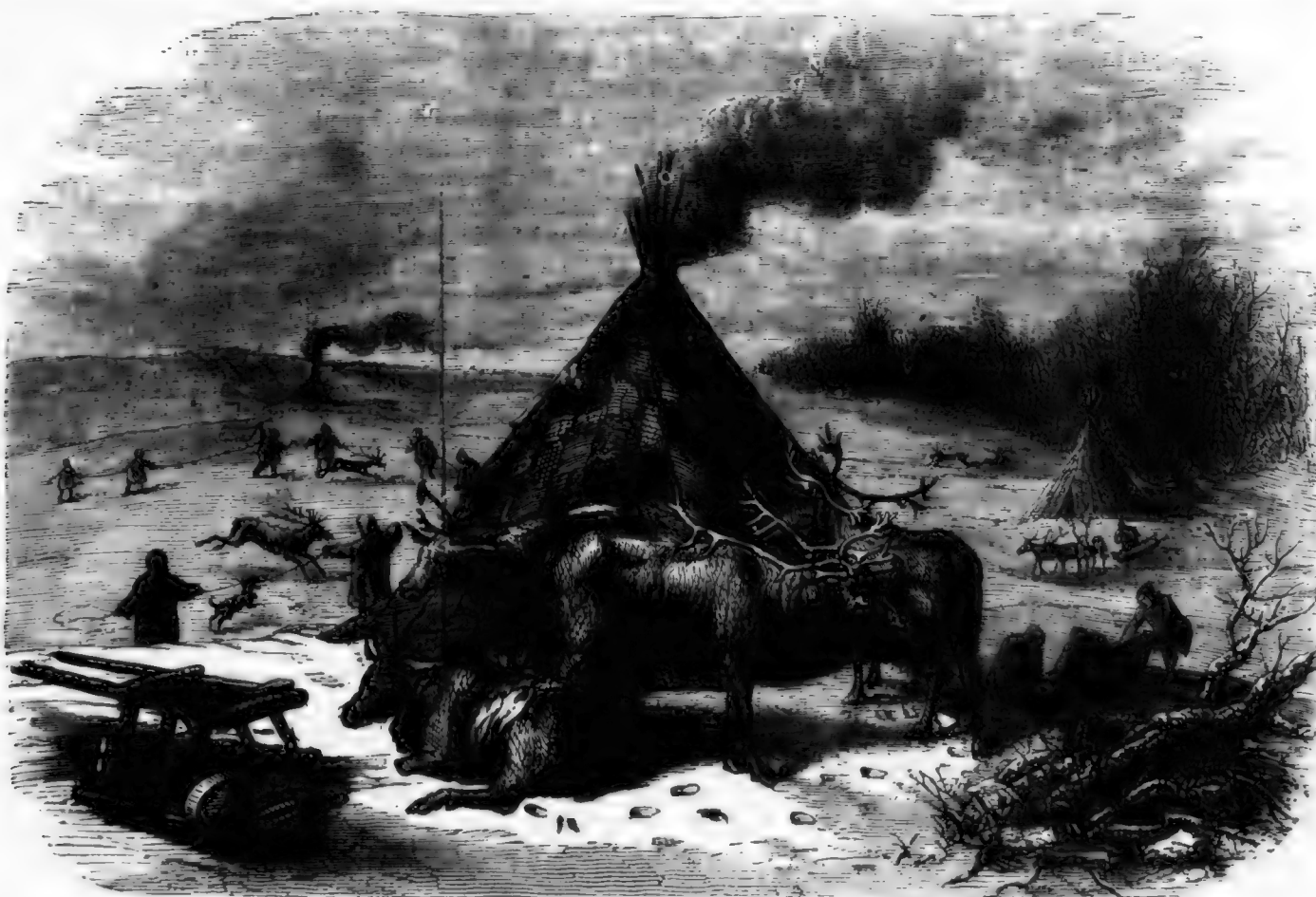
One person has not been mentioned as yet, and, in fact, nobody seemed to trouble themselves very much to recognize his existence; and this was Captain Paul Weston, sailing-master of the yacht *Ygonde*, and a fine, stalwart young

"Some of the sailors want us to move, I believe, Mrs. Apthorpe," said she, without looking fully round; and Paul Weston smiled contemptuously as he noticed the flood of color creeping to the roots of Baby's golden hair, as she strolled to the other side of the deck.

"What a pity money should turn the head and spoil the character of such a pretty child!" said he to himself. "How fortunate that her airs don't trouble me!"

But Captain Weston was very sharp with the men who hauled in that sail, and was likewise rather moody all the afternoon.

That night there was a round game at cards in the cabin, and Baby, whose pettishness had settled down into a fit of the sulks, buried her pretty nose in a novel for a while, and finally, throwing it down, went out on deck; and, after some wanderings, made her way forward, and, perched upon the hæl of the bowsprit, sat looking down at the



A SAMOIEDE JOUTE OR TENT.—SEE PAGE 119.

foamy ripples thrown off by the schooner's shapely bows as she slid through the darkening waters.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Vasover; but really, that position is very unsafe," said a quiet voice; and Baby, looking round with a start, found the sailing-master close behind her.

"Good gracious, Captain—ah—Southern, how much trouble you give yourself about my motions!" exclaimed she, pettishly, and edging herself a little further out upon the bowsprit.

"Only when they interfere with my duties in working the yacht," replied Weston, coolly.

"And how does my remaining here trouble the yacht, pray?" inquired Rosalie, impertinently.

"Your remaining there does not trouble it at all; but your falling overboard would delay and trouble it considerably," replied the young man, so coolly that Baby could joyfully have slapped him. As it was, she loftily replied:

"Really, sir, your caution is a little excessive."

And, moving still further in the forbidden direction, she bent recklessly forward, felt a sudden giddiness seize upon her brain, caught at a rope, missed it, and would have fallen headlong, but for a strong hand which seized and sustained her, and a deep voice which cried:

"Good God! I thought you were gone!"

"Oh, I thought so, too! Oh, oh, Captain Weston, how foolish I am!"

And a burst of sudden tears relieved the nervous irritability, root or fruit, as you will, of the day's willfulness and ill-humor.

"Sit down a little while, and steady yourself before the others see you," said Weston, softly, and offering his arm, he led his charge to the after-part of the vessel, and seated her where not even the man at the wheel could watch or overhear her; then, with a polite but somewhat chilly bow, he left her and went forward again.

Baby cried a few minutes, then looked up with a smile, found nothing but the mainmast to receive her smile, started up, looked around, and then forward, and finally went into the cabin, holding her golden head very high and straight, indeed.

The next day the weather was stormy, the next night very stormy, the day after dangerous, and forty-eight hours from the time Baby sat on the heel of the bowsprit, the *Ygoude* was tossing helplessly in the trough of the sea, her engine flooded, her masts disabled, her rudder injured, her crew almost exhausted at the pumps, her passengers divided between helpless and imbecile alarm, active and ill-judged interference with the management of the yacht, and quiet waiting for effort or submission when the time should come for either.

Milly relied upon her husband, who said nothing; Diana relied upon herself; Sue said her prayers, and Baby crept along the deck until she reached the man standing firmly braced against the skylight, and whispered:

"Are we going to be wrecked, Captain Weston?"

"I cannot say what may happen yet, Miss Rose."

"No; but please tell me what you think."

"I think your sister there upon her knees is doing the best thing any woman can do just now."

"Then we *are* going to be wrecked, and I shall be drowned, for I am always the unlucky one, and I hope you'll forgive my being so rude to you. I don't know any one else I ever offended, and I want to make peace."

"Poor child! poor child! Well there, then, I forgive you, if there is anything to forgive; and as for drowning, you shan't do it if I can help it, I promise you. I saved you once, and I mean to do it again."

"You can, I know, if any one can," said Baby, in quiet confidence; and then a doubt and a pain came over her fair, young face, and she eagerly added:

"No, don't try for me, but for Sue. She's ever and ever

so much better a girl than I, and—and—well, I fancy some one cares ever so much for her, and they'll be happy. Save Sue, and help Mr. Murray, if you can, won't you, Captain Weston?"

"If I can save all, I will; if only one, it must be the one whose life is most precious to me of all on board," said the young man, softly, and Baby glanced quickly up in his face, then as quickly away, and neither spoke again.

Twelve hours more, and the *Ygonde* struck on the cruel reefs off the coast of Ireland—struck and lay for yet another night, with the sea washing clear over her helpless hull, and every seaman in her expecting that each thump would be her last.

The hour was one of those so rarely vouchsafed to man, when he may study his fellow-men utterly without disguise—reading the structure of his soul as certainly as the anatomist reveals the skeleton laid bare before him.

Mr. Montgomery P. Apthorpe, pompous and indifferent to his peril as long as that was possible, grew, at last, frantic with rage and terror; offered vast sums of money to master and sailors, and then raved angrily at Harry Macomber for beguiling him into such a trap; his wife talked in dignified and high-bred strains of the "peculiar position" in which she found herself placed, and murmured something about "I told you so, Mr. Apthorpe," into her husband's ear.

The young husband and wife clung to each other in selfish and absorbing love. Diana, refusing all assistance or sympathy, stood erect and pallid, fronting her death, if death it must be, with haughty defiance. Sue, all disguise forgotten, allowed Murray to bind her to the same spar with himself, and whisper assurance in her ear that they should live or die together, for he could never again be parted from her. And Baby, where was she? Clinging close as a frightened child to Paul Weston's neck, while he, drawing her closer and yet closer to his heart, murmured:

"If we had lived, your riches would have parted us; but in death and deadly danger I may tell you how madly I love you, Rose—my own sweet Rose!"

As for the rest! Have you never seen frightened, senseless women and men brave enough, but without the power of controlling themselves or any one else? If not, you might have seen them that night as the *Ygonde* beat heavily upon the reef for a while, then settled so far as she might, and lay mutely enduring, while the cruel waves tore at her fair frame and costly beauties until they rent her plank from timber, and bore away each wave his trophy, even as a pack of wolves might rend the body of some fair woman abandoned to their fury, and bear her relics to the four quarters of the wood.

But with morning light came rescue. The storm had passed, the waves somewhat subsided; and the wreckers, who had watched the shipwreck from the distant cliffs, came off at last to rescue such as might still remain, first of goods and then of men.

We may not pause upon the details of this part of the story, albeit there is material in it for a volume; but simply say that no life was lost, although much treasure—which, however, was, as Harry Macomber remarked, "less than a flea-bite to what remained."

"It was also Harry who insisted that, since the ladies had all lost their wardrobes, they should at once proceed to Paris, and there refurnish themselves at the expense of the yacht *Ygonde*; which, as he said, owed them reparation, and should make it, in spite of her own disappearance. It was at Dublin that this decision was reached; and here it was that Captain Weston, for the first time, sought an interview with Rosalie Vasover.

"You wished to see me, I believe, Captain Weston?" said the young lady, with icy airiness.

"Yes, Miss Rose; I wish to say Good-by, and to beg your pardon for words and acts spoken and committed, as I thought, in the presence of death——"

"And since, evidently, regretted," interrupted Baby, with a firmly developed pout.

"I have no right to take advantage of kindness granted to me at such a moment and in the face of such peril. You did not know what you were saying or doing then, Miss Rose, and I—I must learn to forget."

"No very difficult matter, I should imagine, Captain Weston. Well, good-by, if you are going."

"Good-by—Rose!"

He came a little nearer, and held out his hand, but turned away his face. She laid her tiny palm on his, and stole a half-glance upward; then closed the warm, pink fingers closely upon the firmer, browner ones that trembled beneath the touch.

He felt the clasp, looked quickly down at her flushed face, saw there something—I know not what—and, with a short cry, as of wild delight, caught the little figure close, close to his bounding heart.

Half an hour later, Baby said:

"Of course it is proper to ask Harry and Di, too—but, you know, it don't make the faintest matter what either of them say. I'm not going to give you up to Birdie Banks, though I know you're dying to go."

That evening Diana received two distinct shocks in the announcement of her two sisters' matrimonial intentions. She comforted herself with a sneer:

"If you were going to buy husbands with your money, why didn't you wait until you got to market, instead of paying full price for windfalls?"

"Wait till we see who goes through the woods, and is obliged to pick up a crooked stick at last!" retorted Baby; and Milly added:

"Never mind, Di; we'll ticket you choice specimens of an American title-hunter. No customers need apply without a coronet in their pockets."

"I don't think, at least, that I shall marry a sailor or an attorney," replied Di, magnificently.

Nor did she. For the party had not been in Paris a month before Miss Vasover received proposals of marriage from three gentlemen of noble family—one marquis, one viscount and one duke, whom she at once accepted, in spite of his sixty years, his horrible face, and more horrible reputation as *roué*, gambler and tyrant.

The day of the wedding, Mr. Murray, who had been summoned hastily to London by telegraph, returned, just in time to dress and attend his betrothed, who was one of her sister's bridesmaids. At the breakfast, every one remarked his pallor, his silence and his forced gayety; and when the duke and duchess were set forth upon the wedding-journey, which both had agreed in making very short, Sue cornered her lover, and demanded his bad news—for she was confident that he had some.

"My best news is that you and I are to be married very soon," replied Murray, significantly.

And then he called the rest of the family together, and, in as gentle words as such news could be put, informed them that the great Cochrane fortune was melting from their grasp as suddenly as it had come. A wife and child appeared upon the scene, armed with certificates of marriage, birth and identity. A clever lawyer had taken up their case, and had found a terrible weapon in Mr. Cochrane's own will, where appeared the phrase: "in default of legal heirs of my own body"—words explained by the widow's confession that, having quarreled with her husband, she had left him, and had contrived to lead him to suppose that she and her son were dead and buried, instead,

as was the case, of living contentedly under another gentleman's protection. It was obvious that Mrs. Cochrane's own character, in a moral point of view, suffered severely in this exposition; but Mrs. Cochrane's claim was established, as was her son's, and Mr. Murray had no hope beyond making a fair compromise with the new heirs, who were ready enough to relinquish all claim to money already expended, and even to allow a certain sum to the disappointed heirs, on condition of their releasing all claims without further delay or litigation.

"And, after all, it is as well sooner as later," concluded Mr. Murray. "They've got the inside track, and we shall clear two or three hundred thousand among us. As for me, I've got Sue, and I'm content."

"And I can go to work again, with Milly's capital to back me, and feel like a man once more," said Harry Macomber, lifting his head as he had not done in six months.

"And Baby won't plague me to give up the sea, but come along, too, instead of keeping me at home," said Paul Weston; and Baby smiled at him, with tearful eyes.

But it was Milly who first remembered to say:

"Oh, poor Di! poor, dear, darling Di! The duke only married her money, and now he will ill-treat her."

"Madame la duchesse will hold her own, and she has the title and the position. No need to pity her," said Murray, with a malicious smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery P. Apthorpe insisted upon returning to America by steamer at their own expense; Tot and Birdie Banks betrothed themselves to the two collegians, and went home, as well as the other two young gentlemen, in the *China*, under escort of Harry and Milly Macomber; Baby and Sue married immediately, and followed their husbands—the one to Calcutta, the other to London; and Diana, Duchess of Riendetout, remained alone to break the thorns from the lining of her coronet as best she might, and to consider at leisure the problem of the search through the wood, and the crooked stick at last. So ended the cruise of the *Ygonde*.

IN A SAMOIEDE TENT.

BY DAVID KER.

It is not everybody who has been in a Samoiède tent; and, indeed, it is not everybody who would care to be in one very long, except, perhaps, as a shelter, when the thermometer stands at 60 degrees below freezing, and the terrible north wind comes howling over the frozen steppes, casting up drifts of snow big enough to bury a wagon. Nevertheless, it is well worth seeing, if only as a sample of the kind of dwellings in which human beings can contrive to exist, often for seven or eight months together.

Scouring over the wide, bare plains of the Far North, you see in the distance a larger snowdrift than usual, topped by a dark, narrow cone; and while you are still wondering what this latter can be, a curl of smoke, oozing from its top into the clear, frosty air, tells the whole story. In fact, the Samoiède needs only a dozen stout poles and a few reindeer-skins to complete his building materials; and when the tent is pitched, all that remains to be done is to leave a hole open at the top to let out the smoke, heap up the snow all around to keep the cold wind from creeping in below, and have plenty of dried fish and deer-meat in stock.

Before such a dwelling do I halt, on one of those glorious December days which make the Russian Winter enjoyable, in spite of its terrible power—a bright, keen, frosty morning, when the clear blue sky above, and the dazzling white of the snow beneath, and the cheerful sunshine all around,

and the bracing freshness of the air, make one feel happy, almost without knowing why. Stepping over the encircling snow-mound, I lift the loose flap of deer-skin that forms the front door of this primitive country-house, and find myself in the presence of two native ladies, who seem not a whit discomposed by my unexpected entrance. As they sit crouched there in the semi-darkness, muffled in the huge skin cloaks which are their only wear, with the red fire-light playing fitfully on their dwarfish figures, flat, heavy, almost noseless faces, small, rat-like eyes, and complexions of deep, shiny brown (not unlike a newly-varnished table), it would be difficult to imagine two more extraordinary hobgoblins.

The head of the family is evidently absent on business; but the mother and daughter—the former seemingly about forty, the latter perhaps twelve or thirteen—are hard at work, stitching away as industriously as any mantua-maker. I greet them with the customary salutation, "Be happy, my friends!" and, seating myself on a pile of skins near the door, begin to look about me.

The interior is not roomy, by any means; but every inch of it seems to be fully turned to account. The floor, the tent-poles, the very folds of the skin, are a perfect museum of pans, pouches, strips of deer-meat, caps, bark shoes, smoked fish, bottles, knives, whips, harness, fish-spears, and what not; while the fire, laid in a hole in the centre, sends a thick smoke wandering at its own sweet will in every direction but the right one, mingling its acrid flavor with the prevalent odors of grease, blood, raw meat, salted fish and unwashed human beings.

"What are you at work upon there?" ask I, in default of any better opening for conversation.

"New cloaks," answers the elder lady, in a deep, hoarse voice. "Our old ones are getting worn out"—a fact which, indeed, requires no demonstration.

"And what's this needle made of?" I inquire, looking, with some surprise, at the huge, ungainly implement which she handles so deftly.

"Reindeer-bone; and the thread is reindeer-sinew. Our deer give us everything we want, you see. That spear yonder is tipped with their horn, and here's some cheese made from their milk—will you taste it?"

From a fold of the tent she produces a thick, yellowish mass, very much like a cake of wheel-grease; but the odor of the dainty is quite enough for me, even without having seen it handled by those grimy paws. I do as I have been done by, and "decline with thanks."

"And where are your reindeer?"

"Outside, behind the tent. Come and look at them."

There, sure enough, are the hardy little beasts, in their stable of heaped-up snow, apparently quite comfortable, though they seem to have no better fodder than moss and bark. To those who have only seen them in picture-books, it would be a sad disappointment to behold, instead of the magnificent creatures represented there, four heavy-looking, grayish-white beasts, which, but for their short, broad horns, might easily pass for donkeys; but if not ornamental, they are at least useful, beyond dispute.

The sledge, standing ready beside its team, suggests to my impromptu hostess to treat me to a drive—an offer not to be slighted. I scramble in, my charioteer takes her place beside me, and away we go. At first the motion is smooth and pleasant enough; but as our team warm to their work, the rocking of the sledge threatens to pitch me out altogether, to the undisguised amusement of my more skillful companion; and by the time we reach the tent again, I am completely out of breath.

I reward my hospitable entertainers with a few kopecks, and depart under a shower of guttural native blessings.

THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY,

FROM THE PITH-BALL
TO THE MAGNETO-
ELECTRIC MACHINE.

BY PROF. C. A. JOY.

(Continued.)

A FRIENDLY controversy was carried on by Galvani and Volta for several years, which, in the light of the present day, appears somewhat singular, as the views of the latter are generally adopted, and to him is often accorded the honor of being the real founder of Voltaic electricity.

Adopting at the outset, with the greatest enthusiasm, the vitalist hypothesis of Galvani, Volta came, after no long time, to the conviction that the electrical efforts attributed by Galvani to the animal electricity of the frog were really due to the contact of dissimilar substances, and that the frog's limbs were only the



VOLTA IN 1799 CONSTRUCTS THE FIRST ELECTRIC PILE.

sensitive electro-scope, adapted to indicate the electrical current developed by two unlike metals.

Each discoverer saw but half the truth. Nas originated his celebrated contact theory; a view of the source of dynamic electricity that long held almost universal sway over scientific opinion, until gradually supplanted by the electro-chemical theory, which refers the phenomena to chemical action.

By the use of his condensing electrometer, Volta sought to establish the contact theory by a great number of well-devised experiments. Being assured of the passive state of the electrometer, he established communication between the earth and the upper plate of the moistened fingers, while at the same time a bit of zinc plate, held in the moistened fingers,



VOLTA.



HUMPHREY DAVY.



DAVY DECOMPOSES ALKALIES BY THE VOLTAIC PILE.

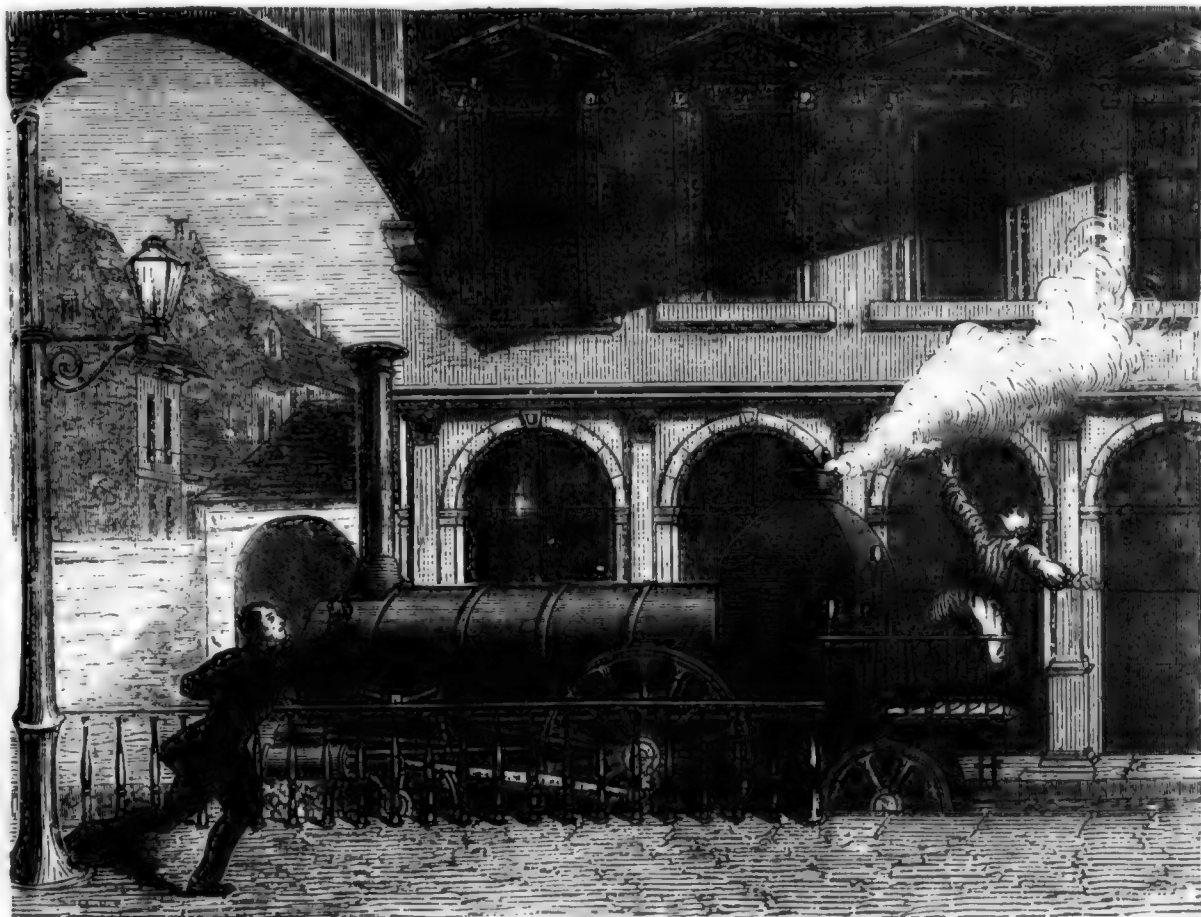
of the other hand, is placed in contact with the lower plate; after a single instant, contact is broken, and, on raising the upper plate, the gold leaves diverge. Whence the electricity? Volta replied, "From the contact of the two unlike substances"—

overlooking the fact that there was a chemical action due to the effect of the moist fingers on the zinc. As the plate touched by the zinc became positive, and the copper negative, he assumed that there was an "electro-motive force" capable of developing these electrical states in the two metals as a result of simple contact. This experiment was repeated with conductors of every sort, and always when one of them was an alter

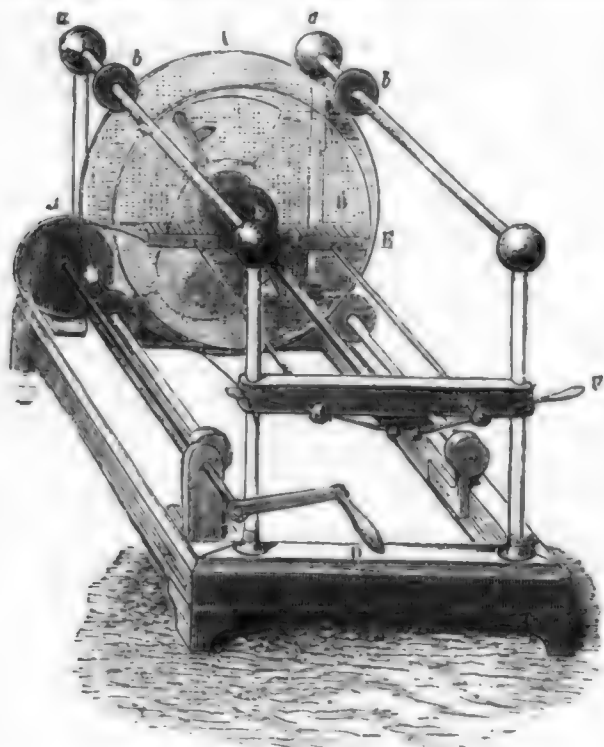
an electroscope. This was in 1796—four years in advance of the date usually assigned as that of the invention of the Voltaic pile.

The most celebrated of Volta's discoveries was the Voltaic

able substance, with the same results. He divided conducting bodies into two classes: the first class, including the metals, metallic ores and carbon, he calls electro-motors; the second class contains liquids, saline solutions, animal tissues, etc. He found that a double combination of these elements, so arranged that their order was reversed, neutralized each other, and produced no spasm in the frog's legs, which he uniformly used as



DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICITY IN STEAM.



HOLZ'S ELECTRIC MACHINE.

pile, or battery. Every form of apparatus designed to produce a current of dynamic electricity is called a battery, or pile. Volta's original apparatus was, as its name implies, a pile of alternate silver and zinc discs, laid up with discs of paper or cloth between them, moistened with brine or acid-water. This arrangement was more commonly made with alternate discs of copper and zinc, care being taken always to observe the order—copper, cloth, zinc. The terminal discs were provided with ears for the convenient attachment of wires. The pile may be regarded as a Leyden jar or electrical battery, perpetually charged, and capable of recharging itself as long as the given conditions are maintained. The end of the pile which yields vitreous electricity is called its positive pole, and that which yields resinous electricity is called the negative pole—a name also applied to the wires or conductors connecting the two poles.

The discovery of the pile was announced in March, 1800, to Sir Joseph Banks, both in the form just described and also the crown of cups, a series of twenty glass goblets arranged in a circle, with wires connecting the plus and minus elements of each cup to the opposite of the next. This last is the type of all modern batteries with separate cells. He classified its effects, but made no mention of its power of chemical decomposition, a property he had not then observed. This last power was immediately discovered by Nicholson and Carlisle, in London, on the 2nd of May, 1800. These experimenters were the first to perform the electrolysis of water, and to prove that that fluid was composed of two volumes of hydrogen and one volume of oxygen.

Toward the close of the year 1800, Volta and his colleague, Brugnatelli, received permission from the French Government to repair to Paris for the purpose of conferring with the physicists of the capital on diverse scientific questions, and in particular on the Voltaic pile. On passing through Geneva, Volta showed the experiments with his pile to Professor Pictet, whose descendant has just performed the brilliant operation of condensing hydrogen and oxygen, the gases obtained from water, by means of electric decomposition. Volta was received in Paris with the highest distinction, by the first Consul Napoleon Bonaparte, who had conceived the highest opinion of his talents.

Volta read before the Institute an exhaustive memoir,

during three sessions on the 16th, 18th and 20th of November, 1800, in which he gave a complete account of his researches; and at the close of each lecture performed a series of experiments in explanation. Napoleon was present at the second lecture, and witnessed the experiments at its close. Volta repeated his principal experiments with the gold-leaf electroscope, and burned iron wire by the battery, and finally decomposed water. The last experiment especially interested Napoleon, who suggested certain modifications and further researches that ought to be made in the same direction. At the close of the session, Napoleon, as member of the Institute, moved that a gold medal be struck in commemoration of Volta's discoveries, and that a commission be appointed to repeat his experiments on an extensive scale. The commission was composed of Laplace, Coulomb, Hallé, Monge, Fourcroy, Vauquelin, Pelletan, Charles, Brisson, Sabatier, Guyton and Biot.

After having repeated the principal experiments of Volta, the commission appointed Biot to draw up the report, recommending that the gold medal be conferred on the "citizen" Volta. "The professor from Pavia," says Arago, in his eulogy on Volta, "had become for Napoleon the very type of genius. We see him decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, then with the Iron Crown, then raised to the nobility, and made a Senator in Lombardy. When the Italian Institute presented itself at the Palazzo in Milan, if, by accident, Volta was not in the front rank, the brusque question would be asked, 'Where is Volta?—is he ill? Why did he not come?' thus showing to the other members that, in the eyes of the sovereign, they were but simple satellites revolving around the inventor of the pile.

"'I can never consent,' said Napoleon, in 1804, 'to the retirement of Volta. If his functions as professor are too fatiguing, let them be reduced, even to the extent of one lecture a year, for the University of Paris would be wounded to the core the day that I permitted a name so illustrious to disappear from its list of members. Moreover,' he added, 'a good general ought to die on the field of honor.'"

In June, 1801, a short time after the battle of Marengo, Napoleon wrote from Italy to Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, that he wished to found an annual prize of 3,000 francs for the best research on the sciences of Franklin and Volta. "Please make my disposition known to the President of the Institute, in order that the necessary steps may be taken to develop the idea. My special desire is to encourage and fix the attention of scientists to this department of physics, which, in my opinion, is the road to grand discoveries."

One of the first to receive this prize was Sir Humphrey Davy, whose admirable discoveries we shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

In attempting to increase the size of the Voltaic pile, it was found that the weight of the column pressed out the moisture and diminished its force. This difficulty was overcome by Cruikshank, who made the pile horizontal, in a long wooden box, in the form of a trough, to the size of which there was scarcely any limit. This new disposition of the apparatus enabled physicists to obtain results of the most striking character. Pepys, in 1802, made a battery in this way of sixty couples, by means of which he was able to fuse and burn the most refractory metals and to produce the most intense light.

Sir Humphrey Davy, who in 1802, at the age of twenty-four years, had been called to the Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, made preparations for extensive researches into Voltaic electricity, by having a pile of enormous dimensions constructed. He says of this, "I recently caused to be constructed, for the laboratory of the Royal

Institution, a battery of immense size. It is composed of 400 couples of five inches square, and forty pairs of a foot square. By means of this battery I can ignite cotton, sulphur, resin, oil, ether; it melts a platinum wire, reddens and burns several ounces of iron wire three hundredths of an inch in diameter; it causes liquids to boil, and decomposes them into gases." We shall see hereafter that this battery was of signal importance to Davy in his line of research.

While physicists were occupied with their experiments, the physiologists did not lose sight of the possible connection that might exist between the effects of galvanism and the phenomena of life. They therefore observed without ceasing the action of the pile on the animal economy. They could not abandon the idea that dynamical electricity would serve to explain the vital force. Even Napoleon Bonaparte was much impressed with this idea, and, on one occasion, after witnessing some experiments, he turned to his physician and said, "Doctor, behold the emblem of life! the vertebral column is the pile, the liver the negative pole, and the kidneys the positive."

The celebrated French surgeon, Larrey, was the first to repeat on a human subject the original experiment of Galvani. Having occasion to amputate the arm of a man who had been run over on the street, he carefully opened the dissected member, so as to expose the nerve, which he enveloped in lead foil. The moment he touched the muscles and the lead, there was a convulsive movement of the arm the same as in the frog. The experiment was repeated by other surgeons with like success.

It was in this department of science that Alexander Von Humboldt made his *début* as an investigator. He succeeded in reanimating, for a short time, a linnet which was at the point of death, by the simple application of zinc and silver foil. The bird was lying on its back, with closed eyes, and was insensible to pain, when the young experimenter inserted the point of zinc in its bill, and a fine silver wire in the rectum, and united the two by an iron wire. In this way the circuit was closed. "Imagine my astonishment," said Humboldt, "the moment the contact of the metals was made, to see the bird open its eyes, lift itself up, and clap its wings." The linnet continued to respire for six or eight minutes before life was extinct.

This experiment was received everywhere with the greatest interest. It was natural for physiologists to imagine that if the mere contact of two metals could accomplish such results, the powerful battery of Volta ought to render a much more distinguished service.

The account of Volta's pile was no sooner published than anatomists and surgeons everywhere tried experiments upon such subjects as they could obtain; and some of them went so far as to prepare the corpses of persons who had been executed, in order to pursue their inquiry. Horrible scenes were thus enacted with the freshly severed heads of malefactors, full details of which are given in the records of the early part of this century.

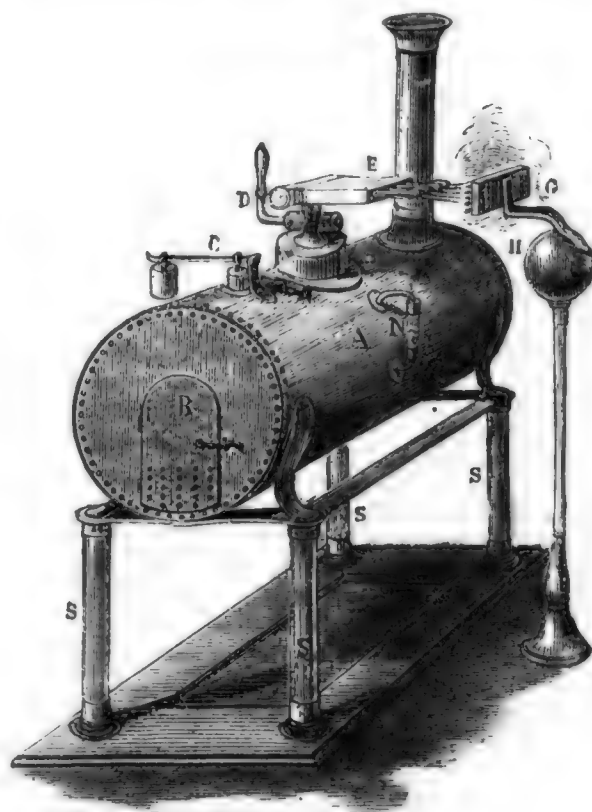
Perhaps the most exciting experiment was performed by Andrew Ure, of Glasgow, November 4th, 1818, on the body of an assassin, who had been condemned to be hanged. The subject was a man of medium height and athletic form. After he had been left suspended from the noose for an hour, the body was brought by the police to the anatomical theatre. A trough battery of 270 couples, four inches square, was put in action, ready for use. The first experiment was to expose the medulla oblongata at the neck, and the sciatic nerve at the hip, and to close the circuit. Instantly all the muscles of the body were agitated by violent convulsions, which were kept up as long as the circuit was maintained. The experiment was varied in dif-

ferent ways, the most interesting to the spectators being the artificial restoration of respiration, as if the man had been brought to life. Some of the audience were so scared that they rushed out of the room, while others fainted away. Dr. Ure was half disposed to believe that if they had commenced by efforts to restore respiration, the body could have been reanimated; particularly as there was no organic disease, and the neck of the assassin had not been broken.

One of the results of this class of experiments was the invention of a convenient form of apparatus by which the expression of the countenance could be made to betoken joy, ecstasy, hatred and the like, and exhibitions of these effects were made for the amusement of the public. This was before the apparatus was perfected for use in curing diseases.

While physiologists and physicists were thus early in the field with their discoveries, the chemists were not idle. The Voltaic battery was destined to produce a complete revolution in chemical science, to enrich it with unexpected facts, to perfect methods of experiment, and to furnish to it a new theory of chemical affinity. The labors of Nicholson and Carlisle on the decomposition of water, and those of Cruikshank on the decomposition of salts, had given the signal for the employment of the pile as a means of chemical analysis. These researches were continued by Berzelius and Hissinger, who occupied themselves particularly with the electro-chemical decomposition of salts; observing the great fact of the transportation of the elements of a compound to one or the other of the poles, where the solutions were submitted to the action of a battery.

At this epoch the chemists in all parts of the world entered at the same time upon this new line of research, and it thus happened that frequently a discovery would be simultaneously made by persons far apart; thus giving rise to embarrassing questions of priority. The same observations would be made, almost at the same instant of time, in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Jena, Genoa, London or Paris; each person working independently, and without any knowledge of what others had done. The priority in such cases



ARMSTRONG'S ELECTRIC MACHINE.

would usually be claimed by the country where the chemist lived who made the discovery.

Berzelius was compelled to work with very limited means, and in the case of a Voltaic battery the expense was an item much to be considered. Sir Humphrey Davy was more fortunate, in having the funds of the Royal Society to enable him to construct the most powerful battery thus far made. But, notwithstanding this disparity of means, it cannot be denied that the contributions of Berzelius to the science of chemistry have been incomparably greater than those of Davy.

The honor of first decomposing the alkalis is usually ascribed to Davy; but Berzelius had anticipated him in this magnificent discovery. As neither of them knew what the other was doing this fact cannot detract in the slightest degree from the glory which must forever attach to the name of Davy when the story of the alkaline metals is rehearsed.

It was at the Bakerian lecture of December 29th, 1806, that Davy made known his discovery. It is difficult to exaggerate the sensation produced by such an announcement as this. To men of science, it was like the discovery of a new continent, and it played the part in chemistry that the opening of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope did in commerce. New theories were at once established in

reference to the constitution of bodies, and analytical chemistry was rapidly raised to the position of an exact science.

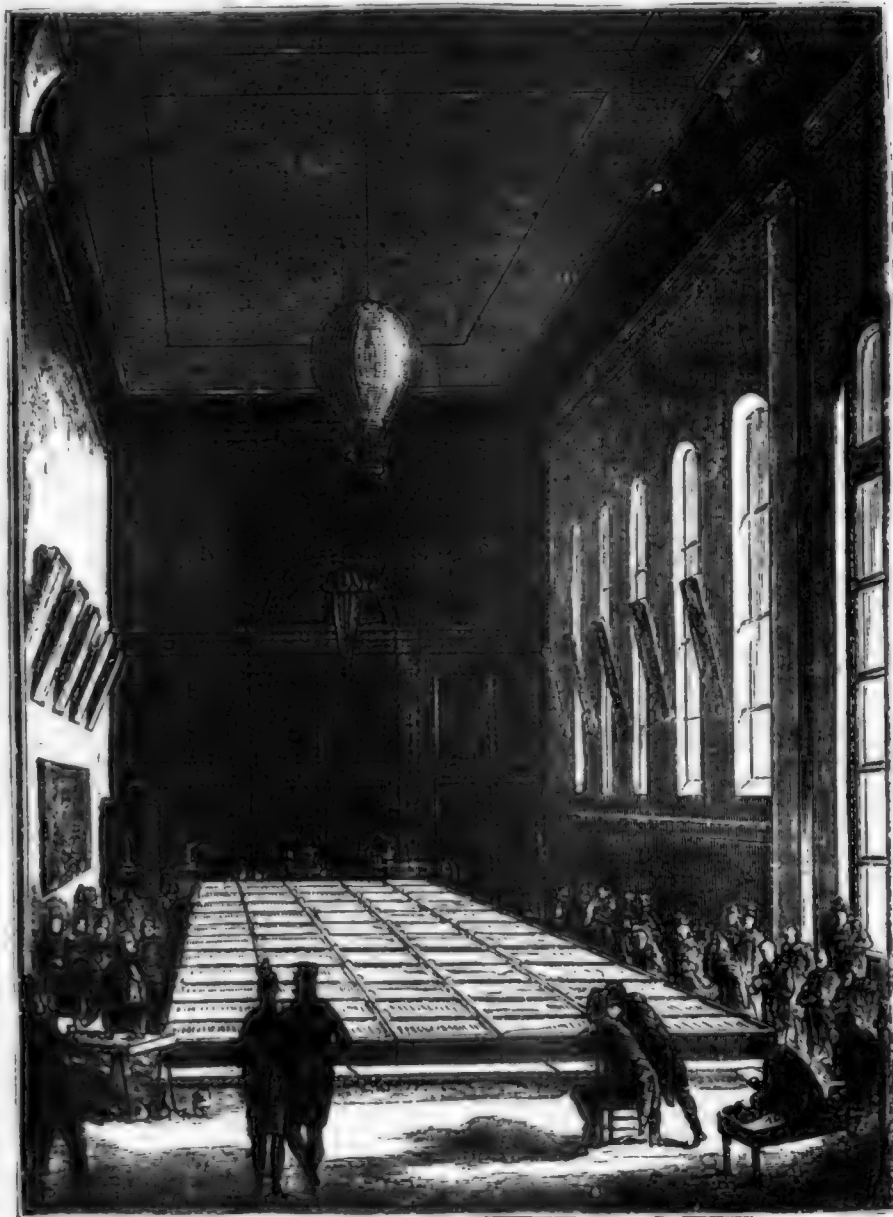
The decomposition of water by means of electrolysis, was the first subject to attract the interest of Davy, and to the solution of this problem he devoted much of his time in the early part of the century; but the research which

has given him the most extended reputation, was the separation of the metals, potassium and sodium, from their hydrated oxides. He attempted, in the first place, to submit to the action of the battery current an aqueous solution of potash, but only the water was decomposed. He then tried a stick of caustic potash in a state of fusion, but the current was not transmitted. He then allowed the piece of potash to gather a little moisture, and the experiment was successful. The potash was fused by the heat of the current, and soon there was perceptible at the positive pole an evolution of gas, while at the negative pole little globules of metal, resembling mercury, were gathered. When these were thrown upon water they took fire and burned with a brilliant violet flame.

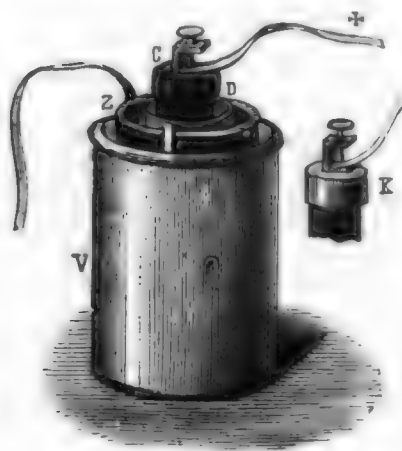
Davy had decomposed the potash into oxygen and a new metal to which was given the name potassium.

This discovery was one of the most brilliant on record, particularly as it was entirely the result of inductive experiment, and in no way due to accident. What gave it exceptional importance was, that it pointed out the way to a long series of similar discoveries. In fact, potash having been analysed, it was only a question of time that all the other bases should be decomposed by the same process. Davy immediately decomposed soda, but had to use a more powerful battery. He was enabled, by the generous subscription of his friends, to construct a battery of 600 couples, and with this powerful current was successful in decomposing several of the alkaline earths.

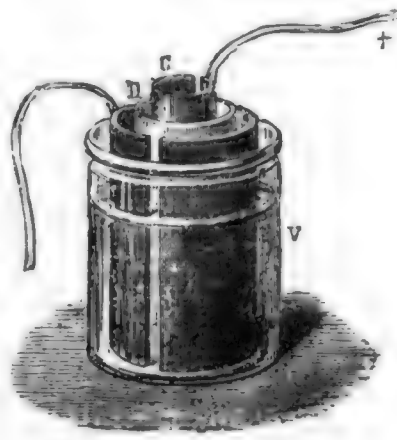
While he was at work on these researches, he received a letter from Berzelius, who recommended the introduction of mercury in the cavity



BATTERY AT THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.



BUNSEN'S BATTERY.



DANIELL'S BATTERY.

of the caustic oxide, by means of which an amalgam was formed as fast as the metal was liberated. By subsequently distilling this amalgam in a stream of hydrogen gas, the alkaline metal could be collected and preserved in all its purity under an oil not containing oxygen. This suggestion was of great value to Davy, and was at once applied by him in subsequent experiments.

These researches of Davy earned for him the grand prize founded by Napoleon, and it was duly accorded to him by the Institute of France. The prize was safely delivered to Davy, notwithstanding the state of war existing at the time between England and France.

Berthollet communicated the news of Davy's discovery to Napoleon. The Emperor demanded, with his usual petulance:

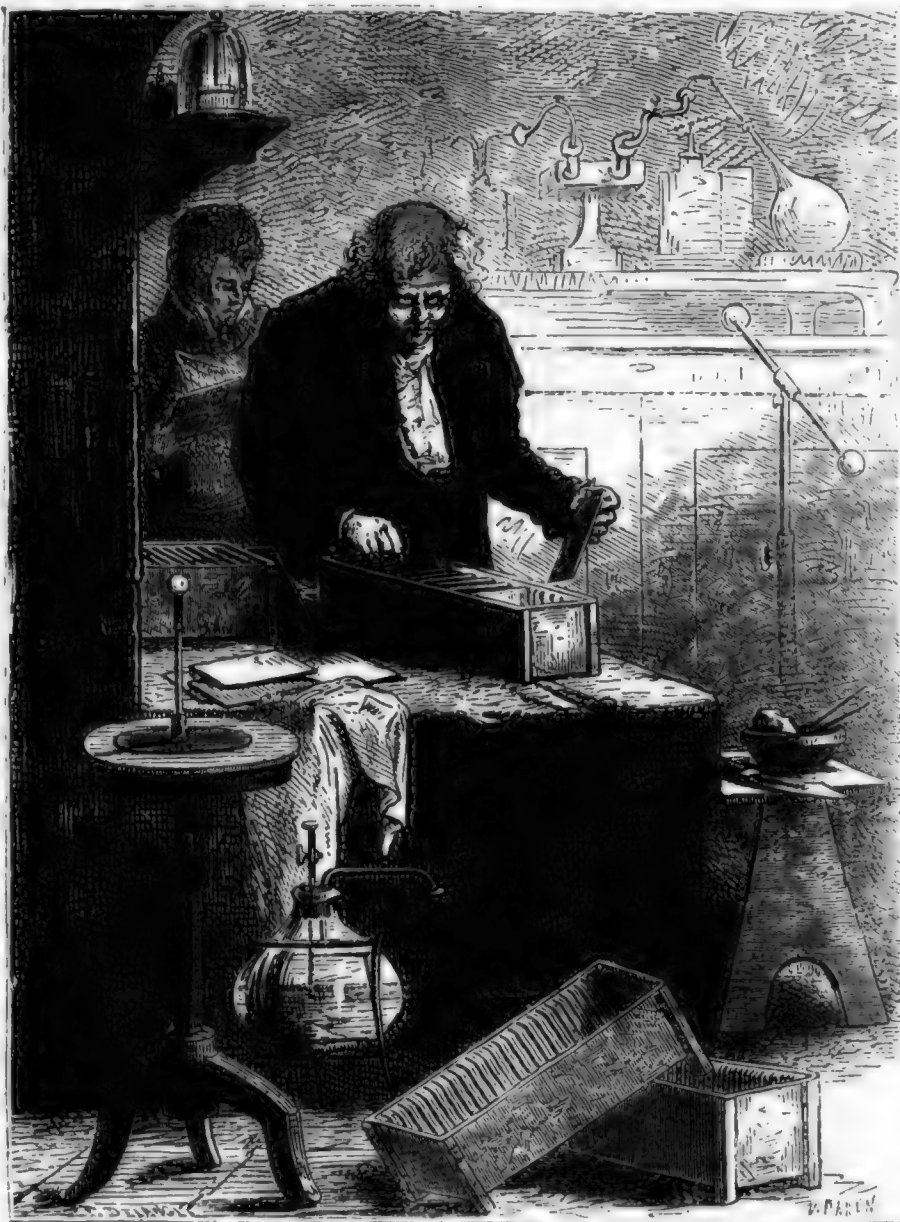
"Why were not these discoveries made in France?"

"Sire," responded Berthollet, "it is because we do not possess a Voltaic battery sufficiently powerful to accomplish the work."

"Very well, let one be constructed immediately, and spare no trouble or expense," was the reply.

It was in this way that the Polytechnic School came in possession of its magnificent Voltaic battery.

Lussac and Thenard repeated the experiments of Davy, changed their form and were the first to devise a method of preparing potassium and sodium from the carbonates by decomposition with iron or charcoal, in a furnace without the aid of the battery. In the meantime, Davy profited by the rivalry existing between France and England, to have a new battery constructed for him by public subscription. The Directors of the Royal Institution drew up a paper, in which they said: "Electro-chemical researches had their birth in our country, and it would be a disgrace to a



CRUIKSHANK CONSTRUCTING THE TROUGH BATTERY.

of electricity upon a magnetic needle. This fundamental observation had for its immediate result the creation of a new branch of science, namely, "electro-magnetism."

It was in the month of August, 1820, that Oersted, professor at Copenhagen, made known the grand fact which constituted his imperishable discovery.

Oersted found that, when the wire of a completed circuit was approached to a free needle the needle was influenced by it as if he had used a second magnet; in other words, the conducting wire, of whatsoever metal it might happen to be, had itself become a magnet. Great efforts had been made by philosophers up to that moment to discover the relations which existed between the electric phenomena and the unknown cause of magnetic attraction and repulsion; and the

Danish philosopher had discovered the only experimental path likely to afford the key to this grand mystery of nature.

Uniting, by means of a metallic wire, the two poles of a pile in activity, Oersted approached the wire to a magnetic needle capable of free movement on its point of suspension. By disposing the wire parallel to the



THE TROUGH BATTERY.

needle, either above or below, it was immediately diverted from its true northern direction. The nearer the wire, the greater the agitation of the needle; and the more powerful the battery, the more marked the deflection. Thus was put in evidence, for the first time, the grand fact of the action exercised by electricity in motion, on a magnetic body—a phenomenon which was destined to lead to incalculable consequences.

Finally, the discovery of the electricity of induction closes this beautiful series of experiments.

Before dismissing the history of the pile, we must refer to the important discovery which was made in 1821, by Seebeck, in Berlin, to whom is due the invention of the thermo-electric pile. Having soldered together a bar of bismuth and a sheet of copper, he heated them at the point of junction, and found that an electric current was circulated through them which could be carried off by connection with any good conductor. This was called thermo-electricity, and the apparatus was known as the thermo-electric pile.

Becquerel, Pouillet, Nobili, Melloni, Wheatstone, Farmer and others have given much attention to this form of battery; but the currents have been so weak that it cannot replace the Voltaic battery of many cells. Its chief use is to determine small degrees of heat in physical experiments.

By connecting together successive pairs of two different metals and heating the alternate joints, while the other junctions are kept cool, a thermo-electric battery may be constructed. The size of the elements which are employed contributes nothing to the effect, except so far as by increasing the area of the conducting section, the conducting power of the circuit is increased. A thermo-electric current from a single pair is sufficient to convulse the limbs of a frog.

Nobili and Melloni applied a thermo-electric battery, consisting of thirty-six pairs of small bars of bismuth and antimony to thermo-metric purposes. Such a battery was employed by Melloni and Draper in their investigations on radiant heat, to the exclusion of almost every other thermoscopic means. Even the radiant heat emitted by insects could be estimated by such an apparatus.

The slight amount of moisture which even ordinary paper will retain is sufficient to produce a galvanic action with dissimilar metals, and this may become quite appreciable if a sufficient number of elements are used. Thus, if we take silver paper and paint one side with a mixture of black oxide of manganese and gum, and, when dry, fold it up and with a wad-cutter strike out many thousand disks—these, placed in a table to keep them in position, will exhibit opposite electric excitement at their opposite ends. This arrangement was devised by Zamboni, who found that 20,000 discs of paper would keep a light ball in motion between brass balls connected with its poles for years. A thorough drying caused all action to cease, but exposure to moist air restored it. Such an arrangement is known as the dry pile.

The history of Voltaic electricity would be incomplete without giving an account of the principal batteries which have been invented for its development. The original pile was found not to work, and the trough arrangement was substituted, which admitted of the introduction of a great number of pairs without crushing out the liquid, as would have been the case if they had been erected in a high column. The trough battery was improved by Dr. Wollaston, who surrounded each zinc plate with copper on both sides, thus doubling the effective surface. Thus arranged, the whole series could be plunged at one movement into glass cells, or into a porcelain trough divided into cells.

The famous battery of the London Royal Institution,

purchased by subscription, was a series of 2,000 couples of this construction, arranged in 200 glass or porcelain troughs, ten couples in each trough, each plate having an effective surface of twenty-two square inches. This battery was placed in the vaults under the Royal Institution, to obviate the inconveniences of its acid vapors, and its power was led by conductors to the laboratory above.

Smee's battery, which followed, was formed of silver and amalgamated zinc, and required but one cell and one fluid to excite it. It has been largely employed for electrotyping purposes.

A sulphate of copper battery was designed, to use a solution of sulphate of copper in diluted sulphuric acid, the copper element being made to contain the exciting fluid. It was used for electro-magnetic experiments in the early years of the telegraph.

Daniell's constant battery was one of the most important contributions to electrical science that was ever made. It was invented in 1836, up to which time the improvements in the original Voltaic pile had been chiefly mechanical, and afforded an effectual means of preserving the power and continuing the action of the apparatus for a length of time. All subsequent batteries with two fluids are only modifications of this original apparatus. The invention of Professor J. F. Daniell, of London, consists of an exterior circular cell of copper, which serves both as a containing vessel and as a negative element; a porous cylindrical cup of earthenware is placed within the copper cell, and a solid cylinder of amalgamated zinc within the porous cup. The outer cell is charged by a mixture of eight parts of water and one of oil of vitriol, saturated with sulphate of copper. Some of the solid sulphate is also suspended on a perforated shelf to keep up the saturation. The inner cell is filled with the same acid-water, but without the copper salt. Thus prepared, the battery power would last eight or ten hours.

The Grove battery was invented by a lawyer in active practice. The fluids used are strong nitric acid and dilute sulphuric acid, kept apart by a porous jar. The metals are amalgamated zinc, placed in the sulphuric acid of the outer vessel, and platinum in the porous vessel. This has long been a favorite battery, notwithstanding the cost, and the disagreeable fumes that are given off. Its great cost led Professor Bunsen to use the carbon of gas coke as a substitute for the platinum, and Professor Poggendorff suggested a further modification by employing a mixture containing free chromic acid to replace the nitric. This mixture is obtained by mixing one part by weight of bichromate of potash with ten of water and three of common oil of vitriol. It has the advantage of cheapness, and also of avoiding fumes; but there are also drawbacks, so that the Grove battery is still preferred by many persons.

For running electric clocks, and such work not requiring much force, the Leclanche battery is found to be very convenient. This battery consists of a square-shaped glass vessel, within which is set a porous cylinder containing a plate of carbon and small fragments of black oxide of manganese packed tightly around it. In one corner of the square vessel is placed a rod of zinc, and the vessel is partly filled with a strong solution of sal-ammoniac. This form has been considerably used for medical purposes.

Numerous other forms of batteries have been proposed for specific purposes, but their differences are chiefly mechanical, no new principle having been developed in their construction. It would require too much space to describe them in detail, and for our purposes it is not necessary.

We have here given a history of electricity, from the glass rods to the most perfect Bunsen battery; from electrical machines to Voltaic piles; from frictional to chemical

forces; from simple electricity to electro-magnetism—and have thus prepared the way for an account of the wonderful discoveries of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the magneto-electric machine and the dynamo-electric motor. The simple movement of pith-balls, and the convulsions of a frog's legs, were the points of departure in a path of discovery which has conducted us to the most brilliant inventions of modern times.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE LAST IMAGE ON THE EYES OF THE DEAD.—Professor Kuhne, of Heidelberg, has succeeded in photographing, from a dead rabbit's eye, the image of a window-sash, in front of which the animal had been fixed before death. The eye was dissected in a room illuminated by yellow light, and the image which disclosed itself on the purple pigment of the retina was fixed by alum-water, and a photograph of it taken in the usual way. The same pigment was found in the eye of a hospital patient who had died during the night. Dr. Stefano has made a chemical examination of this sensitive pigment, and finds it identical with luteine, a substance which has been detected in the yolk of eggs, the serum of blood, and in some animal and vegetable tissues. It becomes an interesting inquiry whether luteine may not prove to be a valuable adjunct in photography. Professor Kuhne has also experimented upon the eyes of an ox. The animal was led into the court of the physiological Institute, and the head fixed in front of a window on which the bright sun was shining, and was killed by a blow with an ax, and the eye rapidly dissected and removed to the dark room of a photographic laboratory; here it was further treated with chemicals, and the image of the window-sash fixed on the retina. The photographs taken of this image are capable of enlargement, and it is possible that the figure of the man who handled the ax may appear on the plate. These researches afford a curious confirmation of the truth of the tradition that the image of a murderer remains upon the eye of his victim after death, and might lead to the identification of the guilty person if the examination were properly conducted.

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.—The artificial manufacture of imitation stones is now conducted as a regular business in France. After numerous experiments, the operators have ascertained the quantity of metallic oxide required to impart the desired color, and by imitating nature in this respect they have so far succeeded that it is scarcely possible to distinguish a false from a genuine stone. Rubies, sapphires, diamonds and emeralds are made by heating for twenty days a mixture of plumbic aluminate with silica, and adding certain bases of oxides to give the requisite color. Bichromate of potash turns the flux to emerald; oxide of cobalt yields the sapphire; gold gives the ruby. Formerly, a kind of glass called paste was made, but the softness of this material at once betrayed its surreptitious character. The modern improvement consists in the use of alumina and magnesia, and thus obtaining a result nearly as hard as stone and capable of a high polish. The specific gravity of the natural gems is also closely imitated, so that it is becoming more difficult to detect the fraud. It is possible that the newly liquefied gems may prove valuable solvents for precious stones, and enable us to obtain them by dissolving fragments and allowing them to crystallize out.

CARE OF FORESTS.—Forest-culture is occupying the attention of many foreign governments, and there are regular schools where everything relating to the subject is taught, the same as at schools of agriculture. How to prepare the soil, familiarity with noxious weeds, a knowledge of botany, the habits of every variety of tree; together with instruction in mathematics, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, form part of the instruction of such schools of forestry. Too little attention has been devoted to the subject in this country, and the ruthless manner in which our forests have been destroyed is paid for in the loss of many varieties of plants, shrubs, wild flowers, as well as indigenous trees which nature had designed for our climate. Foreign governments pursue systematic plans of tree planting, and an important trade has sprung up with California in the sale of seeds, amounting to \$10,000 worth per year. The principal purchases are made for Germany, Austria, England, Australia. The seeds of the Oregon pine are particularly in demand.

ACTION OF NATIVE MINERAL WATERS.—Dr. E. Lewy, of Vienna, maintains that the human skin is completely impenetrable for the chemical contents of mineral waters, and that therefore the explanation of the effects of baths in their waters, at the numerous bathing places, has to be sought exclusively in the domain of physics, and not in that of chemistry. If this be true, it annuls all common views regarding the bathing cures effected by the various mineral springs, and explains in the simplest manner that, from a chemical point of view, the action of the most different waters must be one and the same.

EFFECT OF BREATHING OXYGEN.—The influence on the animal organism of breathing pure oxygen gas at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, has not been adequately determined. The Royal Society of Gottingen, therefore, offer a prize for new researches on the subject, in which special attention is desired to be given to the nature of the blood and the exchange of material in the excretion

of carbonic acid and urine. The oxygen must be carefully freed from all impurities. Works on chemistry have generally contained the statement that pure oxygen would act as a poison if breathed for any length of time. This assertion is now contradicted, and it is said that if the products of respiration (the carbonic acid, etc.,) be removed from the vessel where the experiment is tried, the animal will live in an atmosphere of pure oxygen as long as it is provided with food. In former experiments, this precaution of removing the mephitic products of respiration was not observed, and the animal died. The mortality was not, however, due to oxygen.

A MUSEUM OF ETHNOLOGY.—A new ethnological museum has been opened at the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, more particularly with reference to the implements of war employed by uncivilized as well as civilized nations. Warriors belonging to several nations and tribes are represented. These models have been executed in an artistic manner, and give a clear idea of the variety of destructive agencies resorted to by mankind for warlike purposes. Specimens of weapons of all kinds are included in the collection.

ADULTERATION OF BEER BY GLYCERINE.—It appears that beer is adulterated to a great extent with glycerine. This is done in order to impart an agreeable, sweet odor without increasing the danger of fermentation. On the contrary, glycerine would appear to prevent the too ready formation of acetic acid. It is so difficult to detect the adulteration that a prize of 3,000 marks (\$750) has been offered in Germany for the best solution of this problem.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

NEVER make your physician your heir.

SOMEBODY says it takes a pickpocket to disperse a crowd.

Good resolutions don't cost a penny; the trouble is to keep them.

By putting his eye out, what leaves nothing but a nose?—Noise.

BURNS'S JUSTICE.—Lighting an editor's fire with rejected contributions.

WHEN you hear of a wine being particularly racy, you may set it down as *sloe*.

WHY is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there.

"I LIKE a child that cries." "Why?" "Because it is then taken away."

THE party who gets whipped generally has the olive branch extended to him.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—When the groom is a "minor," and the bride a little "vein."

It requires less philosophy to take things as they come than to part with things as they go.

PLANTS.—The newest definition of "evergreen," is "a man who does not learn by experience."

"I ADMIRE your beautiful crops this year," as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer.

"SHARP FRESH" is a new name for that peculiar state, which is often described as "neither drunk nor sober."

AN INDUCEMENT.—"You should always do what mamma tells you, Sibyl. If you always had, you'd have been in heaven long ago!"

THE old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

THE man who invents a noiseless drum for Christmas gifts for boys, will deserve the benedictions of a grateful people, and make a fortune besides.

THE *Chicago Journal* knows a thing or two. It says, "When a man imagines he is a prophet and a philosopher, he takes to long hair and a dirty overcoat."

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," responded the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"I WILL lay you a wager," said Bouncer, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you." "Oh, yes," said his companion, "you always beat me at crowing."

A CHINESE official, having been shown a thermometer, expressed his surprise that the mere movement of a thin thread of mercury could make the weather so much colder.

A LARGE FAMILY.—A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was, "I have three sons, and they each five sisters." "Mercy!" replied the interrogator; "sic a family!"

OVERCHARGE.—Culprit arrested for trying to rob a cabman. *Magistrate to Complainant*—"Proceed to make your charge." *Prisoner*—"Your worship, these cabmen always over-charge. Don't believe a word he says."



THE HAPPY HOME.

